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LOS ANGELES

OVID.

Still as she doubts, her eyes a body found
Quivering in death, and grasping on the ground:

Dennis & Thiste.

Painted by W. Dent *Engraved* [illegible] *Landseer*

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. L.

CONTAINING

THE THIRD VOLUME OF

GARTH'S VERSION OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES,

AND FAWKES' VERSION OF ANACREON, SAPPHO,

AND MUSÆUS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;

AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS'

COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

OVID'S

METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

DRYDEN, GARTH, CROXALL,

AND OTHERS.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed at the Stanhope Press,

BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,
Goswell Street;

PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1812.

PR
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P22
v. 50

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OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK X.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

BY CONGREVE.

THENCE, in his saffron robe, for distant Thrace,
Hymen departs through air's unmeasur'd space;
By Orpheus call'd, the nuptial power attends,
But with ill-omen'd augury descends;
Nor cheerful look'd the god, nor prosperous spoke,
Nor blaz'd his torch, but wept in hissing smoke.
In vain they whirl it round, in vain they shake,
No rapid motion can its flames awake.
With dread these inauspicious signs were view'd,
And soon a more disastrous end ensued;
For as the bride, amid the Naïad train,
Ran joyful, sporting o'er the flowery plain,
A venom'd viper bit her as she pass'd;
Instant she fell, and sudden breath'd her last.
When long his loss the Thracian had deplor'd,
Not by superior powers to be restor'd;
Inflam'd by love, and urg'd by deep despair,
He leaves the realms of light, and upper air;
Daring to tread the dark Tenarian road,
And tempt the shades in their obscure abode

Through gliding spectres of the' interr'd to go,
And phantom people of the world below:
Persephonè he seeks, and him who reigns
O'er ghosts, and hell's uncomfortable plains.
Arriv'd, he, tuning to his voice his strings,
Thus to the king and queen of shadows sings:—
'Ye powers, who under earth your realms extend,
To whom all mortals must one day descend;
If here 'tis granted sacred truth to tell,
I come not, curious, to explore your hell;
Nor come to boast (by vain ambition fir'd)
How Cerberus at my approach retir'd.
My wife alone I seek; for her lov'd sake
These terrors I support, this journey take.
She luckless wandering, or by fate misled,
Chanc'd on a lurking viper's crest to tread;
The vengeful beast inflam'd with fury starts,
And through her heel his deathful venom darts.
Thus was she snatch'd untimely to her tomb;
Her growing years cut short, and springing bloom.
Long I my loss endeavour'd to sustain,
And strongly strove, but strove, alas! in vain:
At length I yielded, won by mighty love:
Well known is that omnipotence above!
But here, I doubt, his unfelt influence fails;
And yet a hope within my heart prevails,
That here, ev'n here, he has been known of old;
At least if truth be by tradition told;
If fame of former rapes belief may find,
You both by love, and love alone, were join'd.
Now by the horrors which these realms surround;
By the vast chaos of these depths profound;
By the sad silence which eternal reigns
O'er all the waste of these wide-stretching plains;

Let me again Eurydicè receive,
Let fate her quickspun thread of life re-weave.
All our possessions are but loans from you,
And soon or late you must be paid your due:
Hither we haste to human-kind's last seat,
Your endless empire, and our sure retreat.
She too, when ripen'd years she shall attain,
Must, of avoidless right, be yours again:
I, but the transient use of that require,
Which soon, too soon, I must resign entire.
But if the destinies refuse my vow,
And no remission of her doom allow;
Know, I'm determin'd to return no more;
So both retain, or both to life restore.'
  Thus, while the bard melodiously complains,
And to his lyre accords his vocal strains,
The very bloodless shades attention keep,
And, silent, seem compassionate to weep;
Ev'n Tantalus his flood unthirsty views,
Nor flies the stream, nor he the stream pursues;
Ixion's wondering wheel its whirl suspends,
And the voracious vulture, charm'd, attends;
No more the Belides their toil bemoan,
And Sisyphus, reclin'd, sits listening on his stone.
  Then first ('tis said) by sacred verse subdued,
The Furies felt their cheeks with tears bedew'd.
Nor could the rigid king or queen of hell,
The' impulse of pity in their hearts repel.
  Now, from a troop of shades that last arriv'd,
Eurydicè was call'd, and stood reviv'd:
Slow she advanc'd, and halting seem'd to feel
The fatal wound, yet painful in her heel.
Thus he obtains the suit so much desir'd,
On strict observance of the terms requir'd:

For if, before he reach the realms of air,
He backward cast his eyes to view the fair,
The forfeit grant, that instant, void is made,
And she for ever left a lifeless shade.
Now through the noiseless throng their way they bend,
And both with pain the rugged road ascend;
Dark was the path, and difficult, and steep,
And thick with vapours from the smoky deep.
They well nigh now had pass'd the bounds of night,
And just approach'd the margin of the light,
When he, mistrusting lest her steps might stray,
And gladsome of the glimpse of dawning day,
His longing eyes, impatient, backward cast,
To catch a lover's look, but look'd his last;
For, instant dying, she again descends,
While he to empty air his arm extends.
Again she died, nor yet her lord reprov'd;
What could she say, but that too well he lov'd?
One last 'farewell' she spoke, which scarce he heard;
So soon she drop'd, so sudden disappear'd.
All stun'd he stood, when thus his wife he view'd
By second fate and double death subdued:
Not more amazement by that wretch was shown,
Whom Cerberus beholding turn'd to stone;
Nor Ollenus could more astonish'd look,
When on himself Lethea's fault he took,
His beauteous wife, who too secure had dar'd
Her face to vie with goddesses compar'd:
Once join'd by love, they stand united still,
Turn'd to contiguous rocks on Ida's hill.
Now to repass the Styx in vain he tries;
Charon, averse, his pressing suit denies,

Seven days entire, along the' infernal shores,
Disconsolate, the bard Eurydicè deplores;
Defil'd with filth his robe, with tears his cheeks,
No sustenance but grief and cares he seeks:
Of rigid fate incessant he complains,
And hell's inexorable gods arraigns.
This ended, to high Rhodopè he hastes,
And Hæmus' mountain, bleak with northern blasts.
  And now his yearly race the circling sun
Had thrice complete through watery Pisces run,
Since Orpheus fled the face of womankind,
And all soft union with the sex declin'd.
Whether his ill success this change had bred,
Or binding vows made to his former bed:
Whate'er the cause, in vain the nymphs contest,
With rival eyes, to warm his frozen breast;
For every nymph with love his lays inspir'd,
But every nymph, repuls'd, with grief retir'd.
  A hill there was, and on that hill a mead,
With verdure thick, but destitute of shade,
Where now the Muse's son no sooner sings,
No sooner strikes his sweet resounding strings,
But distant groves the flying sounds receive,
And listening trees their rooted stations leave:
Themselves transplanting, all around they grow,
And various shades their various kinds bestow.
Here, tall Chaönian oaks their branches spread,
While weeping poplars there erect their head:
The foodful Esculus here shoots his leaves;
That turf soft lime-tree; this, fat beech receives:
Here brittle hazels, laurels here advance,
And there tough ash to form the hero's lance;
Here silver firs with knotless trunks ascend,
There scarlet oaks beneath their acorns bend.

That spot admits the hospitable plane;
On this, the maple grows with clouded grain;
Here watry willows are with lotus seen;
There tamarisk and box for ever green.
With double hue here myrtles grace the ground,
And laurestines with purple berries crown'd.
With pliant feet now ivies this way wind,
Vines yonder rise, and elms with vines entwin'd.
Wild Ornus now, the pitch-tree next takes root,
And Arbutus adorn'd with blushing fruit.
Then easy-bending palms, the victor's prize,
And pines erect with bristled tops arise.
For Rhea grateful still the pine remains,
For Atys still some favour she retains;
He once in human shape her breast had warm'd,
And now is cherish'd, to a tree transform'd.

THE FABLE OF CYPARISSUS.

Amid the throng of this promiscuous wood,
With pointed top, the taper cypress stood;
A tree, which once a youth, and heavenly fair,
Was of that deity the darling care,
Whose hand adapts, with equal skill, the strings
To bows with which he kills, and harps to which he sings.
For heretofore a mighty stag was bred,
Which on the fertile fields of Cæa fed;
In shape and size he all his kind excell'd,
And to Carthæan nymphs was sacred held.
His beamy head, with branches high display'd,
Afforded to itself an ample shade;
His horns were gilt, and his smooth neck was grac'd
With silver collars thick with gems enchas'd:

A silver boss upon his forehead hung,
And brazen pendants in his ear-rings rung.
Frequenting houses, he familiar grew,
And learnt by custom nature to subdue;
Till by degrees, of fear and wildness broke,
Ev'n stranger hands his proffer'd neck might stroke.
  Much was the beast by Cæa's youth caress'd,
But thou, sweet Cyparissus! lov'dst him best:
By thee to pastures fresh he oft was led,
By thee oft water'd at the fountain's head:
His horns with garlands now by thee were tied,
And now thou on his back wouldst wanton ride:
Now here, now there, wouldst bound along the plains,
Ruling his tender mouth with purple reins.
  'Twas when the summer sun, at noon of day,
Through glowing Cancer shot his burning ray,
'Twas then the favourite stag, in cool retreat,
Had sought a shelter from the scorching heat;
Along the grass his weary limbs he laid,
Inhaling freshness from the breezy shade:
When Cyparissus with his pointed dart,
Unknowing, pierc'd him to the panting heart.
But when the youth, surpris'd, his error found,
And saw him dying of the cruel wound,
Himself he would have slain through desperate grief;
What said not Phœbus, that might yield relief!
To cease his mourning he the boy desir'd,
Or mourn no more than such a loss requir'd.
But he incessant griev'd: at length address'd
To the superior powers a last request;
Praying, in expiation of his crime,
Thenceforth to mourn to all succeeding time

And now, of blood exhausted he appears,
Drain'd by a torrent of continual tears;
The fleshy colour in his body fades,
And a green tincture all his limbs invades;
From his fair head, where curling locks late hung,
A horrid bush with bristled branches sprung,
Which, stiffening by degrees, its stem extends,
Till to the starry skies the spire ascends.
Apollo sad look'd on, and sighing cried,
'Then be for ever what thy prayer implied:
Bemoan'd by me, in others grief excite;
And still preside at every funeral rite.'

CONTINUED BY CROXALL.

Thus the sweet artist, in a wondrous shade
Of verdant trees which harmony had made,
Encircled sat, with his own triumphs crown'd,
Of listening birds, and savages around.
Again the trembling strings he dextrous tries,
Again from discord makes soft music rise.
Then tunes his voice: 'O muse! from whom I sprung,
Jove be my theme, and thou inspire my song.
To Jove my grateful voice I oft have rais'd,
Oft his almighty power with pleasure prais'd.
I sung the giants in a solemn strain,
Blasted and thunderstruck on Phlegra's plain.
Now be my lyre in softer accents mov'd,
To sing of blooming boys by gods belov'd;
And to relate what virgins, void of shame,
Have suffer'd vengeance for a lawless flame.
'The king of gods once felt the burning joy,
And sigh'd for lovely Ganymede of Troy:
Long was he puzzled to assume a shape
Most fit, and expeditious for the rape;

A bird's was proper, yet he scorns to wear
Any but that which might his thunder bear.
Down with his masquerading wings he flies,
And bears the little Trojan to the skies;
Where now, in robes of heavenly purple dress'd,
He serves the nectar at the' almighty's feast,
To slighted Juno an unwelcome guest.'

HYACINTHUS TRANSFORMED INTO A FLOWER.

BY OZELL.

Phœbus for thee too, Hyacinth! design'd
A place among the gods, had fate been kind:
Yet this he gave; as oft as wintry rains
Are past, and vernal breezes soothe the plains,
From the green turf a purple flower you rise,
And with your fragrant breath perfume the skies.
You when alive were Phœbus' darling boy;
In you he plac'd his heaven, and fix'd his joy;
Their god the Delphic priests consult in vain;
Eurotas now he loves, and Sparta's plain:
His hands the use of bow and harp forget,
And hold the dogs, or bear the corded net;
O'er hanging cliffs swift he pursues the game;
Each hour his pleasure, each augments his flame.
The mid-day sun now shone with equal light
Between the past and the succeeding night;
They strip; then, smooth'd with suppling oil, essay
To pitch the rounded quoit, their wonted play:
A well-pois'd disk first hasty Phœbus threw,
It cleft the air, and whistled as it flew:
It reach'd the mark, a most surprising length;
Which spoke an equal share of art and strength.
Scarce was it fall'n, when with too eager hand
Young Hyacinth ran to snatch it from the sand;

But the curs'd orb, which met a stony soil,
Flew in his face with violent recoil.
Both faint, both pale, and breathless, now appear,
The boy with pain, the amorous god with fear.
He ran and rais'd him bleeding from the ground,
Chafes his cold limbs, and wipes the fatal wound:
Then herbs of noblest juice in vain applies;
The wound is mortal, and his skill defies.
As in a water'd garden's blooming walk,
When some rude hand has bruis'd its tender stalk,
A fading lily droops its languid head,
And bends to earth, its life and beauty fled:
So Hyacinth with head reclin'd decays,
And, sickening, now no more his charms displays.
'O thou art gone, my boy!' Apollo cried,
'Defrauded of thy youth in all its pride;
Thou, once my joy, art all my sorrow now,
And to my guilty hand my grief I owe.
Yet from myself I might the fault remove,
Unless to sport and play a fault should prove,
Unless it too were call'd a fault to love.
Oh could I for thee, or but with thee die!
But cruel fates to me that power deny.
Yet on my tongue thou shalt for ever dwell;
Thy name my lyre shall sound, my verse shall tell;
And to a flower transform'd, unheard of yet,
Stamp'd on thy leaves my cries thou shalt repeat.
The time shall come, prophetic I foreknow,
When, join'd to thee, a mighty chief[1] shall grow,
And with my plaints his name thy leaf shall show.'
While Phœbus thus the laws of fate reveal'd,
Behold, the blood which stain'd the verdant field
Is blood no longer; but a flower full-blown,
Far brighter than the Tyrian scarlet, shone.

[1] Ajax.

A lily's form it took; its purple hue
Was all that made a difference to the view.
Nor stop'd he here; the god upon its leaves
The sad expression of his sorrow weaves;
And to this hour the mournful purple wears
Ai, Ai, inscrib'd in funeral characters.
Nor are the Spartans, who so much are fam'd
For virtue, of their Hyacinth asham'd;
But still with pompous woe, and solemn state,
The Hyacinthian Feasts they yearly celebrate.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF THE CERASTÆ AND PROPÆTIDES.

Inquire of Amathus, whose wealthy ground
With veins of every metal does abound,
If she to her Propætides would show
The honour Sparta does to him allow;
No more, she'd say, such wretches would we grace,
Than those whose crooked horns deform'd their face,
From thence Cerastæ call'd, an impious race:
Before whose gates a reverend altar stood,
To Jove inscrib'd, the hospitable god!
This had some stranger seen with gore besmear'd,
The blood of lambs and bulls it had appear'd:
Their slaughter'd guests it was; not flock nor herd.
Venus these barbarous sacrifices view'd
With just abhorrence, and with wrath pursued:
At first, to punish such nefarious crimes,
Their towns she meant to leave, her once-lov'd climes:
'But why,' said she, 'for their offence should I
My dear delightful plains and cities fly?
No; let the impious people, who have sin'd,
A punishment in death or exile find:

If death or exile too severe be thought,
Let them in some vile shape bemoan their fault.'
While next her mind a proper form employs,
Admonish'd by their horns, she fix'd her choice:
Their former crest remains upon their heads,
And their strong limbs an ox's shape invades.
The blasphemous Propætides denied
Worship of Venus, and her power defied:
But soon that power they felt, the first that sold
Their lewd embraces to the world for gold.
Unknowing how to blush, and shameless grown,
A small transition changes them to stone.

THE STORY OF PYGMALION AND THE STATUE.

BY DRYDEN.

Pygmalion, loathing their lascivious life,
Abhor'd all womankind, but most a wife:
So single chose to live, and shun'd to wed,
Well pleas'd to want a consort of his bed.
Yet fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,
In sculpure exercis'd his happy skill;
And carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were she to work; but in her own defence
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and, last, the thing ador'd desires.
A very virgin in her face was seen,
And had she mov'd, a living maid had been:
One would have thought she could have stirr'd, but strove
With modesty, and was asham'd to move.
Art hid with art so well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit:

He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,
And still the more he knows it loves the more.
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,
Which feels so smooth that he believes it soft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the breast,
And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breast resists the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiss unripe:
But when, retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it ivory was a thought too mean;
So would believe she kiss'd; and, courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And straining hard the statue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt his maid:
Explor'd her limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind.
With flattery now he seeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts (the powerful bribes of love)
He furnishes her closet first; and fills
The crowded shelves with rarities of shells;
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the sparkling stones of various hue;
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And singing birds in silver cages hung;
And every fragrant flower, and odorous green,
Were sorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich fashionable robes her person deck:
Pendants her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone surrounds her slender waist.
Thus like a queen array'd, so richly dress'd,
Beauteous she show'd, but naked show'd the best.
Then, from the floor, he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple spread.

The solemn rites perform'd, he calls her bride,
With blandishments invites her to his side;
And as she were with vital sense possess'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow rest.
The feast of Venus came, a solemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the sacred altars bled.
Pygmalion offering, first approach'd the shrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine:
'Almighty gods! if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair statue mine; (he would have said,
But chang'd his words for shame; and only pray'd)
Give me the likeness of my ivory maid.'
The golden goddess, present at the pray'r,
Well knew he meant the' inanimated fair,
And gave the sign of granting his desire;
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.
The youth, returning, to his mistress hies,
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breast, by the dear statue lies.
He kisses her white lips, renews the bliss,
And looks, and thinks they redden at the kiss:
He thought them warm before; nor longer stays,
But next his hand on her hard bosom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It seem'd the breast beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas flesh, but flesh so firm, it rose against the [dint:
The pleasing task he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more soft at every touch it grew;
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former mass to form, and frame for use.

He would believe, but yet is still in pain,
And tries his argument of sense again,
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein.
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his studied thanks and praise
To her who made the miracle he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the savour of the kiss sincere.
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover with surprise.
The goddess, present at the match she made,
So bless'd the bed, such fruitfulness convey'd,
That ere ten months had sharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliss, a lovely boy was born:
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

THE STORY OF CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Nor him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his sire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a sire.
Daughters and fathers from my song retire;
I sing of horror; and could I prevail,
You should not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleasure of my song be such,
That you will hear, and credit me too much;
Attentive listen to the last event,
And with the sin believe the punishment.
Since nature could behold so dire a crime,
I gratulate at least my native clime,
That such a land, which such a monster bore,
So far is distant from our Thracian shore.
Let Araby extol her happy coast,
Her cinnamon and sweet Amomum boast,

Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years;
How can the land be call'd so bless'd that Myrrha bears?
Nor all her odorous tears can cleanse her crime;
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Disowns thy love, and vindicates his dart.
Some fury gave thee those infernal pains,
And shot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy sire had merited a curse;
But such an impious love deserv'd a worse.
The neighbouring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice; except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not choose alone.
She knew it too, the miserable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret soul she said:
'Ah Myrrha! whither would thy wishes tend?
Ye gods, ye sacred laws, my soul defend
From such a crime as all mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human breast!
But is it sin? or makes my mind alone
The' imagin'd sin? for nature makes it none.
What tyrant then these envious laws began,
Made not for any other beast but man!
The father-bull his daughter may bestride,
The horse may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the lusty ram,
Or more salacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed the chick she bore,
And make a husband whom she hatch'd before.

All creatures else are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleasure bind,
Nor thoughts of sin disturb their peace of mind.
But man a slave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himself what nature gives:
Too busy senates, with an over-care,
To make us better than our kind can bear,
Have dash'd a spice of envy in the laws,
And, straining up too high, have spoil'd the cause.
Yet some wise nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws but those which love ordains;
Where happy daughters with their sires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
Oh, that I had been born in such a clime;
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither would my impious fancy stray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts, away!
His worth deserves to kindle my desires,
But with the love that daughters bear to sires.
Then had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverseness of my fate is such,
That he's not mine, because he's mine too much:
Our kindred-blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer were he not so nigh.
Eyes, and their objects, never must unite;
Some distance is requir'd to help the sight:
Fain would I travel to some foreign shore,
Never to see my native country more,
So might I to myself myself restore;
So might my mind these impious thoughts remove,
And, ceasing to behold, might cease to love.
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd sight,
To talk, to kiss, and more, if more I might.'

More, impious maid! what more canst thou design?
To make a monstrous mixture in thy line,
And break all statutes human and divine!
Can'st thou be call'd (to save thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound so many sacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! sister to thy son!
And fear'st thou not to see the' infernal bands,
Their heads with snakes, with torches arm'd their hands;
Full at thy face the' avenging brands to bear,
And shake the serpents from their hissing hair?
But thou in time the' increasing ill control,
Nor first debauch the body by the soul;
Secure the sacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the sanctions nature has design'd.
Suppose I should attempt, the' attempt were vain,
No thoughts like mine his sinless soul profane;
Observant of the right: and oh, that he
Could cure my madness, or be mad like me!"
Thus she:—but Cinyras, who daily sees
A crowd of noble suitors at his knees,
Among so many knew not whom to choose,
Irresolute to grant, or to refuse;
But having told their names, inquir'd of her
Who pleas'd her best, and whom she would prefer,
The blushing maid stood silent with surprise,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking sigh'd, and as she sigh'd began
Round tears to shed, that scalded as they ran.
The tender sire, who saw her blush and cry,
Ascrib'd it all to maiden modesty,
And dried the falling drops, and, yet more kind,
He strok'd her cheeks, and holy kisses join'd.

She felt a secret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleasure than a daughter should;
And, ask'd again what lover of the crew
She lik'd the best; she answer'd, 'One like you.'
Mistaking what she meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bid her so continue still:
The word of pious heard, she blush'd with shame
Of secret guilt, and could not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night, when slumbers close
Our eyes, and soothe our cares with soft repose:
But no repose could wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as she roll'd her mind.
Mad with desire, she ruminates her sin,
And wishes all her wishes o'er again:
Now she despairs, and now resolves to try;
Would not, and would again, she knows not why;
Stops, and returns; makes and retracts the vow;
Fain would begin, but understands not how.
As when a pine is hew'd upon the plains,
And the last mortal stroke alone remains,
Labouring in pangs of death, and threat'ning all,
This way and that she nods, considering where to [fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either side,
Takes every bent, but cannot long abide:
Irresolute on which she should rely,
At last, unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die.
On that sad thought she rests, resolv'd on death,
She rises, and prepares to choke her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone she ties,
'Dear Cinyras, farewell!' she softly cries;
For thee I die, and only wish to be
Not hated, when thou know'st I die for thee;
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cause.'—
This said, about her neck the noose she draws.

The nurse, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not the words, the murmurs overheard,
And sighs, and hollow sounds: surpris'd with fright,
She starts, and leaves her bed, and springs a light;
Unlocks the door, and, ent'ring out of breath,
The dying saw, and instruments of death:
She shrieks, she cuts the zone with trembling haste,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next, (for she now had leisure for her tears)
She weeping ask'd, in these her blooming years,
What unforeseen misfortune caus'd her care,
To loath her life, and languish in despair?
The maid with downcast eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfinish'd, and ill-tim'd relief,
Stood sullen to her suit: the beldam press'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breast,
Adjur'd her by the kindly food she drew
From these dry founts, her secret ill to shew.
Sad Myrrha sigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aside:
The nurse still urg'd, and would not be denied:
Nor only promised secresy, but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
'Good-will,' she said, 'my want of strength supplies,
And diligence shall give what age denies:
If strong desires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy love;
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have cast,
More powerful verse shall free thee from the blast:
If Heaven, offended, sends thee this disease,
Offended Heaven with prayers we can appease.
What then remains, that can these cares procure?
Thy house is flourishing, thy fortune sure:
Thy careful mother yet in health survives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.'

The virgin started at her father's name,
And sigh'd profoundly, conscious of the shame:
Nor yet the nurse her impious love divin'd,
But yet surmis'd that love disturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, she pursued her point, and laid,
And lull'd within her lap, the mourning maid;
Then softly sooth'd her thus: 'I guess your grief:
You love, my child; your love shall find relief.
My long experienc'd age shall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay distrust aside:
No breath of air shall on the secret blow,
Nor shall (what most you fear) your father know.'
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And threw her body prostrate on the bed,
And, to conceal her blushes, hid her head:
There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but she receiv'd not the command;
Remaining still importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus: 'Or ask no more, or go:—
I pry'thee go, or staying spare my shame;
What thou would'st hear is impious ev'n to name.'
At this, on high the beldam holds her hands,
And trembling both with age and terror stands;
Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats, [threats,
Soothes her with blandishments, and frights with
To tell the crime intended; or disclose
What part of it she knew, if she no further knows.
And last; if conscious to her counsel made,
Confirms anew the promise of her aid.
Now Myrrha rais'd her head, but soon, oppress'd
With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast;
Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd:
Twice she began, and stop'd: again she tried;
The faltering tongue its office still denied.

At last her veil before her face she spread,
And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
' O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!'
Then groan'd, and ceas'd. The good old woman shook;
Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than she wou'd.
Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
To cure the madness of the' unhappy maid,
In vain: for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will:
Perverse of mind, unable to reply;
She stood resolv'd, or to possess or die.
At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:
' Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love,' she said; (she durst not say, thy sire:)
' Live, though unhappy, live on any terms:'
Then with a second oath her faith confirms.
The solemn feast of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen stoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in procession walk the pious train,
Offering first-fruits, and spikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial-bed they shun,
And, sanctifying harvest, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forsook her lord,
And Ceres' power with secret rites ador'd:
The royal couch, now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The first occasion took. The king she found
Easy with wine, and deep in pleasures drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldam blew the flame,
Confess'd the passion, but conceal'd the name.

Her form she prais'd: the monarch ask'd her years?
And she replied, 'The same thy Myrrha bears.'
Wine, and commended beauty, fir'd his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought. [home,
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, she hies her
And gratulates the nymph, the task was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But, clog'd with guilt, the joy was unsincere:
So various, so discordant is the mind,
That in our will a different will we find.
Ill she presag'd, and yet pursued her lust;
For guilty pleasures give a double gust.
'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driv'n
His lazy wain half-round the northern heav'n,
When Myrrha hasten'd to the crime desir'd:
The moon beheld her first, and first retir'd;
The stars, amaz'd, ran backward from the sight,
And (shrunk within their sockets) lost their light.
Icarius first withdraws his holy flame:
The virgin sign, in Heaven the second name,
Slides down the belt, and from her station flies;
And night with sable clouds involves the skies.
Bold Myrrha still pursues her black intent;
She stumbled thrice (an omen of the' event);
Thrice shriek'd the funeral owl; yet on she went,
Secure of shame, because secure of sight;
Ev'n bashful sins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, the' accomplice and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:
The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed the' expecting monarch lay.
Thus far her courage held, but here forsakes;
Her faint knees knock at every step she makes.

The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorse, and horror of her sin;
Repents too late her criminal desire,
And wishes that unknown she could retire.
Her, lingering thus, the nurse (who fear'd delay
The fatal secret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And said to Cinyras, 'Receive thy own.'
Thus saying, she deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The sire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd sheets:
He found she trembled, but believ'd she strove
With maiden modesty against her love, [move.
And sought with flattering words vain fancies to re-
Perhaps he said, 'My daughter, cease thy fears,'
(Because the title suited with her years);
And, 'Father,' she might whisper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the sin.
Full of her sire, she left the' incestuous bed,
And carrying in her womb the crime she bred.
Another and another night she came;
For frequent sin had left no sense of shame:
Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face
Whose body he had held in close embrace,
And brought a taper: the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime and criminal to sight.
Grief, rage, amazement, could no speech afford,
But from the sheath he drew the' avenging sword:
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.
Long wandering through the spacious fields, she bent
Her voyage to the' Arabian continent;

Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And, flying, left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unsupplied with strength,
And with the burden of her womb oppress'd,
Sabæan fields afford her needful rest:
There loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit thus she pray'd:
'Ye powers! if any so propitious are
To' accept my penitence, and hear my pray'r;
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment:
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the realms above, and those below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.'
The prayers of penitents are never vain:
At least she did her last request obtain;
For while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs;
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood:
Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender skin is harden'd into rind.
And now the rising tree her womb invests,
Now shooting upwards still invades her breasts,
And shades the neck; when, weary with delay,
She sunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And though with outward shape she lost her sense,
With bitter tears she wept her last offence;

And still she weeps, nor sheds her tears in vain :
For still the precious drops her name retain.
Meantime the misbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, distends with deadly throes
The swelling rind, with unavailing strife,
To leave the wooden womb, and pushes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppress'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to break the bark, in vain ;
And, like a labouring woman, would have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid :
The bending bole sends out a hollow sound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and stood
Beside the struggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood :
Then reach'd her midwife hand to speed her throes,
And spoke the powerful spells, that babes to birth
The bark divides, the living load to free, [disclose.
And safe delivers the convulsive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And wash him in the tears the parent-plant distill'd.
They swath'd him with their scarfs; beneath him spread
The ground with herbs; with roses rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with every grace,
Ev'n envy must have prais'd so fair a face :
Such was his form, as painters, when they show
Their utmost art, on naked loves bestow :
And that their arms no difference might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along with undiscover'd haste,
The future but a length behind the past;
So swift are years. The babe, whom just before
His grandsire got, and whom his sister bore ;

The drop, the thing, which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears,
And lovelier than himself at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave desires,
And with her pains reveng'd his mother's fires.

THE STORY OF VENUS AND ADONIS.

BY EUSDEN.

For Cytherëa's lips while Cupid press'd,
He with a heedless arrow raz'd her breast.
The goddess felt it, and, with fury stung,
The wanton mischief from her bosom flung;
Yet thought at first the danger slight, but found
The dart too faithful, and too deep the wound.
Fir'd with a mortal beauty, she disdains
To haunt the' Idalian mount, or Phrygian plains.
She seeks not Cnidos, nor her Paphian shrines,
Nor Amathus, that teems with brazen mines:
Ev'n heaven itself with all its sweets unsought,
Adonis far a sweeter heaven is thought,
On him she hangs, and fonds with every art,
And never, never knows from him to part.
She, whose soft limbs had only been display'd
On rosy beds beneath the myrtle shade,
Whose pleasing care was to improve each grace,
And add more charms to an unrival'd face,
Now buskin'd, like the virgin huntress, goes
Through woods, and pathless wilds, and mountain-
snows,
With her own tuneful voice she joys to cheer
The panting hounds, that chase the flying deer.
She runs the labyrinth of fearful hares,
But fearless beasts and dangerous prey forbears;

Hunts not the grinning wolf, or foamy boar,
And trembles at the lion's hungry roar.
Thee too, Adonis, with a lover's care
She warns, if warn'd thou wouldst avoid the snare.
'To furious animals advance not nigh,
Fly those that follow, follow those that fly;
'Tis chance alone must the survivors save,
Whene'er brave spirits will attempt the brave.
Oh! lovely youth! in harmless sports delight;
Provoke not beasts, which, arm'd by nature, fight.
For me, if not thyself, vouchsafe to fear;
Let not thy thirst of glory cost me dear.
Boars know not how to spare a blooming age;
No sparkling eyes can soothe the lion's rage.
Not all thy charms a savage breast can move,
Which have so deeply touch'd the queen of love.
When bristled boars from beaten thickets spring,
In grinded tusks a thunderbolt they bring.
The daring hunters lions rous'd devour,
Vast is their fury, and as vast their pow'r:
Curs'd be their tawny race! if thou would'st hear
What kindled thus my hate, then lend an ear:
The wondrous tale I will to thee unfold,
How the fell monsters rose from crimes of old.
But by long toils I faint: see! wide display'd,
A grateful poplar courts us with a shade.
The grassy turf, beneath, so verdant shows,
We may secure delightfully repose.
With her Adonis here be Venus bless'd;
And swift, at once, the grass and him she press'd.'
Then sweetly smiling, with a raptur'd mind,
On his lov'd bosom she her head reclin'd,
And thus began; but, mindful still of bliss,
Seal'd the soft accents with a softer kiss.

'Perhaps thou may'st have heard a virgin's name,
Who still in swiftness swiftest youths o'ercame.
Wondrous! that female weakness should outdo
A manly strength; the wonder yet is true.
'Twas doubtful if her triumphs in the field
Did to her form's triumphant glories yield;
Whether her face could with more ease decoy
A crowd of lovers, or her feet destroy.
For once Apollo she implor'd to show
If courteous fates a consort would allow:
"A consort brings thy ruin," he replied;
"Oh! learn to want the pleasures of a bride!
Nor shalt thou want them to thy wretched cost,
And Atalanta living shall be lost."
With such a rueful fate the' affrighted maid
Sought green recesses in the woodland glade.
Nor sighing suitors her resolves could move,
She bade them show their speed, to show their love.
He only who could conquer in the race,
Might hope the conquer'd virgin to embrace;
While he, whose tardy feet had lag'd behind,
Was doom'd the sad reward of death to find.
Though great the prize, yet rigid the decree,
But, blind with beauty, who can rigour see?
Ev'n on these laws the fair they rashly sought,
And danger in excess of love forgot.
'There sat Hippomenes, prepar'd to blame
In lovers such extravagance of flame.
"And must," he said, "the blessing of a wife
Be dearly purchas'd by a risk of life?"
But when he saw the wonders of her face,
And her limbs naked, springing to the race,
Her limbs, as exquisitely turn'd as mine;
Or, if a woman thou, might vie with thine:

With lifted hands he cried, " Forgive the tongue
Which durst, ye youths, your well-tim'd courage wrong.
I knew not that the nymph, for whom you strove,
Deserv'd the' unbounded transports of your love."
He saw, admir'd, and thus her spotless frame
He prais'd, and praising kindled his own flame.
A rival now to all the youths who run,
Envious, he fears they should not be undone.
But why (reflects he) idly thus is shown
The fate of others, yet untried my own:
The coward must not on love's aid depend;
The god was ever to the bold a friend.
Meantime the virgin flies, or seems to fly,
Swift as a Scythian arrow cleaves the sky:
Still more and more the youth her charms admires,
The race itself t' exalt her charms conspires.
The golden pinions, which her feet adorn,
In wanton flutterings by the winds are borne.
Down from her head, the long fair tresses flow,
And sport with lovely negligence below.
The waving ribbonds, which her buskins tie,
Her snowy skin with waving purple die;
As crimson veils, in palaces display'd,
To the white marble lend a blushing shade.
Not long he gaz'd; yet while he gaz'd, she gain'd
The goal, and the victorious wreath obtain'd.
The vanquish'd sigh, and as the law decreed,
Pay the dire forfeit, and prepare to bleed.
' Then rose Hippomenes, not yet afraid,
And fix'd his eyes full on the beauteous maid.
" Where is," he cried, " the mighty conquest won,
To distance those who want the nerves to run?

Here prove superior strength, nor shall it be
Thy loss of glory, if excell'd by me.
High my descent, near Neptune I aspire;
For Neptune was grand-parent to my sire.
From that great god the fourth myself I trace,
Nor sink my virtues yet beneath my race.
Thou, from Hippomenes o'ercome, may'st claim
An envied triumph, and a deathless fame."
' While thus the youth the virgin power defies,
Silent she views him still with softer eyes.
Thoughts in her breast a doubtful strife begin,
" If 'tis not happier now to lose than win.
What god, a foe to beauty, would destroy
The promis'd ripeness of this blooming boy?
With his life's danger does he seek my bed?
Scarce am I half so greatly worth," she said,
" Nor has his beauty mov'd my breast to love,
And yet, I own, such beauty well might move:
'Tis not his charms, 'tis pity would engage
My soul to spare the greenness of his age.
What, that heroic courage fires his breast,
And shines through brave disdain of fate confess'd?
What, that his patronage by close degrees
Springs from the' imperial ruler of the seas?
Then add the love which bids him undertake
The race, and dare to perish for my sake.
Of bloody nuptials, heedless youth, beware;
Fly, timely fly, from a too barbarous fair.
At pleasure choose; thy love will be repaid
By a less foolish, and more beauteous maid.
But why this tenderness, before unknown?
Why beats and pants my breast for him alone?
His eyes have seen his numerous rivals yield;
Let him too share the rigour of the field,

Since, by their fates untaught, his own he courts,
And thus with ruin insolently sports.
Yet for what crime shall he his death receive?
Is it a crime with me to wish to live?
Shall his kind passion his destruction prove?
Is this the fatal recompense of love?
So fair a youth, destroy'd, would conquest shame,
And nymphs eternally detest my fame.
Still why should nymphs my guiltless fame upbraid?
Did I the fond adventurer persuade?
Alas! I wish thou would'st the course decline,
Or that my swiftness was excell'd by thine.
See! what a virgin's bloom adorns the boy!
Why wilt thou run, and why thyself destroy?
Hippomenes! oh that I ne'er had been
By those bright eyes unfortunately seen!
Ah, tempt not thus a swift, untimely fate;
Thy life is worthy of the longest date.
Were I left wretched, did the galling chain
Of rigid gods not my free choice restrain,
By thee alone I could with joy be led
To taste the raptures of a nuptial bed."

'Thus she disclos'd the woman's secret heart,
Young, innocent, and new to Cupid's dart.
Her thoughts, her words, her actions wildly rove,
With love she burns, yet knows not that 'tis love.

'Her royal sire now, with the murmuring crowd,
Demands the race impatiently aloud.
Hippomenes then with true fervour pray'd,
"My bold attempt let Venus kindly aid:
By her sweet power I felt this amorous fire;
Still may she succour whom she did inspire!"
A soft unenvious wind, with speedy care,
Wafted to heaven the lover's tender pray'r.

Pity, I own, soon gain'd the wish'd consent,
And all the' assistance he implor'd I lent.
The Cyprian lands, though rich, in richness yield
To that surnam'd the Tamasenian field.
That field of old was added to my shrine,
And its choice products consecrated mine.
A tree there stands, full glorious to behold,
Gold are the leaves, the crackling branches gold.
It chanc'd, three apples in my hands I bore,
Which newly from the tree I sportive tore;
Seen by the youth alone, to him I brought
The fruit; and when, and how to use it, taught.
The signal sounding by the king's command,
Both start at once, and sweep the' imprinted sand:
So swiftly mov'd their feet, they might with ease,
Scarce moisten'd, skim along the glassy seas;
Or with a wondrous levity be borne
O'er yellow harvests of unbending corn.
Now favouring peals resound from every part,
Spirit the youth, and fire his fainting heart.
"Hippomenes!" they cried, "thy life preserve;
Intensely labour, and stretch every nerve.
Base fear alone can baffle thy design,
Shoot boldly onward, and the goal is thine."
'Tis doubtful whether shouts, like these, convey'd
More pleasures to the youth, or to the maid.
When a long distance oft she could have gain'd,
She check'd her swiftness, and her feet restrain'd:
She sigh'd, and dwelt, and languish'd on his face,
Then with unwilling speed pursued the race.
O'erspent with heat, his breath he faintly drew,
Parch'd was his mouth, nor yet the goal in view,
And the first apple on the plain he threw.

The nymph stop'd sudden at the' unusual sight,
Struck with the fruit so beautifully bright.
Aside she starts, the wonder to behold,
And eager stoops to catch the rolling gold.
The' observant youth pass'd by, and scour'd along,
While peals of joy rung from the' applauding throng.
Unkindly she corrects the short delay,
And to redeem the time fleets swift away;
Swift as the lightning, or the northern wind,
And far she leaves the panting youth behind.
Again he strives the flying nymph to hold
With the temptation of the second gold:
The bright temptation fruitlessly was toss'd,
So soon, alas! she won the distance lost.
Now but a little interval of space
Remain'd for the decision of the race.
"Fair author of the precious gift," he said,
"Be thou, O goddess, author of my aid!"
Then of the shining fruit the last he drew,
And with his full-collected vigour threw:
The virgin still the longer to detain,
Threw not directly, but across the plain.
She seem'd a while perplex'd in dubious thought,
If the far-distant apple should be sought:
I lur'd her backward mind to seize the bait,
And to the massy gold gave double weight.
My favour to my votary was show'd,
Her speed I lessen'd, and increas'd her load.
But lest, though long, the rapid race be run,
Before my longer tedious tale is done,
The youth the goal, and so the virgin won.
'Might I, Adonis, now not hope to see
His grateful thanks pour'd out for victory?

His pious incense on my altars laid?—
But he nor grateful thanks nor incense paid.
Enrag'd I vow'd, that with the youth the fair,
For his contempt, should my keen vengeance share;
That future lovers might my power revere,
And, from their sad examples, learn to fear.
The silent fanes, the sanctified abodes,
Of Cybelè, great mother of the gods,
Rais'd by Echion in a lonely wood,
And full of brown religious horror stood.
By a long painful journey faint, they chose
Their weary limbs here secret to repose.
But soon my power inflam'd the lustful boy:
Careless of rest he sought untimely joy.
A hallow'd gloomy cave, with moss o'ergrown,
The temple join'd, of native pumice-stone,
Where antique images by priests were kept,
And wooden deities securely slept.
Thither the rash Hippomenes retires,
And gives a loose to all his wild desires,
And the chaste cell pollutes with wanton fires.
The sacred statues trembled with surprise,
The towery goddess, blushing, veil'd her eyes:
And the lewd pair to Stygian sounds had sent,
But unrevengeful seem'd that punishment.
A heavier doom such black profaneness draws,
Their taper fingers turn to crooked paws:
No more their necks the smoothness can retain,
Now cover'd sudden with a yellow mane.
Arms change to legs: each finds the hardening breast
Of rage unknown, and wondrous strength possess'd.
Their alter'd looks with fury grim appear,
And on the ground their brushing tails they bear.

They haunt the woods: their voices, which before
Were musically sweet, now hoarsely roar.
Hence lions, dreadful to the labouring swains,
Are tam'd by Cybelè, and curb'd with reins,
And humbly draw her car along the plains.
But thou, Adonis, my delightful care,
Of these, and beasts as fierce as these, beware!
The savage, which not shuns thee, timely shun;
For by rash prowess should'st thou be undone,
A double ruin is contain'd in one.'
Thus cautious Venus school'd her favourite boy;
But youthful heat all cautions will destroy.
His sprightly soul beyond grave counsels flies,
While with yok'd swans the goddess cuts the skies.
His faithful hounds, led by the tainted wind,
Lodg'd in thick coverts, chanc'd a boar to find.
The callow hero show'd a manly heart,
And pierc'd the savage with a side-long dart.
The flying savage, wounded, turn'd again,
Wrench'd out the gory dart, and foam'd with pain.
The trembling boy by flight his safety sought,
And now recall'd the lore which Venus taught;
But now too late to fly the boar he strove,
Who in the groin his tusks impetuous drove:
On the discolour'd grass Adonis lay,
The monster trampling o'er his beauteous prey.
Fair Cytherëa, Cyprus scarce in view,
Heard from afar his groans, and own'd them true,
And turn'd her snowy swans, and backward flew.
But as she saw him gasp his latest breath,
And quivering agonize in pangs of death;
Down with swift flight she plung'd, nor rage forbore;
At once her garments and her hair she tore.

With cruel blows she beat her guiltless breast,
The fates upbraided, and her love confess'd.
'Nor shall they yet,' she cried, 'the whole devour
With uncontrol'd, inexorable pow'r:
For thee, lost youth, my tears and restless pain
Shall in immortal monuments remain.
With solemn pomp, in annual rites return'd,
Be thou for ever, my Adonis! mourn'd.
Could Pluto's queen with jealous fury storm,
And Menthè to a fragrant herb transform?
Yet dares not Venus with a change surprise,
And in a flower bid her fall'n hero rise?'
Then on the blood sweet nectar she bestows,
The scented blood in little bubbles rose:
Little as rainy drops, which fluttering fly,
Borne by the winds, along a louring sky.
Short time ensued, till where the blood was shed,
A flower began to rear its purple head:
Such, as on Punick apples is reveal'd,
Or in the filmy rind but half conceal'd.
Still here the fate of lovely forms we see,
So sudden fades the sweet Anemonè.
The feeble stems, to stormy blasts a prey,
Their sickly beauties droop, and pine away.
The winds forbid the flowers to flourish long,
Which owe to winds their names in Grecian song.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XI.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE DEATH OF ORPHEUS.

BY CROXALL.

HERE, while the Thracian bard's enchanting strain
Soothes beasts, and woods, and all the listening plain,
The female Bacchanals, devoutly mad,
In shaggy skins, like savage creatures clad,
Warbling in air perceiv'd his lovely lay,
And from a rising ground beheld him play.
When one, the wildest with dishevel'd hair,
That loosely stream'd, and ruffled in the air;
Soon as her frantic eye the lyrist spied,
'See, see! the hater of our sex,' she cried.
Then at his face her missive javelin sent,
Which whiz'd along, and brush'd him as it went:
But the soft wreathes of ivy, twisted round,
Prevent a deep impression of the wound.
Another, for a weapon, hurls a stone,
Which, by the sound subdued as soon as thrown,
Falls at his feet; and, with a seeming sense,
Implores his pardon for its late offence.
  But now their frantic rage unbounded grows,
Turns all to madness, and no measure knows:

Yet this the charms of music might subdue,
But that, with all its charms, is conquer'd too;
In louder strains their hideous yellings rise,
And squeaking horn-pipes echo through the skies,
Which, in hoarse consort with the drum, confound
The moving lyre, and every gentle sound:
Then 'twas the deafen'd stones flew on with speed,
And saw, unsooth'd, their tuneful poet bleed.
The birds, the beasts, and all the savage crew
Which the sweet lyrist to attention drew,
Now, by the female mob's more furious rage
Are driv'n, and forc'd to quit the shady stage.
Next their fierce hands the bard himself assail,
Nor can his song against their wrath prevail:
They flock like birds, when, in a clustering flight,
By day they chase the boding fowl of night.
So crowded amphitheatres survey
The stag, to greedy dogs a future prey.
Their steely javelins, which soft curls entwine
Of budding tendrils from the leafy vine,
For sacred rites of mild religion made,
Are flung promiscuous at the poet's head.
Those clods of earth or flints discharge, and these
Hurl prickly branches sliver'd from the trees:
And, lest their passion should be unsupplied,
The rabble crew, by chance, at distance spied
Where oxen, straining at the heavy yoke,
The fallow'd field with slow advances broke;
Nigh which the brawny peasants dug the soil,
Procuring food with long laborious toil.
These, when they saw the ranting throng draw near,
Quitted their tools and fled, possess'd with fear.
Long spades, and rakes of mighty size, were found,
Carelessly left upon the broken ground.

With these the furious lunatics engage,
And first the labouring oxen feel their rage;
Then to the poet they return with speed,
Whose fate was, past prevention, now decreed:
In vain he lifts his suppliant hands, in vain
He tries, before, his never-failing strain.
And from those sacred lips, whose thrilling sound
Fierce tigers and insensate rocks could wound,
Ah gods! how moving was the mournful sight!
To see the fleeting soul now take its flight.
Thee the soft warblers of the feather'd kind
Bewail'd; for thee thy savage audience pin'd;
Those rocks and woods, that oft thy strain had led,
Mourn for their charmer, and lament him dead;
And drooping trees their leafy glories shed.
Naïds and Dryads with dishevel'd hair
Promiscuous weep, and scarfs of sable wear;
Nor could the river-gods conceal their moan,
But with new floods of tears augment their own.
His mangled limbs lay scatter'd all around,
His head and harp a better fortune found;
In Hebrus' streams they gently roll'd along,
And sooth'd the waters with a mournful song.
Soft deadly notes the lifeless tongue inspire,
A doleful tune sounds from the floating lyre;
The hollow banks in solemn consort mourn,
And the sad strain in echoing groans return.
Now with the current to the sea they glide,
Borne by the billows of the briny tide;
And driv'n where waves round rocky Lesbos roar,
They strand, and lodge upon Methymna's shore.
But here, when landed on the foreign soil,
venom'd snake, the product of the isle,

Attempts the head, and sacred locks embru'd
With clotted gore and still fresh-dropping blood.
Phœbus at last his kind protection gives,
And from the fact the greedy monster drives;
Whose marbled jaws his impious crime atone,
Still grinning ghastly, though transform'd to stone.
His ghost flies downward to the Stygian shore,
And knows the places it had seen before:
Among the shadows of the pious train
He finds Eurydicè, and loves again;
With pleasure views the beauteous phantom's charms,
And clasps her in his unsubstantial arms.
There side by side they unmolested walk,
Or pass their blissful hours in pleasing talk;
Aft or before the bard securely goes,
And, without danger, can review his spouse.

THE THRACIAN WOMEN TRANSFORMED TO TREES.

Bacchus, resolving to revenge the wrong
Of Orpheus murder'd, on the madding throng,
Decreed that each accomplice-dame should stand
Fix'd by the roots along the conscious land.
Their wicked feet, that late so nimbly ran
To wreak their malice on the guiltless man,
Sudden with twisted ligatures were bound,
Like trees, deep planted in the turfy ground.
And, as the fowler with his subtle gins
His feather'd captives by the feet entwines,
That fluttering pant, and struggle to get loose,
Yet only closer draw the fatal noose;
So these were caught; and, as they strove in vain
To quit the place, they but increas'd their pain.

They flounce and toil, yet find themselves control'd;
The root, though pliant, toughly keeps its hold.
In vain their toes and feet they look to find,
For ev'n their shapely legs are cloth'd with rind.
One smites her thighs with a lamenting stroke,
And finds the flesh transform'd to solid oak;
Another, with surprise and grief distress'd,
Lays on above, but beats a wooden breast.
A rugged bark their softer neck invades,
Their branching arms shoot up delightful shades;
At once they seem and are a real grove,
With mossy trunks below, and verdant leaves above.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

Nor this suffic'd: the god's disgust remains,
And he resolves to quit their hated plains;
The vineyards of Tymole ingross his care,
And, with a better choir, he fixes there;
Where the smooth streams of clear Pactolus roll'd,
Then undistinguish'd for its sands of gold.
The Satyrs with the nymphs, his usual throng,
Come to salute their god, and jovial danc'd along.
Silenus only miss'd; for while he reel'd,
Feeble with age and wine, about the field,
The hoary drunkard had forgot his way,
And to the Phrygian clowns became a prey;
Who to king Midas drag the captive god,
While on his totty pate the wreaths of ivy nod.
Midas from Orpheus had been taught his lore,
And knew the rites of Bacchus long before.
He, when he saw his venerable guest,
In honour of the god ordain'd a feast.
Ten days in course, with each continued night,
Were spent in genial mirth, and brisk delight:

Then on the' eleventh, when with brighter ray
Phosphor had chas'd the fading stars away,
The king through Lydia's fields young Bacchus sought,
And to the god his foster-father brought.
Pleas'd with the welcome sight, he bids him soon
But name his wish, and swears to grant the boon.
A glorious offer! yet but ill bestow'd
On him whose choice so little judgment show'd.
'Give me,' says he, (nor thought he ask'd too much)
'That with my body whatsoe'er I touch,
Chang'd from the nature which it held of old,
May be converted into yellow gold!'
He had his wish; but yet the god repin'd,
To think the fool no better wish could find.
But the brave king departed from the place,
With smiles of gladness sparkling in his face:
Nor could contain; but as he took his way,
Impatient longs to make the first essay.
Down from a lowly branch a twig he drew,
The twig straight glitter'd with a golden hue:
He takes a stone, the stone was turn'd to gold;
A clod he touches, and the crumbling mold
Acknowledg'd soon the great transforming pow'r,
In weight and substance like a mass of ore.
He pluck'd the corn; and straight his grasp appears
Fill'd with a bending tuft of golden ears.
An apple next he takes, and seems to hold
The bright Hesperian vegetable gold.
His hand he careless on a pillar lays,
With shining gold the fluted pillars blaze:
And while he washes, as the servants pour,
His touch converts the stream to Danae's show'r.

To see these miracles so finely wrought,
Fires with transporting joy his giddy thought.
The ready slaves prepare a sumptuous board,
Spread with rich dainties for their happy lord;
Whose powerful hands the bread no sooner hold,
But its whole substance is transform'd to gold:
Up to his mouth he lifts the savoury meat,
Which turns to gold as he attempts to eat:
His patron's noble juice of purple hue,
Touch'd by his lips, a gilded cordial grew:
Unfit for drink, and, wondrous to behold,
It trickles from his jaws a fluid gold.
The rich poor fool, confounded with surprise,
Starving in all his various plenty lies:
Sick of his wish, he now detests the power
For which he ask'd so earnestly before;
Amidst his gold with pinching famine curs'd,
And justly tortur'd with an equal thirst.
At last his shining arms to heaven he rears,
And in distress, for refuge, flies to pray'rs:
'O father Bacchus! I have sin'd,' he cried,
'And foolishly thy gracious gift applied;
Thy pity now, repenting, I implore;
Oh! may I feel the golden plague no more.'
The hungry wretch, his folly thus confess'd,
Touch'd the kind deity's good-natur'd breast;
The gentle god annull'd his first decree,
And from the cruel compact set him free.
But then, to cleanse him quite from further harm,
And to dilute the relics of the charm,
He bids him seek the stream that cuts the land
Nigh where the towers of Lydian Sardis stand;
Then trace the river to the fountain-head,
And meet it rising from its rocky bed:

There, as the bubbling tide pours forth amain,
To plunge his body in, and wash away the stain.
The king instructed to the fount retires,
But with the golden charm the stream inspires:
For while this quality the man forsakes,
An equal power the limpid water takes;
Informs with veins of gold the neighbouring land,
And glides along a bed of golden sand.
Now loathing wealth, the' occasion of his woes,
Far in the woods he sought a calm repose;
In caves and grottos where the nymphs resort,
And keep with mountain Pan their silvan court.
Ah, had he left his stupid soul behind!
But his condition alter'd not his mind.
For where high Tmolus rears his shady brow,
And from his cliffs surveys the seas below,
In his descent, by Sardis bounded here,
By the small confines of Hypæpæ there,
Pan to the nymphs his frolic ditties play'd,
Tuning his reeds beneath the chequer'd shade.
The nymphs are pleas'd, the boasting silvan plays,
And speaks with slight of great Apollo's lays.
Tmolus was arbiter; the boaster still
Accepts the trial with unequal skill.
The venerable judge was seated high
On his own hill, that seem'd to touch the sky.
Above the whispering trees his head he rears,
From their encumbring boughs to free his ears;
A wreath of oak alone his temples bound,
The pendant acorns loosely dangled round.
'In me, your judge,' says he, 'there's no delay:'
Then bids the goatherd god begin and play.
Pan tun'd the pipe, and with his rural song
Pleas'd the low taste of all the vulgar throng;

Such songs a vulgar judgment mostly please,
Midas was there, and Midas judg'd with these.
  The mountain sire with grave deportment now
To Phœbus turns his venerable brow;
And, as he turns, with him the listening wood
In the same posture of attention stood.
The god his own Parnassian laurel crown'd,
And in a wreath his golden tresses bound;
Graceful his purple mantle swept the ground.
High on the left his ivory lute he rais'd;
The lute, emboss'd with glittering jewels, blaz'd.
In his right hand he nicely held the quill,
His easy posture spoke a master's skill.
The strings he touch'd with more than human art,
Which pleas'd the judge's ear, and sooth'd his heart;
Who soon judiciously the palm decreed,
And to the lute postpon'd the squeaking reed.
  All with applause the rightful sentence heard,
Midas alone dissatisfied appear'd;
To him unjustly given the judgment seems,
For Pan's barbaric notes he most esteems.
The lyric god, who thought his untun'd ear
Deserv'd but ill a human form to wear,
Of that deprives him; and supplies the place
With some more fit, and of an ampler space:
Fix'd on his noddle an unseemly pair,
Flagging, and large, and full of whitish hair;
Without a total change from what he was,
Still in the man preserves the simple ass.
  He, to conceal the scandal of the deed,
A purple turban folds about his head;
Veils the reproach from public view, and fears
The laughing world would spy his monstrous ears.

One trusty barber-slave, that us'd to dress
His master's hair, when lengthen'd to excess,
The mighty secret knew, but knew alone,
And, though impatient, durst not make it known.
Restless at last, a private place he found,
Then dug a hole, and told it to the ground;
In a low whisper he reveal'd the case,
And cover'd in the earth, and silent left the place.
In time, of trembling reeds a plenteous crop
From the confided furrow sprouted up;
Which, high advancing with the ripening year,
Made known the tiller, and his fruitless care:
For then the rustling blades, and whispering wind,
To tell the' important secret both combin'd.

THE BUILDING OF TROY.

Phœbus, with full revenge, from Tmolus flies,
Darts through the air, and cleaves the liquid skies:
Near Hellespont he lights, and treads the plains
Where great Laomedon sole monarch reigns:
Where, built between the two projecting strands,
To Panomphæan Jove an altar stands.
Here first, aspiring thoughts the king employ,
To found the lofty towers of future Troy.
The work, from schemes magnificent begun,
At vast expense was slowly carried on:
Which Phœbus seeing, with the trident-god
Who rules the swelling surges with his nod,
Assuming each a mortal shape, combine
At a set price to finish his design.
The work was built; the king their price denies,
And his injustice backs with perjuries.
This Neptune could not brook, but drove the main,
A mighty deluge, o'er the Phrygian plain:

'Twas all a sea; the waters of the deep
From every vale the copious harvest sweep;
The briny billows overflow the soil,
Ravage the fields, and mock the ploughman's toil.
Nor this appeas'd the god's revengeful mind:
For still a greater plague remains behind;
A huge sea-monster lodges on the sands,
And the king's daughter for his prey demands.
To him that sav'd the damsel, was decreed
A set of horses of the sun's fine breed:
But when Alcides from the rock untied
The trembling fair, the ransom was denied.
He, in revenge, the new-built walls attack'd,
And the twice-perjur'd city bravely sack'd.
Telamon aided, and in justice shar'd
Part of the plunder as his due reward:
The princess, rescued late, with all her charms,
Hesionè, was yielded to his arms:
For Peleus, with a goddess-bride, was more
Proud of his spouse, than of his birth before:
Grandsons to Jove there might be more than one,
But he the goddess had enjoy'd alone.

THE STORY OF THETIS AND PELEUS, &c.

For Proteus thus to virgin Thetis said,
'Fair goddess of the waves! consent to wed,
And take some sprightly lover to your bed:
A son you'll have, the terror of the field,
To whom in fame and power his sire shall yield.'
Jove, who ador'd the nymph with boundless love,
Did from his breast the dangerous flame remove.
He knew the Fates, nor car'd to raise up one,
Whose fame and greatness should eclipse his own.

On happy Peleus he bestow'd her charms,
And bless'd his grandson in the goddess' arms.
A silent creek Thessalia's coast can show,
Two arms project, and shape it like a bow;
'Twould make a bay, but the transparent tide
Does scarce the yellow-gravel'd bottom hide;
For the quick eye may through the liquid wave
A firm unweedy level beech perceive.
A grove of fragrant myrtle near it grows, [close;
Whose boughs, though thick, a beauteous grot dis-
The well-wrought fabric, to discerning eyes,
Rather by art than nature seems to rise.
A bridled dolphin oft fair Thetis bore
To this her lov'd retreat, her favourite shore.
Here Peleus seiz'd her, slumbering while she lay,
And urg'd his suit with all that love could say.
But when he found her obstinately coy,
Resolv'd to force her, and command the joy:
The nymph, o'erpower'd, to art for succour flies,
And various shapes the eager youth surprise:
A bird she seems, but plies her wings in vain;
His hands the fleeting substance still detain:
A branchy tree high in the air she grew;
About its bark his nimble arms he threw:
A tiger next she glares with flaming eyes;
The frighten'd lover quits his hold, and flies.
The sea-gods he with sacred rites adores,
Then a libation on the ocean pours;
While the fat entrails crackle in the fire,
And sheets of smoke in sweet perfume aspire:
Till Proteus, rising from his oozy bed,
Thus to the poor desponding lover said:
'No more in anxious thoughts your mind employ,
For yet you shall possess the dear expected joy.

You must once more the' unwary nymph surprise,
As in her cooly grot she slumbering lies;
Then bind her fast with unrelenting hands,
And strain her tender limbs with knotted bands.
Still hold her under every different shape,
Till, tir'd, she tries no longer to escape.'
Thus he:—then sunk beneath the glassy flood,
And broken accents flutter'd where he stood.
Bright Sol had almost now his journey done,
And down the steepy western convex run;
When the fair Nereid left the briny wave,
And, as she us'd, retreated to her cave.
He scarce had bound her fast, when she arose,
And into various shapes her body throws:
She went to move her arms, and found 'em tied;
Then with a sigh, 'Some god assists ye!' cried,
And in her proper shape stood blushing by his side.
About her waist this longing arms he flung,
From which embrace the great Achilles sprung.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DÆDALION.

Peleus unmix'd felicity enjoy'd;
(Bless'd in a valiant son and virtuous bride)
Till fortune did in blood his hands imbrue,
And his own brother by curs'd chance he slew:
Then driven from Thessaly, his native clime,
Trachinia first gave shelter to his crime;
Where peaceful Ceyx mildly fill'd the throne,
And like his sire, the morning-planet, shone;
But now, unlike himself, bedew'd with tears,
Mourning a brother lost, his brow appears.
First to the town, with travel spent and care,
Peleus and his small company repair:

His herds and flocks the while at leisure feed
On the rich pasture of a neighbouring mead.
The prince, before the royal presence brought,
Show'd by the suppliant olive what he sought;
Then tells his name, and race, and country right,
But hides the' unhappy reason of his flight.
He begs the king some little town to give,
Where they may safe his faithful vassals live.
Ceyx replied: 'To all my bounty flows;
A hospitable realm your suit has chose.
Your glorious race, and far-resounding fame,
And grandsire Jove, peculiar favours claim.
All you can wish, I grant; intreaties spare; [share.'
My kingdom (would 'twere worth the sharing!)
Tears stop'd his speech: astonish'd Peleus pleads
To know the cause from whence his grief proceeds?
The prince replied: 'There's none of ye but deems
This hawk was ever such as now it seems;
Know, 'twas a hero once, Dædalion nam'd,
For warlike deeds and haughty valour fam'd;
Like me, to that bright luminary born
Who wakes Aurora, and brings on the morn.
His fierceness still remains, and love of blood,
Now dread of birds, and tyrant of the wood.
My make was softer; peace my greatest care;
But this my brother, wholly bent on war:
Late nations fear'd, and routed armies fled
That force which now the timorous pigeons dread.
A daughter he possess'd, divinely fair,
And scarcely yet had seen her fifteenth year;
Young Chionè: a thousand rivals strove
To win the maid, and teach her how to love.
Phœbus and Mercury by chance, one day,
From Delphi and Cyllene pass'd this way;

Together they the virgin saw: desire
At once warm'd both their breasts with amorous fire.
Phœbus resolv'd to wait till close of day;
But Mercury's hot love brook'd no delay:
With his entrancing rod the maid he charms,
And unresisted revels in her arms.
'Twas night, and Phœbus in a beldam's dress
To the late rifled beauty got access.
Her time complete nine circling moons had run;
To either god she bore a lovely son:
To Mercury Autolycus she brought,
Who turn'd to thefts and tricks his subtle thought;
Possess'd he was of all his father's slight, [white.
At will, made white look black, and black look
Philammon born to Phœbus, like his sire,
The Muses lov'd, and finely struck the lyre,
And made his voice, and touch, in harmony conspire.
'In vain, fond maid, you boast this double birth,
The love of gods and royal father's worth,
And Jove among your ancestors rehearse!
Could blessings such as these e'er prove a curse?'
To her they did, who with audacious pride,
Vain of her own, Diana's charms decried.
Her taunts the goddess with resentment fill;
'My face you like not, you shall try my skill,'
She said; and straight her vengeful bow she strung,
And sent a shaft that pierc'd her guilty tongue:
The bleeding tongue in vain its accents tries;
In the red stream her soul reluctant flies.
With sorrow wild I ran to her relief,
And tried to moderate my brother's grief.
He, deaf as rocks by stormy surges beat,
Loudly laments, and hears me not intreat.

When on the funeral pile he saw her laid,
Thrice he to rush into the flames assay'd,
Thrice with officious care by us was stay'd.
Now, mad with grief, away he fled amain,
Like a stung heifer that resents the pain,
And bellowing wildly bounds along the plain.
O'er the most rugged ways so fast he ran,
He seem'd a bird already, not a man;
He left us breathless all behind; and now
In quest of death had gain'd Parnassus' brow:
But when from thence headlong himself he threw,
He fell not, but with airy pinions flew.
Phœbus in pity chang'd him to a fowl, [trol.
Whose crooked beak and claws the birds con-
Little of bulk, but of a warlike soul.
A hawk become, the feather'd race's foe,
He tries to ease his own by others' woe.'

A WOLF TURNED INTO MARBLE.

While they, astonish'd, heard the king relate
These wonders of his hapless brother's fate;
The prince's herdsman at the court arrives,
And fresh surprise to all the audience gives.
'O Peleus, Peleus! dreadful news I bear,'
He said; and trembled as he spoke, for fear.
The worst, affrighted Peleus bid him tell,
Whilst Ceyx too grew pale with friendly zeal.
Thus he began: 'When Sol mid-heaven had gain'd,
And half his way was pass'd, and half remain'd,
I to the level shore my cattle drove,
And let them freely in the meadows rove.
Some stretch'd at length admire the watry plain,
Some crop'd the herb, some wanton swam the main.

A temple stands of antique make hard by,
Where no gilt domes nor marble lure the eye;
Unpolish'd rafters bear its lowly height,
Hid by a grove, as ancient, from the sight.
Here Nereus and the Nereids they adore;
I learnt it from the man who thither bore
His net, to dry it on the sunny shore.
Adjoins a lake, inclos'd with willows round,
Where swelling waves have overflow'd the mound,
And, muddy, stagnate on the lower ground.
From thence a rushing noise increasing flies,
Strikes the still shore, and frights us with surprise.
Straight a huge wolf rush'd from the marshy wood,
His jaws besmear'd with mingled foam and blood,
Though equally by hunger urg'd and rage,
His appetite he minds not to assuage;
Nought that he meets his rabid fury spares,
But the whole herd with mad disorder tears.
Some of our men, who strove to drive him thence,
Torn by his teeth, have died in their defence.
The echoing lakes, the sea, and fields, and shore,
Impurpled blush with streams of reeking gore.
Delay is loss, nor have we time for thought;
While yet some few remain alive, we ought
To seize our arms, and with confederate force
Try if we so can stop his bloody course.
But Peleus car'd not for his ruin'd herd;
His crime he call'd to mind, and thence infer'd,
That Psamathe's revenge this havoc made,
In sacrifice to murder'd Phocus' shade.
The king commands his servants to their arms;
Resolv'd to go; but the loud noise alarms
His lovely queen, who from her chamber flew,
And her half-plaited hair behind her threw:

About his neck she hung with loving fears,
And now with words, and now with pleading tears,
Intreated that he'd send his men alone,
And stay himself, to save two lives in one.
Then Peleus: 'Your just fears, O queen! forget:
Too much the offer leaves me in your debt.
No arms against the monster I shall bear,
But the sea-nymphs appease with humble pray'r.'
The citadel's high turrets pierce the sky,
Which home-bound vessels, glad, from far descry;
This they ascend, and thence with sorrow ken
The mangled heifers lie, and bleeding men;
The' inexorable ravager they view,
With blood discolour'd, still the rest pursue:
There Peleus pray'd submissive tow'rds the sea,
And deprecates the ire of injur'd Psamathè.
But deaf to all his prayers the nymph remain'd,
Till Thetis for her spouse the boon obtain'd.
Pleas'd with the luxury, the furious beast,
Unstop'd, continues still his bloody feast:
While yet upon a sturdy bull he flew,
Chang'd by the nymph, a marble block he grew.
No longer dreadful now the wolf appears,
Buried in stone, and vanish'd like their fears.
Yet still the fates unhappy Peleus vex'd;
To the Magnesian shore he wanders next.
Acastus there, who rul'd the peaceful clime,
Grants his request, and expiates his crime.

THE STORY OF CEYX AND ALCYONE.

BY DRYDEN.

These prodigies affect the pious prince;
But, more perplex'd with those that happen'd since,

He purposes to seek the Clarian god,
Avoiding Delphi, his more fam'd abode,
Since Phrygian robbers made unsafe the road.
Yet could he not from her he lov'd so well,
The fatal voyage, he resolv'd, conceal;
But when she saw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran shivering to her heart;
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new.
She thrice essay'd to speak; her accents hung,
And faltering died unfinish'd on her tongue,
Or vanish'd into sighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd, and found the wonted way.
'Tell me, my lord,' she said, 'what fault unknown
Thy once belov'd Alcyonè has done?
Whither, ah, whither, is thy kindness gone!
Can Ceyx then sustain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forsake the sweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move?
Or need'st thou absence to renew thy love?
Yet if thou go'st by land, though grief possess
My soul ev'n then, my fears will be the less.
But, ah! be warn'd to shun the watry way,
The face is frightful of the stormy sea:
For late I saw adrift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let false hopes to trust betray thy mind,
Because my sire in caves constrains the wind,
Can with a breath their clamorous rage appease,
They fear his whistle, and forsake the seas:
Not so; for once indulg'd, they sweep the main,
Deaf to the call, or, hearing, hear in vain;
But bent on mischief bear the waves before,
And, not content with seas, insult the shore,

When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted forests fly before their rage:
At once the clashing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run across the fields above.
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child within my father's court:
In times of tempests they command alone,
And he but sits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment;
And fears are oft prophetic of the' event.
But if, not fears or reasons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obstinate to sail,
Go not without thy wife; but let me bear
My part of danger with an equal share,
And present, what I suffer only fear:
Then o'er the bounding billows shall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.'

These reasons mov'd her starlike husband's heart,
But still he held his purpose to depart:
For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He would not to the seas expose his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But sought by arguments to soothe her pain.
Nor these avail'd: at length he lights on one,
With which so difficult a cause he won:
'My love, so short an absence cease to fear;
For by my father's holy flame I swear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If Heaven allow me life, I will return.'

This promise of so short a stay prevails;
He soon equips the ship, supplies the sails,
And gives the word to launch: she trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews;

Last with a kiss, she took a long farewell,
Sigh'd with a sad presage, and swooning fell:
While Ceyx seeks delays, the lusty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breasts, the ship with fury flew.
The queen, recover'd, rears her humid eyes,
And first her husband on the poop espies,
Shaking his hand at distance on the main;
She took the sign, and shook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, contracts her view
With sharpen'd sight, till she no longer knew
The much-lov'd face; that comfort lost supplies
With less, and with the galley feeds her eyes:
The galley borne from view by rising gales,
She follow'd with her sight the flying sails:
When ev'n the flying sails were seen no more,
Forsaken of all sight she left the shore.
Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And sought in sleep her wearied eyes to close:
Her husband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he press'd, renew'd the former smart.
And now a breeze from shore began to blow,
The sailors ship their oars, and cease to row;
Then hoist their yards a-trip, and all their sails
Let fall, to court the wind and catch the gales:
By this the vessel half her course had run;
And as much rested till the rising sun;
Both shores were lost to sight, when at the close
Of day a stiffer gale at east arose:
The sea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, first denounce the wat'ry war.
This seen, the master soon began to cry,
'Strike, strike the top-sail; let the main sheet fly,

And furl your sails.' The winds repel the sound,
And in the speaker's mouth the speech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught
Each in his way, officiously they wrought:
Some stow their oars, or stop the leaky sides,
Another bolder yet the yard bestrides,
And folds the sails; a fourth with labour laves
The' intruding seas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confusion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the sky,
And wage intestine wars; the suffering seas
Are toss'd and mingled as their tyrants please.
The master would command, but in despair
Of safety, stands amaz'd with stupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid, he knows,
The' ungovern'd tempest to such fury grows:
Vain is his force, and vainer is his skill;
With such a concourse comes the flood of ill;
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling shrowds;
Seas dash on seas, and clouds encounter clouds:
At once from east to west, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flash, the roaring thunders roll.
Now waves on waves ascending scale the skies,
And in the fires above the water fries:
When yellow sands are sifted from below,
The glittering billows give a golden show:
And when the fouler bottom shows the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted seas,
And change their colour, changing their disease.
Like various fits the Trachian vessel finds:
And now sublime she rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty summit, looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether sky.

Now from the depth of hell they lift their sight,
And at a distance see superior light;
The lashing billows make a loud report,
And beat her sides, as battering rams a fort:
Or, as a lion bounding in his way,
With force augmented, bears against his prey,
Sidelong to seize; or, unappall'd with fear,
Springs on the toils, and rushes on the spear:
So seas impell'd by winds, with added pow'r
Assault the sides, and o'er the hatches tow'r.
The planks (their pitchy coverings wash'd away)
Now yield; and now a yawning breach display:
The roaring waters with a hostile tide
Rush through the ruins of her gaping side.
Meantime, in sheets of rain the sky descends,
And ocean, swell'd with waters, upwards tends;
One rising, falling one, the Heavens and sea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way: [rain;
The sails are drunk with showers, and drop with
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No star appears to lend his friendly light;
Darkness and tempest make a double night;
But flashing fires disclose the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their scatter'd force unite;
And as a soldier, foremost in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an host alone
Still presses on, and urging gains the town;
So while the' invading billows come abreast,
The hero tenth advanc'd before the rest,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous sway,
And from the walls descends upon the prey:
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows' conquering shout,

And mount on others backs, in hopes to share
The city, thus become the seat of war.
  An universal cry resounds aloud,
The sailors run in heaps, a helpless crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no succour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet despairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief,
But, stupid, with dry eyes expects his fate:
One with loud shrieks laments his lost estate,
And calls those happy whom their funerals wait.
This wretch with prayers and vows the gods implores,
And ev'n the skies he cannot see, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts bestows,
His careful father, and his faithful spouse.
The covetous worldling, in his anxious mind,
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
  All Ceyx his Alcyonè employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her absence joys:
His wife he wishes, and would still be near,
Not her with him, but wishes him with her:
Now with last looks he seeks his native shore,
Which fate has destin'd him to see no more;
He sought, but in the dark tempestuous night
He knew not whither to direct his sight.
So whirl the seas, such darkness blinds the sky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
  The giddy ship ran round; the tempest tore
Her mast, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts, and with a scornful brow,
Proud of her conquest gain'd, insults the waves below;
Nor lighter falls, than if some giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,

And toss'd on seas; press'd with the pondrous blow,
Down sinks the ship within the' abyss below:
Down with the vessel sink into the main
The many, never more to rise again.
Some few on scatter'd planks, with fruitless care,
Lay hold, and swim; but while they swim, despair.
  Ev'n he, who late a sceptre did command,
Now grasps a floating fragment in his hand:
And while he struggles on the stormy main,
Invokes his father and his wife in vain.
But yet his consort is his greatest care,
Alcyonè he names amidst his pray'r;
Names as a charm against the waves and wind:
Most in his mouth, and ever in his mind.
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of safety past,
From prayers to wishes he descends at last;
That his dead body, wafted to the sands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulp of air,
And peep above the seas, he names the fair;
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murmuring Alcyonè below the waves:
At last a falling billow stops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himself appears
That night, his heavenly form obscur'd with tears;
And since he was forbid to leave the skies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
  Meantime Alcyonè (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone;
Observes the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wishes for a new;
Against the promis'd time provides with care,
And hastens in the woof the robes he was to wear:

And for her self employs another loom,
New dress'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flattering her heart with joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the temples with an odorous flame,
And oft before the sacred altars came,
To pray for him who was an empty name.
All powers implor'd, but far above the rest
To Juno she her pious vows address'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect;
And safe o'er seas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd, that she might still possess his heart,
And no pretending rival share a part:
This last petition heard of all her pray'r,
The rest, dispers'd by winds, were lost in air.
  But she, the goddess of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Resolv'd the tainted hand should be repell'd,
Which incense offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus bespoke:—'Thou faithful maid,
By whom thy queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haste to the house of Sleep; and bid the god
Who rules the night by visions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Resembling him who perish'd in the storm;
This form before Alcyonè present,
To make her certain of the sad event.'
  Indued with robes of various hue she flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a segment of the skies:)
Then leaves her bending bow, and from the steep
Descends, to search the silent house of Sleep.

THE HOUSE OF SLEEP.

Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode,
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowsy god;
Whose gloomy mansion, nor the rising sun
Nor setting, visits, nor the lightsome noon;
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful sky.
No crowing cock does there his wings display,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day;
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geese,
Disturb with nightly noise the sacred peace:
Nor beast of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempests rock'd, nor human cry;
But safe repose without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Arising upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with soft murmurs calls the coming sleeps.
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool simples that sweet rest bestow;
Night from the plants their sleepy virtue drains,
And, passing, sheds it on the silent plains:
No door there was the' unguarded house to keep,
On creaking hinges turn'd, to break his sleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-sted:
Black was the covering too where lay the god,
And slept supine, his limbs display'd abroad:
About his head fantastic visions fly,
Which various images of things supply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor sands upon the shore.

The virgin entering bright, indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and brush'd the dreams away:
The god disturb'd with this new glare of light,
Cast sudden on his face, unseal'd his sight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which sunk again,
And sinking on his bosom knock'd his chin;
At length shook off himself, and ask'd the dame,
(And asking, yawn'd) for what intent she came?
To whom the goddess thus: 'O sacred rest,
Sweet pleasing Sleep, of all the powers the best!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day,
Care shuns thy soft approach, and sullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expressing human form,
The shape of him who suffer'd in the storm,
And send it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale spectre stand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.'
She said, and scarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to support the fumes of Sleep;
But fled, returning by the way she went,
And swerv'd along her bow with swift ascent.
The god, uneasy till he slept again,
Resolv'd at once to rid himself of pain;
And, though against his custom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the sleepy crowd:
Morpheus, of all his numerous train, express'd
The shape of man, and imitated best;
The walk, the words, the gesture could supply
The habit mimic, and the mien belye;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd,
Extending not beyond our human kind.

Another, birds and beasts and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monster shapes:
This demon, Icelos, in Heaven's high hall
The gods have nam'd; but men Phobetor call.
A third is Phantasus, whose actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of soul;
Earth, fruits, and flowers, he represents in dreams,
And solid rocks unmov'd, and running streams.
These three to kings and chiefs their scenes display,
The rest before the' ignoble commons play.
Of these the chosen Morpheus is dispatch'd;
Which done, the lazy monarch, over-watch'd,
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Dissolv'd in sleep, and shrinks within his bed.
Darkling the demon glides, for flight prepar'd,
So soft, that scarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, swift as thought, the flitting shade
Through air his momentary journey made:
Then lays aside the steerage of his wings,
Forsakes his proper form, assumes the king's;
And pale as death, despoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And stands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
And shedding vain, but seeming real tears;
The briny waters dropping from his hairs.
Then staring on her with a ghastly look,
And hollow voice, he thus the queen bespoke:
'Know'st thou not me? Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features perish'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy husband lost,
Lo, all that's left of him, thy husband's ghost!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain,
The stormy south o'ertook us in the main,
And never shalt thou see thy living Lord again.

Bear witness, Heaven! I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd a billow stop'd my breath.
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I present, I appear, and my own wreck relate.
Rise, wretched widow, rise; nor undeplor'd
Permit my soul to pass the Stygian ford;
But rise, prepar'd in black, to mourn thy perish'd lord.

Thus said the player-god; and adding art
Of voice and gesture, so perform'd his part,
She thought (so like her love the shade appears)
That Ceyx spake the words, that Ceyx shed the tears:
She groan'd, her inward soul with grief oppress'd,
She sigh'd, she wept, and, sleeping, beat her breast;
Then stretch'd her arms t'embrace his body bare;
Her clasping arms inclose but empty air;
At this, not yet awake, she cried, 'O stay:
One is our fate, and common is our way!'

So dreadful was the dream, so loud she spoke,
That starting sudden up, the slumber broke;
Then cast her eyes around, in hope to view
Her vanish'd lord, and find the vision true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the search, not finding what she seeks,
With cruel blows she pounds her blubber'd cheeks;
Then from her beaten breast the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair.
Her nurse demands the cause; with louder cries
She prosecutes her griefs, and thus replies:

'No more Alcyonè; she suffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx lost his breath:
No flattery, no false comfort, give me none;
My shipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone:

I saw, I saw him manifest in view,
His voice, his figure, and his gestures knew:
His lustre lost, and every living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face: [hair,
Though with pale cheeks, wet beard and dropping
None but my Ceyx could appear so fair:
I would have strain'd him with a strict embrace,
But through my arms he slipt, and vanish'd from the place!
There, ev'n just there, he stood:'—and as she spoke,
Where last the spectre was she cast her look:
Fain would she hope, and gaz'd upon the ground,
If any printed footsteps might be found.
Then sigh'd, and said; 'This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fears presag'd too true:
'Twas what I beg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and suffer'd thee to part;
Or I to go along, or thou to stay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours assign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death disjoin'd!
So had my Ceyx still been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had perish'd there.
Now I die absent, in the vast profound;
And me, without my self, the seas have drown'd.
The storms were not so cruel; should I strive
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive;
But neither will I strive, nor wretched thee
In death forsake, but keep thee company.
If not one common sepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our last remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyonè shall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For sighs come rushing in betwixt her words,

And stop'd her tongue; but what her tongue denied,
Soft tears, and groans, and dumb complaints supplied.
'Twas morning: to the port she takes her way,
And stands upon the margin of the sea:
That place, that very spot of ground she sought,
Or thither by her destiny was brought,
Where last he stood: and while she sadly said,
'Twas here he left me, lingering here delay'd
His parting kiss, and there his anchors weigh'd.'
Thus speaking, while her thoughts past actions trace,
And call to mind, admonish'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmost ken she cast her eyes,
And somewhat floating from afar descries:
It seems a corps a-drift, to distant sight,
But at a distance who could judge aright?
It wafted nearer yet, and then she knew,
That what before she but surmis'd, was true:
A corps it was, but whose it was, unknown;
Yet mov'd howe'er, she made the case her own:
Took the bad omen of a shipwreck'd man,
As for a stranger wept, and thus began:
'Poor wretch! on stormy seas to lose thy life;
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow-wife.'
At this she paus'd:—For now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the side:
The more she looks, the more her fears increase,
At nearer sight; and she's herself the less.
Now driv'n ashore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom she sees;
Her husband's corps!—at this she loudly shrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he!' she cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, and vest; and, stooping to the sands,
About his neck she cast her trembling hands.
'And is it thus, O dearer than my life!
Thus, thus return'st thou to thy longing wife!'

She said, and to the neighbouring mole she strode,
(Rais'd there to break the' incursions of the flood.)
Headlong from hence to plunge herself she springs,—
But shoots along, supported on her wings;
A bird new-made, about the banks she plies,
Not far from shore, and short excursions tries;
Nor seeks in air her humble flight to raise,
Content to skim the surface of the seas:
Her bill, though slender, sends a creaking noise,
And imitates a lamentable voice.
Now lighting where the bloodless body lies,
She with a funeral note renews her cries:
At all her stretch, her little wings she spread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead;
Then flickering to his palid lips, she strove
To print a kiss, the last essay of love.
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiss, the vulgar doubt alone;
For sure a present miracle was shown:
The gods their shapes to winter-birds translate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection still is tied,
And still the mournful race is multiplied:
They bill, they tread; Alcyonè compress'd,
Seven days sits brooding on her floating nest;
A wintry queen! her sire at length is kind,
Calms every storm, and hushes every wind;
Prepares his empire for his daughter's ease,
And for his hatching nephews smoothes the seas.

ÆSACUS TRANSFORMED INTO A CORMORANT.

These, some old man sees wanton in the air,
And praises the unhappy constant pair:

Then to his friend the long-neck'd Cormorant shows,
The former tale reviving others woes:
'That sable bird,' he cries, 'which cuts the flood
With slender legs, was once of royal blood;
His ancestors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laömedon and Ganymede,
(Whose beauty tempted Jove to steal the boy)
And Priam, hapless prince! who fell with Troy:
Himself was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But given this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Though on the mother's side of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoè, a country maid,
Bare Æsacus by stealth in Ida's shade.
He fled the noisy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and simple rural sport,
And seldom to the city would resort.
Yet he no rustic clownishness profess'd,
Nor was soft love a stranger to his breast:
The youth had long the nymph Hesperiè woo'd,
Oft through the thicket or the mead pursued;
Her haply on her father's bank he spied,
While fearless she her silver tresses dry'd;
Away she fled: not stags with half such speed,
Before the prowling wolf, scud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the safer flood forsake,
Pursued by hawks, so swift regain the lake.
As fast he follow'd in the hot career;
Desire the lover wing'd; the virgin, fear.
A snake unseen now pierc'd her heedless foot;
Quick through the veins the venom'd juices shoot:
She fell, and 'scap'd by death his fierce pursuit.
Her lifeless body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cried, 'Not this I dreaded, but thy haste:

O had my love been less, or less thy fear!
The victory, thus bought, is far too dear.
Accursed snake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cause was giv'n by me.
Yet none shall say, that unreveng'd you died."
He spoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er hanging side,
And, resolute, leap'd on the foaming tide:
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he sought denied, and feathers gave.
Debar'd the surest remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curs'd the' unask'd relief:
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a second fall successless tries;
The downy plume a quick descent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaseless sorrow for the' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his spirits prey'd:
Still near the sounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.'

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XII.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN.

THE TROJAN WAR.

PRIAM, to whom the story was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd son:
A Cenotaph his name and title kept, [wept.
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers,
  This pious office Paris did not share;
Absent alone, and author of the war,
Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
To' avenge the rape; and Asia to subdue.
  A thousand ships were mann'd, to sail the sea;
Nor had their just resentments found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis, with united powers they meet;
But there, cross winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raise an altar on the shore,
And Jove with solemn sacrifice adore;
A boding sign the priests and people see:
A snake of size immense ascends a tree,
And in the leafy summit spied a nest,
Which o'er a callow young a sparrow press'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but still in view:

Till the fierce reptile first devour'd the brood;
Then seiz'd the fluttering dam, and drunk her blood.
This dire ostent the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heaven decreed; and with a smiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
'O Argives! we shall conquer: Troy is ours;
But long delays shall first afflict our pow'rs:
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend;
The tenth shall in the town's destruction end.'
The serpent, who his maw obscene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held;
But, as in spires he stood, he turn'd to stone:
The stony snake retain'd the figure still his own.
Yet, not for this, the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their sails; and Neptune disobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town should be destroy'd,
Whose building had his hands divine employ'd.
Not so the seer, who knew, and known, foreshow'd
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood
Must first be reconcil'd. The common cause
Prevail'd; and pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia the devoted maid
Was, by the weeping priests, in linen robes array'd.
All mourn her fate, but no relief appear'd;
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended power, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and stop'd the coming [blow.
A mist before the ministers she cast,
And, in the virgin's room, a hind she plac'd.
The' oblation slain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The storm was hush'd, and dimpled ocean smil'd:
A favourable gale arose from shore,
Which to the port desir'd the Grecian gallies bore.

THE HOUSE OF FAME.

Full in the midst of this created space, [place,
Betwixt heaven, earth, and skies, there stands a
Confining on all three, with triple bound;
Whence all things, though remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The palace of loud Fame, her seat of pow'r,
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tow'r;
A thousand winding entries long and wide,
Receive of fresh reports a flowing tide:
A thousand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate, nor bars, exclude the busy trade.
'Tis built of brass, the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news;
Where echoes in repeated echoes play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds, that never cease.
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides receding from the' insulted shore.
Or like the broken thunder heard from far,
When Jove to distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crowds, or issuing forth or ent'ring in:
A thorough-fare of news; where some devise
Things never heard, some mingle truth with lies:
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat,
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sits brooding there, with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd, are near, [fear.
And rumours rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panic

Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above, inquiring all around.
The goddess gives the' alarm; and soon is known
The Grecian fleet descending on the town.
Fix'd on defence, the Trojans are not slow
To guard their shore, from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Protesilaus falls, and bites the strand;
Which with expense of blood the Grecians won;
And prov'd the strength unknown of Priam's son:
And to their cost the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes; and what deaths they dealt.

THE STORY OF CYGNUS.

From these first onsets, the Sigæan shore
Was strew'd with carcases, and stain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had slain;
Achilles in his car had scour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks. Where'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he sought:
Cygnus he found; on him his force essay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-man'd steeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He cheer'd to courage with a gentle stroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe;
And, rising, shook his lance, in act to throw.
But first he cried, 'O youth! be proud to bear
Thy death, ennobled by Pelides' spear.'
The lance pursued the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miss the way,
But pierc'd his cuirass; with such fury sent,
And sign'd his bosom with a purple dint.
At this the seed of Neptune; 'Goddess-born!
For ornament, not use, these arms are worn;

This helm and heavy buckler I can spare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis somewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the sea to spring:
Thy sire is mortal; mine is ocean's king;
Secure of death, I should contemn thy dart,
Though naked, and impassible depart?'
He said, and threw: the trembling weapon pass'd
Through nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad shield; and stuck within the last.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and sent again
The hostile gift: the hostile gift was vain.
He tried a third, a tough well-chosen spear;
The' inviolable body stood sincere;
Though Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But scornful offer'd his unshielded side.
Not otherwise the' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull incompass'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars, provok'd from far
By sight of scarlet, and a sanguine war:
They quit their ground, his bended horns elude;
In vain pursuing, and in vain pursued.
Before to further fight he would advance,
He stood considering, and survey'd his lance:
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden spear
Without a point; he look'd, the point was there.
'This is my hand, and this my lance,' he said,
'By which so many thousand foes are dead,
O whither is their usual virtue fled!
I had it once; and the Lyrnessian wall,
And Tenedos, confess'd it in their fall.
Thy streams, Caïcus, roll'd a crimson-flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives' blood.

Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing steel,
To wound him first, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted prowess I retain,
Witness these heaps of slaughter on the plain.'
He said; and, doubtful of his former deeds,
To some new trial of his force proceeds.
He chose Menætes from among the rest;
At him he launch'd his spear, and pierc'd his breast:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay supine; and forth the spirit fled.
Then thus the hero: 'Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are still the same.
The same I will employ against this foe,
And wish but with the same success to throw.'
So spoke the chief; and while he spoke he threw:
The weapon with unerring fury flew,
At his left shoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with swift rebound
Harmless return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with false joy the flatter'd hero cheer'd.
Wound there was none; the blood that was in view,
The lance before from slain Menætes drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in close fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high disdain, repeats his blows;
Nor shield, nor armour can their force oppose;
Huge cantlets[1] of his buckler strew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his flesh no wound or blood is seen;
The sword itself is blunted on the skin.
This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears

[1] Fragments.

His buckler beats: the son of Neptune, stun'd
With these repeated buffets, quits his ground:
A sickly sweat succeeds, and shades of night;
Inverted nature swims before his sight:
The' insulting victor presses on the more,
And treads the steps the vanquish'd trod before;
Nor rest, nor respite gives. A stone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and stop'd his way:
Achilles took the' advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and push'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he press'd,
With both his knees, above his panting breast.
Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twist
He tied; and soon the strangled soul dismiss'd.
With eager haste he went to strip the dead:
The vanish'd body from his arm was fled.
His sea-god sire, t' immortalize his frame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.
A truce succeeds the labours of this day,
And arms suspended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward,
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard:
The feast approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd maid
His vows for Cygnus slain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw,
And to the gods the grateful odour flew.
Heaven had its part in sacrifice: the rest
Was broil'd and roasted for the future feast.
The chief-invited guests were set around;
And hunger first assuag'd, the bowls were crown'd
Which in deep draughts their cares and labours drown'd.

The mellow harp did not their ears employ;
And mute was all the warlike symphony:
Discourse, the food of souls, was their delight,
And pleasing chat prolong'd the summer's night:
The subject, deeds of arms; and valour shown,
Or on the Trojan side or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame achiev'd,
They talk'd by turns: the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but these could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear so well?
The last great act perform'd, of Cygnus slain,
Did most the martial audience entertain:
Wondering to find a body free by fate
From steel; and which could ev'n that steel rebate:
Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And scarce Pelides cou'd believe it true.

THE STORY OF CÆNEUS.

Then Nestor thus: 'What once this age has [known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
These eyes have seen in Cæneus long before;
Whose body not a thousand swords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage and in strength excell'd;
And still his Othrys with his fame is fill'd:
But what did most his martial deeds adorn,
(Though since he chang'd his sex) a woman born.'
A novelty so strange, and full of fate,
His listening audience ask'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common suit:
'O Father! first for prudence in repute;
Tell, with that eloquence, so much thy own,
What thou hast heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of sex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?

Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal strife
The youth, without a wound, could lose his life?'
Neleides then: 'Though tardy age and time
Have shrunk my sinews, and decay'd my prime;
Though much I have forgotten of my store,
Yet not exhausted, I remember more.
Of all that arms achiev'd, or peace design'd,
That action still is fresher in my mind,
Than aught beside. If reverend age can give
To faith a sanction, in my third I live.
'Twas in my second century, I survey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Thessalian maid:
Cænis the bright, was born to high command;
A princess, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles; every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy sire, perhaps had sought her bed,
Among the rest; but he had either led
Thy mother then; or was by promise tied;
But she to him, and all, alike her love denied.
It was her fortune once to take her way
Along the sandy margin of the sea:
The power of ocean view'd her as she pass'd,
And, lov'd as soon as seen, by force embrac'd.
So Fame reports. Her virgin-treasure seiz'd,
And his new joys, the ravisher so pleas'd,
That thus, transported, to the nymph he cried;
'Ask what thou wilt, no prayer shall be denied.'
This also Fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a god cou'd bear,
This answer, proud, return'd; 'To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompense, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to suffer such a shame;
But change the woman, for a better name:

One gift for all." She said; and while she spoke,
A stern, majestic, manly tone she took.
A man she was: and, as the godhead swore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
  To this the lover adds, without request,
" No force of steel should violate his breast.'
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes;
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.

THE SKIRMISH BETWEEN THE CENTAURS AND LAPITHITES.

  Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's son,
The love of fair Hippodamè had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beast,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feast:
In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'er-shade.
They sat: and summon'd by the bridegroom, came,
To mix with those, the Lapithæan name:
Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy resound:
And Hymen, Iö Hymen, rung around.
Rais'd altars shone with holy fires; the bride,
Lovely herself (and lovely by her side
A bevy of bright nymphs, with sober grace),
Came glittering like a star, and took her place.
Her heavenly form beheld, all wish'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wishes all employ.
  For one, most brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with lustful eyes
The bride; at once resolv'd to make his prize.

Down went the board; and fastening on her hair,
He seiz'd with sudden force the frighted fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: his bestial kind
His crime pursued; and each, as pleas'd his mind,
Or her, whom chance presented, took: the feast
An image of a taken town express'd.
  The cave resounds with female shrieks; we rise,
Mad with revenge, to make a swift reprise:
And Theseus first, 'What phrenzy has possess'd,
O Eurytus!' he cried, 'thy brutal breast,
To wrong Pirithous; and not him alone,
But while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one!'
  To justify his threat, he thrusts aside
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride:
The monster nought replied: (for words were vain,
And deeds could only deeds unjust maintain;)
But answers with his hand, and forward press'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breast.
An ample goblet stood, of antique mould,
And rough with figures of the rising gold;
The hero snatch'd it up, and toss'd in air
Full at the front of the foul ravisher.
He falls; and falling, vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam, and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring and half neighing through the hall,
'Arms! arms!' the double-form'd with fury call;
To wreak their brother's death: a medly flight
Of bowls and jars, at first supply the fight
(Once instruments of feasts, but now of fate;)
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
  Bold Amycus, from the robb'd vestry brings
The chalices of heaven, and holy things
Of precious weight: a sconce that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd to light the sacristy,

Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell; and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when some brawny sacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eye-balls rooted out, are thrown to ground;
His nose, dismantled, in his mouth is found;
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undistinguish'd wound.

This, Belates, the' avenger, could not brook;
But, by the foot, a maple-board he took,
And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin it bent
Against his chest, and down the centaur sent;
Whom sputtering bloody teeth, the second blow
Of his drawn sword dispatch'd to shades below.

Grineus was near; and cast a furious look
On the side-altar, 'cens'd with sacred smoke,
And bright with flaming fires: 'The gods,' he cried,
'Have with their holy trade our hands supplied:
Why use we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar-stone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
Altar and altar's freight together flew,
Where thickest throng'd the Lapithæan crew:
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus slew.
Oryus' mother, Mycalè, was known
Down from her sphere to draw the labouring moon.

Exadius cried, 'Unpunish'd shall not go
This fact, if arms are found against the foe.'
He look'd about, where on a pine were spread
The votive horns of a stag's branching head:
At Grineus these he throws; so just they fly,
That the sharp antlers stuck in either eye.

Breathless and blind he fell; with blood besmear'd;
His eye-balls beaten out, hung dangling on his beard.
Fierce Rhætus from the hearth a burning brand
Selects and whirling waves; till, from his hand
The fire took flame; then dash'd it from the right,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the sight:
The whistling pest came on, and pierc'd the bone,
And caught the yellow hair, that shrivel'd while it shone.
Caught, like dry stubble fir'd; or like seerwood;
Yet from the wound ensued no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling mass of frying blood.
His blazing locks sent forth a crackling sound;
And hiss'd, like red-hot iron within the smithy drown'd.
The wounded warrior shook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horse could hardly rear)
He heaves the threshold-stone, but could not throw;
The weight itself forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head; and crush'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but said,
'So by their fellows may our foes be sped!'
Then with redoubled strokes he plied his head;
The burning lever not deludes his pains,
But drives the batter'd skull within the brains.
Thus flush'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, pursued:
First, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he slew;
Whose fall, when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cried, 'What palm is from a beardless prey?'
Rhætus prevents what more he had to say;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and chok'd his breath.

At Dryas next he flew: but weary chance
No longer would the same success advance;
For while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a sharpen'd stake strong Dryas found;
And in the shoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon stuck; which, roaring out with pain,
He drew; nor longer durst the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread possess'd;
Thaumas, and Medon wounded in the breast;
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who boars encountering slew:
And augur Astylos, whose art in vain
From fight dissuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Nessus on the plain;
But to his fellow cried, 'Be safely slow,
Thy death defer'd is due to great Alcides' bow.'
Meantime strong Dryas urg'd his chance so well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more disgrace;
For fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore,
Betwixt his nose and front, the blow before.
Amid the noise and tumult of the fray,
Snoring, and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide securely slept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
Take thy next draught, with Stygian waters mix'd,
And 'sleep thy fill,' the' insulting victor cried:
Surpris'd with death unfelt, the centaur died:

The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his soul,
Repass'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
  I saw Petræus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands;
The trunk was like a sapling in his hands,
And still obey'd the bent. While thus he stood,
Pirithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood:
Lycus, and Chromis fell, by him oppress'd;
Helops, and Dictys added to the rest
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating spear.
This Dictys saw; and, seiz'd with sudden fright,
Leap'd headlong from the hill of steepy height;
And crush'd an ash beneath, that could not bear
his weight.
The shatter'd tree receives his fall; and strikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the sharpen'd spikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty stone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theseus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold centaur broke;
And left him maim'd; nor seconded the stroke.
Then leap'd on tall Bianor's back: (who bore
No mortal burden but his own, before)
Press'd with his knees his sides; the double man,
His speed with spurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero fasten'd on his locks;
His other plied him with repeated strokes:
The club rung round his ears, and batter'd brows;
He falls, and, lashing up his heels, his rider throws.
  The same Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground:

And Hippasus, whose beard his breast invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland shades:
And Tereus, us'd with mountain bears to strive,
And from their dens to draw the' indignant beasts alive.

Demoleon could not bear this hateful sight,
Or the long fortune of the' Athenian knight;
But pull'd with all his force, to disengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root stuck fast: the broken trunk he sent
At Theseus; Theseus frustrates his intent,
And leaps aside; by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To shun: (for so he said; and we believ'd it so.)
Yet not in vain the' enormous weight was cast;
Which Crantor's body sunder'd at the waist:
Thy father's 'squire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Pelopeian war,
Their king, his present ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus sent.

Thy sire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cried, 'Not long, lov'd Crantor! shalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge.' At once he said, and threw
His ashen-spear, which quiver'd as it flew;
With all his force, and all his soul applied,
The sharp point enter'd in the centaur's side;
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monster join'd,
And wrench'd it out; but left the steel behind;
Stuck in his lungs it stood: enrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears.
Thus trampled under foot, his shield defends
His head; his other hand the lance protends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the dust,
He sped the centaur, with one single thrust.

Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two, his sword had slain, in closer war.
To these was added Dorylas, who spread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With these he push'd; in blood already dy'd,
Him, fearless, I approach'd; and thus defied:
'Now, monster, now, by proof it shall appear,
Whether thy horns are sharper, or my spear.'
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it pass'd; and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud shouts of ours attend the lucky blow.
Him Peleus finish'd, with a second wound,
Which through the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And drag'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he drag'd; and what he trod, he crush'd;
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, rush'd.

THE STORY OF CYLLARUS AND HYLONOME.

Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus! foreslow
Thy fate: (if form to monsters men allow:)
Just bloom'd thy beard; thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy shoulders flew.
Sprightly thy look! thy shapes in every part
So clean, as might instruct the sculptor's art,
As far as man extended: where began
The beast, the beast was equal to the man.
Add but a horse's head and neck; and he,
O Castor! was a courser worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the seat:
So rose his brawny chest; so swiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it shone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.

Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonomè possess'd his mind;
Hylonomè, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor less her blandishments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confessing love.
For him she dress'd: for him, with female care
She comb'd, and set in curl, her auburn hair.
Of roses, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And sprigs of flowing rosemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, and adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegasæan fount,
And in the streams that from the fountain play,
She wash'd her face; and bath'd her twice a-day.
The scarf of furs, that hung below her side,
Was ermine, or the panther's spotted pride;
Spoils of no common beast. With equal flame
They lov'd: their silvan pleasures were the same.
All day they hunted: and when day expir'd,
Together to some shady cave retir'd:
Invited to the nuptials, both repair;
And side by side, they both engage in war.
  Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was sent; which pierc'd his heart.
The javelin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with staggering steps, and seeks the [ground:
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And strove his wandering spirits to recall:
And while her hand the streaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers she clos'd.
Stifled with kisses, a sweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undistinguish'd cries:
At least her words were in her clamour drown'd;
For my stunn'd ears receive no vocal sound.

In madness of her grief, she seiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare bosom the sharp point applied;
And wounded fell; and falling by his side,
Embrac'd him in her arms; and, thus embracing, died.

Ev'n still methinks I see Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dress.
Six lions hides, with thongs together fast,
His upper part defended to his waist;
And where man ended, the continued vest
Spread on his back, the houss[1] and trappings of a beast.
A stump too heavy for a team to draw
(It seems a fable, though the fact I saw;)
He threw at Pholon; the descending blow
Divides the skull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from nose, and mouth, and either ear,
Came issuing out, as through a colander
The curdled milk; or from the press the whey,
Driven down by weights above, is drain'd away.

But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierc'd through the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Clthonius, and Teleboas I slew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw.
The javelin wounded me; (behold the scar)
Then was my time to seek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at least a child:
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantas how Pyretus fell;
The centaur by the knight: nor will I stay
On Amphyx, or what deaths he dealt that day:

[1] Housings.

What honour, with a pointless lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Nessus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopsus not alone divin'd,
Whose valour equal'd his foreseeing mind.

CÆNEUS TRANSFORMED TO AN EAGLE.

Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had slaughter'd five the boldest of their band,
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and stronger Stiphelus.
Their names I number'd, and remember well;
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.
Latreus, the bulkiest of the double race,
Whom the spoil'd arms of slain Halesus grace;
In years retaining still his youthful might,
Though his black hairs were interspers'd with white,
Betwixt the' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either host
Might hear him, while he made this empty boast:—
"And from a strumpet shall we suffer shame?
For Cænis still, not Cæneus, is thy name:
And still the native softness of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert; what price was paid
To change thy sex; to make thee not a maid:
And but a man in show. Go, card and spin,
And leave the business of the war to men."
While thus the boaster exercis'd his pride,
The fatal spear of Cæneus reach'd his side:
Just in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether beast, and upper man:

The monster mad with rage, and stung with smart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It struck; but bounded from his harden'd breast,
Like hail from tiles, which the safe house invest.
Nor seem'd the stroke with more effect to come,
Than a small pebble falling on a drum.
He next his falchion tried, in closer fight;
But the keen falchion had no power to bite.
He thrust; the blunted point return'd again:
'Since downright blows,' he cried, 'and thrusts are vain,
I'll prove his side.' In strong embraces held
He prov'd his side; his side the sword repell'd:
His hollow belly echo'd to the stroke,
Untouch'd his body, as a solid rock; [broke.
Aim'd at his neck at last, the blade in shivers
The' impassive knight stood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked side;
At length, 'Now, monster, in thy turn,' he cried,
'Try thou the strength of Cæneus:' at the word
He thrust; and in his shoulder plung'd the sword.
Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breast, made many wounds in one.
The Centaurs saw, enrag'd, the' unhop'd success;
And rushing on in crowds, together press;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw;
Repuls'd, they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they stood; till Monychus began,
'O shame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man! yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? the' united force,
Of two the strongest creatures, man and horse;

Nor goddess-born; nor of Ixion's seed
We seem; (a lover built for Juno's bed;)
Master'd by this half-man. Whole mountains throw
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choke the soul within; though not to force it out.
Heap weights, instead of wounds.' He chanc'd to see
Where southern storms had rooted up a tree;
This rais'd from earth, against the foe he threw;
The example shown, his fellow-brutes pursue.
With forest-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys, and Pelion soon were void of shade;
And spreading groves were naked mountains made.
Press'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his shoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave the' intolerable weight he tries;
At length it rose above his mouth and eyes:
Yet still he heaves; and struggling with despair,
Shakes all aside, and gains a gulp of air:
A short relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then respires again.
At last, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake stirs the' Idæan grove.
Doubtful his death: he suffocated seem'd,
To most; but otherwise our Mopsus deem'd.
Who said he saw a yellow bird arise
From out the piles and cleave the liquid skies:
I saw it too, with golden feathers bright;
Nor ere before beheld so strange a sight.
Whom Mopsus viewing, as it soar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinion's rattling sound.

'All hail!' he cried, 'thy country's grace and love!
Once first of men below, now first of birds above.
Its author to the story gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Asham'd to see a single man, pursued
With odds, to sink beneath a multitude,
We push'd the foe: and forc'd to shameful flight,
Part fell, and part escap'd by favour of the night.'

THE FATE OF PERICLYMENOS.

This tale, by Nestor told, did much displease
Tlepolemus, the seed of Hercules:
For often he had heard his father say,
That he himself was present at the fray;
And more than shar'd the glories of the day.
'Old chronicle!' he said, 'among the rest,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the least:
Is he not worth your praise?' The Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he spoke; then made this proud defence;
'My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I won'd have lost; but you renew the wound:
Better to pass him o'er, than to relate
The cause I have your mighty sire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the sky;
(Which oh, I wish, with truth, I could deny!)
We praise not Hector; though his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praise a foe.
He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
Messenia's towers: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylos; that a neighbouring state,
And this my own: both guiltless of their fate.
To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew,

All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
By him they perish'd: I alone surviv'd.
The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wondrous to relate.
To him, our common grandsire of the main
Had giv'n to change his form, and chang'd, resume again.
Varied at pleasure, every shape he tried;
And in all beasts Alcides still defied.
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new-dissembled eagle, now endued
With beak and pounces, Hercules pursued,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe;
But bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood:
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point, and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupplied
Hung drooping down, nor pois'd his other side.
He fell: the shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove through his neck, aslant; he spurns the ground,
And the soul issues through the wezon's wound.
Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas!
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.'

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke;
Then to full bowls each other they provoke.
At length, with weariness and wine oppress'd,
They rise from table, and withdraw to rest.

THE DEATH OF ACHILLES.

The sire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Meantime laments his son, in battle slain,
And vows the victor's death; nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the smother'd pain he bore;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before)
Then when he saw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus bespoke the god that guides the year:
'Immortal offspring of my brother Jove!
My brightest nephew, and whom best I love,
Whose hands were join'd with mine to raise the wall
Of tottering Troy, now nodding to her fall,
Dost thou not mourn our power employ'd in vain,
And the defenders of our city slain?
To pass the rest, could noble Hector lie
Unpitied, drag'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murderer lives: himself by far
A greater plague than all the wasteful war.
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boast
Our town destroy'd, our common labour lost.
Oh, could I meet him! but I wish too late:
To prove my trident is not in his fate!
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.'
Apollo bows to the superior throne,
And to his uncle's anger adds his own;
Then, in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;

And found out Paris, lurking where he stood,
And stain'd his arrows with plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the god confess'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus address'd:
'Dost thou not blush, to spend thy shafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame or better vengeance be thy care,
There aim, and with one arrow end the war.'
He said; and show'd from far the blazing shield
And sword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a god, and mow'd the standing field.
The deity himself directs aright
The' envenom'd shaft, and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremost of the Grecian name:
And he, the base adulterer, boasts the fame;
A spectacle to glad the Trojan train,
And please old Priam, after Hector slain.
If by a female hand he had foreseen
He was to die, his wish had rather been
The lance and double axe of the fair warrior-queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and shield,
High on a pile the' unconquer'd chief is plac'd,
The god that arm'd him first, consum'd at last.
Of all the mighty man, the small remains
A little urn, and scarcely fill'd, contains:
Yet, great in Homer, still Achilles lives;
And, equal to himself, himself survives.
His buckler owns its former lord, and brings
New cause of strife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthiest after him his sword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or sustain his shield.

Ev'n Diomede sat mute, with downcast eyes,
Conscious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus presum'd these arms to claim;
Nor he, the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only rose; Laertes' son,
And the vast bulk of Ajax Telamon:
The king, who cherish'd each with equal love,
And from himself all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws,
And to the Grecian chiefs transfer'd the cause.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIII.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX AND ULYSSES.

BY DRYDEN.

THE chiefs were set; the soldiers crown'd the field:
To these the master of the seven-fold shield
Upstarted fierce; and, kindled with disdain,
Eager to speak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The shore, and Grecian galleys haul'd aground.
Then stretching out his hands, 'O Jove!' he cried,
'Must then our cause before the fleet be tried?
And dares Ulysses for the prize contend,
In sight of what he durst not once defend?
But basely fled that memorable day, [prey:
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming
So much 'tis safer at the noisy bar
With words to flourish than engage in war.
By different methods we maintain our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are, a smooth tongue, and soft deceit:
Nor need I speak my deeds, for those you see;
The sun and day are witnesses for me.

Let him who fights unseen relate his own,
And vouch the silent stars, and conscious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confess,
But such an abject rival makes it less;
That gift, those honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Losing he wins, because his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durst contend with me.
Were my known valour question'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My sire was Telamon, whose arms, employ'd
With Hercules, these Trojan walls destroy'd;
And who before, with Jason sent from Greece,
In the first ship brought home the Golden Fleece.
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (the' inquisitor of guilty lives
In shades below; where Sisyphus, whose son
This thief is thought, rolls up the restless heavy [stone)
Just Æacus, the king of gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor should I seek advantage from my line,
Unless (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin, Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our stock; and the Sisyphian seed
By fraud and theft asserts his father's breed:
Then must I lose these arms, because I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name,
Nor shun'd the cause, but offer'd you my aid?
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear,
And feign'd distraction to conceal his fear;
Till one more cunning caught him in the snare;
(Ill for himself) and drag'd him into war.

Now let a hero's arms a coward vest,
And he who shun'd all honours gain the best:
And let me stand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinsman's arms, who first appear'd in fight.
Better for us at home had he remain'd,
Had it been true the madness which he feign'd,
Or so believ'd; the less had been our shame,
The less his counsell'd crime, which brands the Grecian name:
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare isle, to wants and pains expos'd;
Where to the rocks, with solitary groans,
His sufferings and our baseness he bemoans:
And wishes (so may Heaven his wish fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's destruction sworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds, [wounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with
To find him food and clothing, must employ
Against the birds the shafts due to the fate of Troy.
Yet still he lives, and lives from treason free,
Because he left Ulysses' company;
Poor Palamede might wish, so void of aid,
Rather to have been left than so to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal spite,
Who sham'd him out of madness into fight;
Nor daring otherwise to vent his hate,
Accus'd him first of treason to the state;
And then, for proof, produc'd the golden store
Himself had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our host,
By exile one, and one by treason lost.

Thus fights Ulysses, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man but to his friends:
Great, for what greatness is in words and sound?
Ev'n faithful Nestor less in both is found.
But that he might without a rival reign,
He left this faithful Nestor on the plain;
Forsook his friend ev'n at his utmost need,
Who, tir'd and tardy with his wounded steed,
Cried out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardice has neither ears nor shame.
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd:
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyssean lie,
I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, though his friend,
Cannot that act excuse, much less defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And, sure enough, he heard, but durst not hear.
'The gods with equal eyes on mortals look,
He justly was forsaken who forsook:
Wanted that succour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow such another friend.
No wonder if he roar'd that all might hear;
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half-dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himself by his own laws,
And stood condemn'd, I help'd the common cause:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the shield trembled as he lay below)
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good Heaven forgive me for so bad a deed!
If still he will persist, and urge the strife,
First let him give me back his forfeit life:

Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting shield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quivering heart confess his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate,
And let him plead his cause in that estate:
And yet when snatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted shield I loos'd, and let him go;
Good Heavens! how light he rose, with what a bound
He sprung from earth, forgetful of his wound;
How fresh, how eager then his feet to ply:
Who had not strength to stand, had speed to fly!
'Hector came on, and brought the gods along;
Fear seiz'd alike the feeble and the strong:
Each Greek was an Ulysses; such a dread
The' approach and ev'n the sound of Hector bred.
Him, flesh'd with slaughter, and with conquest [crown'd,
I met, and overturn'd him to the ground;
When after, matchless as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our host to single fight;
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wish'd alone.
Your vows were heard; we fought, and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquish'd from the field.
With Jove to friend, the' insulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame.
Was it the strength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour, that sav'd you from the sword?
Or was my breast expos'd alone, to brave
A thousand swords, a thousand ships to save?
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a sav'd fleet, less than a single shield?
Think it no boast, O Grecians! if I deem
These arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them:

Or I with them an equal honour share;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his sleight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign:
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
Than a spy taken, and a sleeper slain;
A priest made prisoner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all these actions done by day:
Nor ought of these was done, and Diomede away.
If on such petty merits you confer
So vast a prize, let each his portion share;
Make a just dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall.
But why for Ithacus such arms as those,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glittering helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tottering head upright
Beneath that morion, or sustain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toss the beamy lance;
Much less the left that ampler shield advance,
Pondrous with precious weight, and rough with cost
Of the round world in rising gold emboss'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look, as for the gold he stole the shield;
Which, should your error on the wretch bestow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe.
Why asks he what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haste.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-shield,
Nor the least dint has suffer'd in the field,

Guiltless of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of service, must forsake its lord.
What further need of words our right to scan?
My arguments are deeds; let action speak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the strife arose,
Go, cast the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then send us to redeem both arms and shield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.'
He said:—A murmur from a multitude,
Or somewhat like a stifled shout, ensued:
Till from his seat arose Laërtes' son,
Look'd down awhile, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to the' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention spoke:
Soft was his tone, and sober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
'If Heaven, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,
These arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own possess'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bless'd:
But since hard fate, and Heaven's severe decree,
Have ravish'd him away from you and me;—
(At this he sigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or seem'd to draw, some drops of kindly dew)
Who better can succeed Achilles lost,
Than he who gave Achilles to your host?
This only I request, that neither he
May gain, by being what he seems to be,
A stupid thing; nor I may lose the prize
By having sense, which Heaven to him denies:
Since, great or small, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cause employ'd;
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence

And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear against myself, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime where nature made it none;
For every man may freely use his own.
The deeds of long-descended ancestors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect; but since he draws his line
From Jove, and seems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am descended in the same degree:
My sire Laërtes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No parricide, no banish'd man, is known
In all my line: let him excuse his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's side,
By both my parents to the gods allied.
But not because that on the female part
My blood is better dare I claim desert,
Or that my sire from parricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the best; provided yet
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great sire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim;
Be kindred and relation laid aside,
And honour's cause by laws of honour tried:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with ease withstood.
Peleus, the hero's sire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus, his undoubted progeny,
Inherit first these trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, send the shield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretensions, nor contends with me.

Then since the cause on pure desert is plac'd,
Whence shall I take my rise, what reckon last?
I not presume on every act to dwell,
But take these few, in order as they fell.
'Thetis, who knew the Fates, applied her care
To keep Achilles in disguise from war,
And till the threat'ning influence was past,
A woman's habit on the hero cast:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd vest,
And Ajax (never wiser than the rest)
Found no Pelides there. At length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame:
She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand, a javelin shook:
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke:
"O goddess-born! resist not Heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee:"
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla. Not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnessus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
'When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to avenge the' offence,

'Twas a dead calm or adverse blasts that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear,
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, interest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the gods, as they with him.
No subject could sustain their sovereign's look,
Till this hard enterprise I undertook:
I only durst the' imperial power control,
And undermin'd the parent in his soul;
Forc'd him to' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.
Never was cause more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge against himself decreed;
Yet this I won by dint of argument:
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, sham'd him to consent.

'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind;
And to this heavy task was I design'd:
Reasons against her love I knew were vain;
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our slacken'd sails
Had still at Aulis waited happy gales.

Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearless envoy, fit for a bold embassy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hostile court,
Glittering with steel, and crowded with resort:
There, in the midst of arms, I plead our cause,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuse the foes, as authors of the strife,
Reproach the ravisher, demand the wife.

Priam, Antenor, and the wiser few,
I mov'd; but Paris, and his lawless crew,
Scarce held their hands and lifted swords; but stood
In act to quench their impious thirst of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to share
With me the rough preludium of the war.
'Endless it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or council, since the siege begun:
The first encounter's past, the foe repell'd,
They skulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
War seem'd asleep for nine long years: at length,
Both sides resolv'd to push, we tried our strength.
Now what did Ajax, while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the gross mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambush'd arms
I trap'd the foe, or tir'd with false alarms;
Secur'd the ships, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting cheer'd, chastis'd the rebel-train:
Provided forage, our spent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or sent abroad, the common cause pursued.
'The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Despair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What subject durst arraign the Power Supreme,
Producing Jove to justify his dream?
Ajax might wish the soldiers to retain
From shameful flight; but wishes were in vain:
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of course his thundering tongue affords.
But did this boaster threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their stay?
None, none of these:—but ran himself away.
I saw him run, and was asham'd to see;
Who ply'd his feet so fast to get aboard as he?

Then speeding through the place, I made a stand,
And loudly cry'd, "O base degenerate band,
To leave a town already in your hand!
After so long expense of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual shame!"
These words, or what I have forgotten since,
(For grief inspir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds: they leave the crowded port,
And to their late forsaken camp resort.
Dismay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Thersites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide-opening mouth with blows I seal'd.
Then, rising, I excite their souls to fame,
And kindle sleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is justly mine, who drew him back from flight.
'Which of the Grecian chiefs consorts with thee?—
But Diomede desires my company,
And still communicates his praise with me.
As guided by a god, secure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowship, amid the foes;
And sure no little merit I may boast,
Whom such a man selects from such an host.
Unforc'd by lots I went, without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the same errand sent, we met the spy
Of Hector, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lie;
Him I dispatch'd, but not till, undermin'd, [sign'd.
I drew him first to tell what treach'rous Troy de-
My task perform'd, with praise I had retir'd;
But, not content with this, to greater praise aspir'd:

Invaded Rhesus and his Thracian crew,
And him and his in their own strength I slew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal seat:
Refuse me now his arms, whose fiery steeds
Were promis'd to the spy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days outbalance this one night.
'Nor fought I darkling still: the sun beheld
With slaughter'd Lycians when I strew'd the field:
You saw, and counted as I pass'd along,
Alastor, Chromius, Ceranos the strong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus;
Coon, Chersidamas; and five beside,
Men of obscure descent, but courage tried:
All these this hand laid breathless on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honest, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you see.'
At this he bar'd his breast, and show'd his scars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars.
'Nor is this part unexercis'd;' said he,
'That giant-bulk of his from wounds is free:
Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet: this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man his due)
But, thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.

Patroclus in Achilles' arms (and thought
The chief he seem'd) with equal ardour fought;
Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

'But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat sought.
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me!
All were as eager for the fight as he:
He but the ninth, and not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boast the' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.

'Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled. Full of my friend,
I rush'd amid the war, his relics to defend;
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
The ponderous ruins of so great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endued with a more grateful mind.

'Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
These arms, thus labour'd, for her son prepare,
That Ajax after him the heavenly gift shou'd wear?
For that dull soul to stare, with stupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the sculptures of the shield,
Heaven's planets, earth, and ocean's wat'ry field?

The Pleiads, Hyads; less and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in seas; Orion's angry star;
Two differing cities, grav'd on either hand;
Would he wear arms he cannot understand?

'Beside, what wise objections he prepares
Against my late accession to the wars!
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force against Achilles bent?
For if dissembling be so great a crime,
The fault is common, and the same in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is less who sooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her son; and me, my pious wife.
To them the blossoms of our youth were due,
Our riper manhood we reserv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with so great a man my guilt I share:
My wit to war the matchless hero brought,
But by this fool I never had been caught.

'Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aspersions, when he spares not you;
If Palamede unjustly fell by me,
Your honour suffer'd in the' unjust decree:
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he died
Convinc'd of treason, and was fairly tried:
You heard not he was false; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifest; the bribe reveal'd.

'That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your justice, for the fact's your own:

'Tis true the' advice was mine; that staying there
He might his weary limbs with rest repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
He took the counsel, and he lives at least;
The' event declares I counsell'd for the best:
Though faith is all in ministers of state;
For who can promise to be fortunate?
Now since his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit or weak address employ,
Send Ajax there, with his persuasive sense,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus shall run backward; Ida stand
A leafless mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counsel fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.

'Hard Philoctetes, exercise thy spleen
Against thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curse my devoted head above the rest,
And wish in arms to meet me breast to breast:
Yet I the dangerous task will undertake,
And either die myself, or bring thee back.

'Nor doubt the same success, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to these tents I bore,
Surpris'd by night; and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war,
Heaven's dark decrees, and answers to display,
And how to take the town, and where the secret lay:
Yet this I compass'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian-maid:
That work was mine; for Pallas, though our friend,
Yet while she was in Troy did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what design'd?
A noisy nothing, and an empty wind.

If he be what he promises in show,
Why was I sent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boasting champion thought the task not light
To pass the guards, commit himself to night;
Not only through a hostile town to pass,
But scale, with steep ascent, the sacred place;
With wandering steps to search the citadel,
And from the priests their patroness to steal:
Then through surrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heavenly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monstrous bulk, his seven-fold shield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be said,
When Troy was liable to conquest made.
'Why point'st thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy share
In all my toil and praise; but when thy might
Our ships protected, didst thou singly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I ask'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well assur'd that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than strength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right than Ajax can pretend:
As good, at least, Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name:
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with sword and spear.
All these had been my rivals in the shield,
And yet all these to my pretensions yield.
Thy boisterous hands are then of use, when I
With this directing head those hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foresees, provides, administers the war.

Thy province is to fight; but when shall be
The time to fight, the king consults with me.
No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd:
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ship her safety owes
To him who steers, than him that only rows;
By how much more the captain merits praise,
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By so much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canst but execute what I design.
What gain'st thou, brutal man! if I confess
Thy strength superior, when thy wit is less?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole desert
From the mind's vigour, and the' immortal part.
'But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in so long a space,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tottering tow'rs,
And by their taken gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a further task remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
If yet some desperate action rests behind,
That asks high conduct, and a dauntless mind;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award those arms I ask, by your decree:
Or give to this, what you refuse to me.'
He ceas'd: and ceasing, with respect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal statue show'd.

Heaven, air, and ocean, rung with loud applause,
And by the general vote he gain'd his cause.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

THE DEATH OF AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withstand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaster'd grief sustain,
But yields to rage, to madness, and disdain:
Then snatching out his falchion, 'Thou,' said he,
'Art mine; Ulysses lays no claim to thee.
O often tired, and ever-trusty sword,
Now do thy last kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requests thy aid, to show
None but himself himself could overthrow!'
He said, and with so good a will to die,
Did to his breast the fatal point apply:
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own.
No hands could force it thence, so fix'd it stood,
Till out it rush'd, expell'd by streams of spouting blood.
The fruitful blood produc'd a flower which grew
On a green stem; and of a purple hue;
Like his, whom unaware Apollo slew;
Inscrib'd in both, the letters are the same,
But those express the grief, and these the name.

THE STORY OF POLYXENA AND HECUBA.

BY TEMPLE STANYAN.

The victor with full sails for Lemnos stood,
(Once stain'd by matrons with their husbands' blood)

Thence Great Alcides' fatal shafts to bear,
Assign'd to Philoctetes' secret care.
These with their guardian to the Greeks convey'd,
Their ten years toil with wish'd success repaid.
With Troy old Priam falls: his queen survives;
Till, all her woes complete, transform'd she grieves
In borrow'd sounds, nor with a human face,
Barking tremendous o'er the plains of Thrace.
Still Ilium's flames their pointed columns raise,
And the red Hellespont reflects the blaze.
Shed on Jove's altar are the poor remains
Of blood, which trickled from old Priam's veins.
Cassandra lifts her hands to Heaven in vain,
Drag'd by her sacred hair; the trembling train
Of matrons to their burning temples fly;
There to their gods for kind protection cry,
And to their statues cling till forc'd away,
The victor Greeks bear off the' invidious prey.
From those high towers Astyanax is thrown,
Whence he was wont with pleasure to look down,
When oft his mother with a fond delight
Pointed to view his father's rage in fight,
To win renown, and guard his country's right.

The winds now call to sea; brisk northern gales
Sing in the shrowds, and court the spreading sails.
'Farewell, dear Troy!' the captive matrons cry,
'Yes, we must leave our long-lov'd native sky.'
Then prostrate on the shore they kiss the sand,
And quit the smoking ruins of the land.
Last Hecuba on board, sad sight! appears;
Found weeping o'er her childrens' sepulchres:
Drag'd by Ulysses from her slaughter'd sons,
Whilst yet she grasp'd their tombs, and kiss'd their mouldering bones.

Yet Hector's ashes from his urn she bore,
And in her bosom the sad relic wore:
Then scatter'd on his tomb her hoary hairs;
A poor oblation mingled with her tears.
Oppos'd to Ilium lie the Thracian plains,
Where Polymnestor safe in plenty reigns.
King Priam to his care commits his son,
Young Polydore, the chance of war to shun.
A wise precaution! had not gold, consign'd
For the child's use, debauch'd the tyrant's mind.
When sinking Troy to its last period drew,
With impious hands his royal charge he slew;
Then in the sea the lifeless corse is thrown;
As with the body he the guilt could drown.
The Greeks now riding on the Thracian shore,
Till kinder gales invite, their vessels moor.
Here the wide-opening earth to sudden view
Disclos'd Achilles, great as when he drew
The vital air, but fierce with proud disdain,
As when he sought Briseïs to regain;
When stern debate, and rash injurious strife
Unsheath'd his sword, to reach Atrides' life.
'And will ye go?' he said, 'Is then the name
Of the once great Achilles lost to fame?
Yet stay, ungrateful Greeks; nor let me sue
In vain for honours to my manes due.
For this just end Polyxena I doom
With victim-rites to grace my slighted tomb.'
The phantom spoke; the ready Greeks obey'd,
And to the tomb led the devoted maid,
Snatch'd from her mother, who with pious care
Cherish'd this last relief of her despair.
Superior to her sex, the fearless maid
Approach'd the altar, and around survey'd

The cruel rites, and consecrated knife,
Which Pyrrhus pointed at her guiltless life.
Then, as with stern amaze intent he stood,
'Now strike,' she said, 'now spill my generous blood;
Deep in my breast or throat your dagger sheath,
Whilst thus I stand prepar'd to meet my death.
For life on terms of slavery I despise:
Yet sure no god approves this sacrifice.
Oh! could I but conceal this dire event
From my sad mother, I should die content.
Yet should she not with tears my death deplore,
Since her own wretched life demands them more.
But let not the rude touch of man pollute
A virgin-victim; 'tis a modest suit.
It best will please, whoe'er demands my blood,
That I untainted reach the Stygian flood.
Yet let one short, last, dying prayer be heard,
To Priam's daughter pay this last regard:
'Tis Priam's daughter, not a captive, sues;
Do not the rites of sepulture refuse.
To my afflicted mother, I implore,
Free without ransom my dead corpse restore:
Nor barter me for gain when I am cold;
But be her tears the price, if I am sold:
Time was she could have ransom'd me with gold.'

Thus as she pray'd, one common shower of tears
Burst forth, and stream'd from every eye but hers.
Ev'n the priest wept, and with a rude remorse
Plung'd in her heart the steel's resistless force.
Her slacken'd limbs sunk gently to the ground,
Dauntless her looks, unalter'd by the wound.
And as she fell, she strove with decent pride
To guard what suits a virgin's care to hide.

The Trojan matrons the pale corpse receive,
And the whole slaughter'd race of Priam grieve.
Sad they recount the long disastrous tale;
Then with fresh tears, thee, royal maid! bewail:
Thy widow'd mother too, who flourish'd late
The royal pride of Asia's happier state:
A captive lot now to Ulysses borne;
Whom yet the victor would reject with scorn,
Were she not Hector's mother: Hector's fame
Scarce can a master for his mother claim!
With strict embrace the lifeless corse she view'd;
And her fresh grief that flood of tears renew'd,
With which she lately mourn'd so many dead;
Tears for her country, sons, and husband, shed.
With the thick-gushing stream she bath'd the wound;
Kiss'd her pale lips; then, weltering on the ground,
With wonted rage her frantic bosom tore,
Sweeping her hair amidst the clotted gore;
Whilst her sad accents thus her loss deplore:
'Behold a mother's last dear pledge of woe!
Yes, 'tis the last I have to suffer now.
Thou, my Polyxena, my ills must crown:
Already in thy fate I feel my own.
'Tis thus, lest haply of my numerous seed
One should unslaughter'd fall, even thou must bleed:
And yet I hop'd thy sex had been thy guard;
But neither has thy tender sex been spar'd.
The same Achilles, by whose deadly hate
Thy brothers fell, urg'd by untimely fate!
The same Achilles, whose destructive rage
Laid waste my realms, has robb'd my childless age.
When Paris' shafts with Phœbus' certain aid
At length had pierc'd this dreaded chief, I said,

Secure of future ills, he can no more.'
But see, he still pursues me as before;
With rage rekindled his dead ashes burn,
And his yet murdering ghost my wretched house
must mourn.
This tyrant's lust of slaughter I have fed
With large supplies from my too-fruitful bed.
Troy's towers lie waste; and the wide ruin ends
The public woe; but me fresh woe attends.
Troy still survives to me; to none but me;
And from its ills I never must be free.
I, who so late had power, and wealth, and ease,
Bless'd with my husband, and a large increase,
Must now in poverty an exile mourn;
Ev'n from the tombs of my dead offspring torn:
Given to Penelope, who, proud of spoil,
Allots me to the loom's ungrateful toil;
Points to her dames, and cries, with scorning mien,
"See Hector's mother, and great Priam's queen!"
And thou, my child, sole hope of all that's lost,
Thou now art slain, to soothe his hostile ghost.
Yes, my child falls an offering to my foe!
Then what am I, who still survive this woe?
Say, cruel gods! for what new scenes of death
Must a poor aged wretch prolong this hated breath?
Troy fall'n, to whom could Priam happy seem?
Yet was he so; and happy must I deem
His death; for oh! my child, he saw not thine,
When he his life did with his Troy resign.
Yet sure due obsequies thy tomb might grace;
And thou shalt sleep amidst thy kingly race.
Alas! my child, such fortune does not wait
Our suffering house in this abandon'd state.

A foreign grave, and thy poor mother's tears,
Are all the honours that attend thy herse.
All now is lost!—Yet no; one comfort more
Of life remains, my much-lov'd Polydore,
My youngest hope: here on this coast he lives,
Nurs'd by the guardian-king, he still survives.
Then let me hasten to the cleansing flood,
And wash away these stains of guiltless blood.'
Straight to the shore her feeble steps repair
With limping pace, and torn dishevell'd hair,
Silver'd with age. 'Give me an urn,' she cried,
'To bear back water from this swelling tide'—
When on the banks her son in ghastly hue,
Transfix'd with Thracian arrows, strikes her view.
The matrons shriek'd; her big-swoln grief surpass'd
The power of utterance; she stood aghast;
She had nor speech nor tears to give relief:
Excess of woe suppress'd the rising grief.
Lifeless as stone on earth she fix'd her eyes,
And then look'd up to heaven with wild surprise.
Now she contemplates o'er with sad delight
Her son's pale visage; then her aching sight
Dwells on his wounds. She varies thus by turns,
Till with collected rage at length she burns,
Wild as the mother-lion, when among
The haunts of prey she seeks her ravish'd young:
Swift flies the ravisher; she marks his trace,
And by the print directs her anxious chase.
So Hecuba with mingled grief and rage
Pursues the king, regardless of her age.
She greets the murderer with dissembled joy
Of secret treasure, hoarded for her boy.
The specious tale the' unwary king betray'd.
Fir'd with the hopes of prey, 'Give quick,' he said,

'With soft enticing speech, the promis'd store:
Whate'er you give, you give to Polydore.
Your son, by the immortal gods I swear,
Shall this with all your former bounty share.'
She stands attentive to his soothing lies,
And darts avenging horror from her eyes.
Then full resentment fires her boiling blood;
She springs upon him midst the captive crowd;
(Her thirst of vengeance want of strength supplies)
Fastens her forky fingers in his eyes;
Tears out the rooted balls; her rage pursues,
And in the hollow orbs her hand imbrues.
The Thracians, fir'd at this inhuman scene,
With darts and stones assail the frantic queen.
She snarls and growls, nor in a human tone;
Then bites impatient at the bounding stone;
Extends her jaws, as she her voice would raise
To keen invectives in her wonted phrase,
But barks; and thence the yelping brute betrays.
Still a sad monument the place remains,
And from this monstrous change its name obtains:
Where she, in long remembrance of her ills,
With plaintive howlings the wide desert fills.
Greeks, Trojans, friends, and foes, and gods above,
Her numerous wrongs to just compassion move:
Ev'n Juno's self forgets her ancient hate,
And owns she had deserv'd a milder fate.

THE FUNERAL OF MEMNON.

BY CROXALL.

Yet bright Aurora, partial as she was
To Troy, and those that lov'd the Trojan cause,

Nor Troy nor Hecuba can now bemoan,
But weeps a sad misfortune more her own.
Her offspring Memnon, by Achilles slain,
She saw extended on the Phrygian plain:
She saw, and straight the purple beams, that grace
The rosy morning, vanish'd from her face;
A deadly pale her wonted bloom invades,
And veils the louring skies with mournful shades.
But when his limbs upon the pile were laid,
The last kind duty that by friends is paid,
His mother to the skies directs her flight,
Nor could sustain to view the doleful sight:
But frantic, with her loose neglected hair,
Hastens to Jove, and falls a suppliant there.
'O king of heaven! O father of the skies!
(The weeping goddess passionately cries)
Though I the meanest of immortals am,
And fewest temples celebrate my fame,
Yet still a goddess, I presume to come
Within the verge of your ethereal dome:
Yet still may plead some merit, if my light
With purple dawn controls the powers of night;
If from a female hand that virtue springs,
Which to the gods and men such pleasure brings.
Yet I nor honours seek, nor rites divine,
Nor for more altars or more fanes repine;
Oh! that such trifles were the only cause,
From whence Aurora's mind its anguish draws!
For Memnon lost, my dearest only child,
With weightier grief my heavy heart is fill'd;
My warrior son! that liv'd but half his time,
Nipt in the bud, and blasted in his prime;
Who for his uncle early took the field,
And by Achilles' fatal spear was kill'd.

To whom but Jove should I for succour come?
For Jove alone cou'd fix his cruel doom.
O sovereign of the gods, accept my pray'r,
Grant my request, and soothe a mother's care;
On the deceas'd some solemn boon bestow,
To expiate the loss, and ease my woe.'
  Jove, with a nod, complied with her desire;
Around the body flam'd the funeral fire;
The pile decreas'd, that lately seem'd so high,
And sheets of smoke roll'd upward to the sky:
As humid vapours from a marshy bog
Rise by degrees, condensing into fog,
That intercept the sun's enlivening ray,
And with a cloud infect the cheerful day.
The sooty ashes, wafted by the air,
Whirl round, and thicken in a body there;
Then take a form, which their own heat and fire
With active life and energy inspire.
Its likeness makes it seem to fly, and soon
It skims on real wings, that are its own;
A real bird, it beats the breezy wind,
Mix'd with a thousand sisters of the kind,
That, from the same formation newly sprung,
Up-borne aloft on plumy pinions hung.
Thrice round the pile advanc'd the circling throng,
Thrice, with their wings, a whizzing concert rung.
In the fourth flight their squadron they divide,
Rank'd in two different troops, on either side:
Then two and two, inspir'd with martial rage,
From either troop in equal pairs engage.
Each combatant with beak and pounces press'd,
In wrathful ire, his adversary's breast;
Each falls a victim, to preserve the fame
Of that great hero whence their being came.

From him their courage and their name they take,
And, as they liv'd, they die for Memnon's sake.
Punctual to time, with each revolving year
In fresh array the champion-birds appear;
Again, prepar'd with vengeful minds, they come
To bleed, in honour of the soldier's tomb.
Therefore, in others it appear'd not strange,
To grieve for Hecuba's unhappy change:
But poor Aurora had enough to do
With her own loss, to mind another's woe;
Who still in tears her tender nature shews,
Besprinkling all the world with pearly dews.

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS.

BY CATCOTT.

Troy thus destroy'd, 'twas still denied by fate
The hopes of Troy should perish with the state.
His sire, the son of Cytherëa bore,
And household-gods, from burning Ilium's shore.
The pious prince (a double duty paid)
Each sacred burden through the flames convey'd.
With young Ascanius, and this only prize,
Of heaps of wealth, he from Antandros flies;
But, struck with horror, left the Thracian shore,
Stain'd with the blood of murder'd Polydore.
The Delian isle receives the banish'd train,
Driv'n by kind gales, and favour'd by the main.
Here pious Anius priest and monarch reign'd,
And either charge with equal care sustain'd;
His subjects rul'd, to Phœbus homage pay'd,
His god obeying, and by those obey'd.
The priest displays his hospitable gate,
And shows the riches of his church and state;

The sacred shrubs which eas'd Latona's pain,
The palm and olive, and the votive fane,
Here grateful flames with fuming incense fed,
And mingled wine ambrosial odours shed;
Of slaughter'd steers the crackling entrails burn'd:
And then the strangers to the court return'd.
  On beds of tap'stry plac'd aloft, they dine
With Ceres' gift, and flowing bowls of wine;
When thus Anchises spoke, amidst the feast,
'Say, mitred monarch, Phœbus' chosen priest,
Or (ere from Troy by cruel fate expell'd)
When first mine eyes these sacred walls beheld,
A son and twice two daughters crown'd thy bliss?
Or errs my memory, and I judge amiss?"
  The royal prophet shook his hoary head,
With snowy fillets bound, and, sighing, said:
'Thy memory errs not, prince! thou saw'st me then
The happy father of so large a train:
Behold me now (such turns of chance befal
The race of man!) almost bereft of all.
For, ah! what comfort can my son bestow,
What help afford, to mitigate my woe?
While far from hence, in Andros' isle he reigns,
(From him so nam'd) and there my place sustains.
Him Delius prescience gave; the twice-born god
A boon more wondrous on the maids bestow'd.
Whate'er they touch'd, he gave them to transmute,
(A gift past credit, and above their suit,)
To Ceres, Bacchus, and Minerva's fruit.
How great their value, and how rich their use,
Whose only touch such treasures could produce!
  'The dire destroyer of the Trojan reign,
Fierce Agamemnon, such a prize to gain,

(A proof we also were design'd by fate
To feel the tempest that o'erturn'd your state)
With force superior, and a ruffian crew,
From these weak arms the helpless virgins drew:
And sternly bad them use the grant divine,
To keep the fleet in corn, in oil, and wine.
Each, as they could, escap'd: two strove to gain
Eubœa's isle, and two their brother's reign.
The soldier follows, and demands the dames;
If held by force, immediate war proclaims.
Fear conquer'd nature in their brother's mind,
And gave them up to punishment assign'd.
Forgive the deed; nor Hector's arm was there,
Nor thine, Æneas, to maintain the war;
Whose only force upheld your Ilium's tow'rs,
For ten long years against the Grecian pow'rs.
Prepar'd to bind their captive arms in bands,
To heaven they rear'd their yet unfetter'd hands,
'Help, Bacchus! author of the gift!' they pray'd:
The gift's great author gave immediate aid;
If such destruction of their human frame,
By ways so wondrous, may deserve the name:
Nor could I hear, nor can I now relate
Exact, the manner of their alter'd state;
But this in general of my loss I knew,
Transform'd to doves on milky plumes they flew,
Such as on Ida's mount thy consort's chariot drew.'

With such discourse they entertain'd the feast;
Then rose from table, and withdrew to rest.
The following morn, ere Sol was seen to shine,
The' inquiring Trojans sought the sacred shrine;
The mystic power commands them to explore
Their ancient mother, and a kindred shore.

Attending to the sea, the generous prince
Dismiss'd his guests with rich munificence;
In old Anchises' hand a sceptre plac'd,
A vest and quiver young Ascanius grac'd,
His sire a cup, which from the' Aönian coast
Ismenian Therses sent his royal host.
Alcon of Mylè made what Therses sent,
And carv'd thereon this ample argument.
A town with seven distinguish'd gates was shown,
Which spoke its name, and made the city known;
Before it piles, and tombs, and rising flames,
The rites of death, and quires of mourning dames,
Who bar'd their breasts, and gave their hair to flow,
The signs of grief, and marks of public woe.
Their fountains dried, the weeping Naiads mourn'd,
The trees stood bare, with searing cankers burn'd,
No herbage cloth'd the ground, a ragged flock
Of goats, half-famish'd, lick'd the naked rock.
Of manly courage, and with mind serene,
Orion's daughters in the town were seen;
One heav'd her chest to meet the lifted knife,
One plung'd the poniard through the seat of life,
Their country's victims; mourns the rescued state,
The bodies burns, and celebrates their fate.
To save the failure of the' illustrious line,
From the pale ashes rose, of form divine,
Two generous youths; these, fame Coronæ calls,
Who join the pomp, and mourn their mother's falls.
These burnish'd figures, form'd of antique mold,
Shone on the brass, with rising sculpture bold;
A wreath of gilt Acanthus round the brim was roll'd.
Nor less expense the Trojan gifts express'd;
A fuming censer for the royal priest,

A chalice, and a crown of princely cost,
With ruddy gold and sparkling gems emboss'd.
Now hoisting sail, to Crete the Trojans stood,
Themselves remembering sprung from Teucer's [blood;
But heaven forbids, and pestilential Jove
From noxious skies the wandering navy drove.
Her hundred cities left, from Crete they bore,
And sought the destin'd land, Ausonia's shore;
But toss'd by storms at either Strophas lay,
Till scar'd by Harpies from the faithless bay.
Then passing onward with a prosperous wind,
Left sly Ulysses' spacious realms behind;
Ambracia's state, in former ages known
The strife of gods, the judge transform'd to stone
They saw; for Actian Phœbus since renown'd,
Who Cæsar's arms with naval conquest crown'd:
Next pass'd Dodona, wont of old to boast
Her vocal forest; and Chaönia's coast,
Where king Molossus' sons on wings aspir'd,
And saw secure the harmless fuel fir'd.
Now to Phæacia's happy isle they came,
For fertile orchards known to early fame;
Epirus past, they next beheld with joy
A second Ilium, and fictitious Troy:
Here Trojan Helenus the sceptre sway'd,
Who show'd their fate, and mystic truths display'd.
By him confirm'd, Sicilia's isle they reach'd;
Whose sides to sea three promontories stretch'd;
Pachynos to the stormy south is plac'd,
On Lilybæum blows the gentle west.
Peloro's cliffs the northern bear survey,
Who rolls above, and dreads to touch the sea.
By this they steer, and, favour'd by the tide,
Secure by night in Zancle's harbour ride.

Here cruel Scylla guards the rocky shore,
And there the waves of loud Charybdis roar:
This sucks and vomits ships, and bodies drown'd;
And ravenous dogs the womb of that surround.
In face a virgin; and (if aught be true
By bards recorded) once a virgin too.
A train of youths in vain desir'd her bed;
By sea-nymphs lov'd, to nymphs of seas she fled;
The maid to these, with female pride, display'd
Their baffled courtship, and their love betray'd.
When Galatea thus bespoke the fair,
(But first she sigh'd) while Scylla comb'd her hair:
'You, lovely maid, a generous race pursues,
Whom safe you may (as now you do) refuse;
To me, though powerful in a numerous train
Of sisters, sprung from gods who rule the main,
My native seas could scarce a refuge prove,
To shun the fury of the Cyclops' love.'
Tears chok'd her utterance here; the pitying maid
With marble fingers wip'd them off, and said:
'My dearest goddess, let thy Scylla know
(For I am faithful) whence these sorrows flow.'
The maid's intreaties o'er the nymph prevail,
Who thus to Scylla tells the mournful tale.

THE STORY OF ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, AND GALATEA.

BY DRYDEN.

'Acis, the lovely youth whose loss I mourn,
From Faunus and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents' pleasure; but, to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.

Now sixteen summers the sweet youth had seen,
And doubtful down began to shade his chin,
When Polyphemus first disturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Ask not which passion in my soul was higher,
My last aversion, or my first desire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the less;
Both were alike, for both were in excess.
Thee, Venus, thee, both heaven and earth obey;
Immense thy power, and boundless is thy sway.
The Cyclops, who defied the' ethereal throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own,
The terror of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in forests are,
The' inhuman host, who made his bloody feasts
On mangled members of his butcher'd guests,
Yet felt the force of love and fierce desire,
And burnt for me with unrelenting fire;
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Assum'd the softness of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.
Now with a crooked scythe his beard he sleeks,
And mows tho stubborn stubble of his cheeks;
Now in the crystal stream he looks, to try
His simagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirst of blood are lost;
And ships securely sail along the coast.

'The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's summits to the seas advance,
Who mark'd the tracts of every bird that flew,
And sure presages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulysses' hand
In his broad eye should thrust a flaming brand.

The giant, with a scornful grin, replied,
" Vain augur, thou hast falsely prophesied;
Already love his flaming brand has toss'd;
Looking on two fair eyes, my sight I lost."
Thus, warn'd in vain, with stalking pace he strode,
And stamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy steps; and, weary, sought again
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
' A promontory, sharpening by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the seas:
On either side, below, the water flows;
This airy walk the giant lover chose.
Here on the midst he sat; his flocks, unled,
Their shepherd follow'd, and securely fed.
A pine so burly, and of length so vast,
That sailing ships requir'd it for a mast,
He wielded for a staff, his steps to guide;
But laid it by, his whistle while he tried.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth;
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around
And watery plains the dreadful hiss resound.
I heard the ruffian-shepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I sat below;
On Acis' bosom I my head reclin'd,
And still preserve the poem in my mind.
' " Oh, lovely Galatea! whiter far
Than falling snows, and rising lilies are;
More flowery than the meads, as crystal bright,
Erect as alders, and of equal height;
More wanton than a kid, more sleek thy skin
Than orient shells that on the shores are seen;
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleasing as winter suns or summer shade;

More grateful to the sight than goodly plains,
And softer to the touch than down of swans,
Or curds new turn'd; and sweeter to the taste
Than swelling grapes that to the vintage haste;
More clear than ice, or running streams that stray
Through garden plots; but ah! more swift than they.

'"Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd, to bear the yoke,
And far more stubborn than the knotted oak:
Like sliding streams, impossible to hold;
Like them fallacious, like their fountains cold;
More warping than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fix'd in thy disdain;
Rough as these rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent than is the rising flood;
And the prais'd peacock is not half so proud.
Fierce as the fire, and sharp as thistles are,
And more outrageous than a mother-bear:
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make,
And more revengeful than a trodden snake.
In swiftness fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempests, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But swiftness is the vice I only fear.

'"Yet if you knew me well, you would not shun
My love, but to my wish'd embraces run;
Would languish in your turn, and court my stay,
And much repent of your unwise delay.

'"My palace in the living rock is made
By nature's hand; a spacious pleasing shade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.

My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in clusters, imitating gold;
Some blushing bunches of a purple hue;
And these, and those, are all reserv'd for you.
Red strawberries, in shades, expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by so white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plums, to tempt you, turn their glossy side:
Not those of common kinds; but such alone
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor chesnuts shall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruit, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone shall bear,
And yours shall be the product of the year.
'"The flocks you see are all my own; beside
The rest that woods and winding valleys hide,
And those that folded in the caves abide.
Ask not the numbers of my glowing store;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praise my cattle; trust not me,
But judge yourself, and pass your own decree:
Behold their swelling dugs; the sweepy weight
Of ewes, that sink beneath the milky freight:
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie,
Apart from kids that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly serv'd
For daily drink; the rest for cheese reserv'd.
Nor are these household dainties all my store:
The fields and forests will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the savage boar.
All sorts of ven'son; and of birds the best;
A pair of turtles taken from the nest.
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whose dam had left 'em on the naked ground,

So like, that no distinction could be seen;
So pretty, they were presents for a queen;
And so they shall: I took them both away,
And keep to be companions of your play.
" Oh raise, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves, nor scorn my presents and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it in the watery glass,
And found it lovelier than I fear'd it was.
Survey my towering stature and my size:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream that rules the skies,
Bears such a bulk, or is so largely spread;
My locks (the plenteous harvest of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face, and, dangling down,
As with a shady grove my shoulders crown.
Nor think, because my limbs and body bear
A thickset underwood of bristling hair,
My shape deform'd; what fouler sight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafless tree?
Foul is the steed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers and their train:
Wool decks the sheep; and man receives a grace
From bushy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a single eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a shield.
The glorious lamp of Heaven, the radiant sun,
Is nature's eye; and she's content with one.
Add, that my father sways your seas, and I,
Like you, am of the watery family:
I make you his in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone.
Jove, with his fabled thunder, I despise,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.

Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Disdain'd, if others were disdain'd with me.
But to repulse the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, (Heavens!) I cannot bear.
But let the stripling please himself; nay more,
Please you, though that's the thing I most abhor;
The boy shall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
These giant limbs endued with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And scatter'd limbs, shall on the flood be borne;
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph! and fate shall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy disdain
Augments at once my passion and my pain.
Translated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman! wilt not ease my smart."

'Lamenting thus in vain he rose, and strode
With furious paces to the neighbouring wood:
Restless his feet, distracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk:
Mad as the vanquish'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely mistress, and forsake the field.

'Thus far unseen I saw: when fatal chance
His looks directing with a sudden glance,
Acis and I were to his sight betray'd;
Where, nought suspecting, we securely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he cast,
"I see, I see; but this shall be your last!"
A roar so loud made Ætna to rebound,
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the sound.
Affrighted with his monstrous voice I fled,
And in the neighbouring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and "Help," he said,

"Help, Galatea! help, my parent-gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes."
The Cyclops follow'd; but he sent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the stone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone
To crush all Acis:—'twas too late to save,
But what the fates allow'd to give I gave;
That Acis to his lineage should return,
And roll among the river-gods his urn.
Straight issued from the stone a stream of blood,
Which lost the purple, mingling with the flood:
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd;
The torrent too, in little space, was clear'd.
The stone was cleft, and through the yawning chink
New reeds arose on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, disclos'd
A sound like water in its course oppos'd,
When, (wondrous to behold) full in the flood,
Up starts a youth, and navel-high he stood.
Horns from his temples rise; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his stature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might pass:
And Acis chang'd into a stream he was;
But mine no more: he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.'

THE STORY OF GLAUCUS AND SCYLLA.

BY ROWE.

Here ceas'd the nymph; the fair assembly broke;
The sea-green Nereids to the waves betook:

While Scylla, fearful of the wide-spread main,
Swift to the safer shore returns again.
There o'er the sandy margin, unarray'd,
With printless footsteps flies the bounding maid;
Or in some winding creek's secure retreat
She bathes her weary limbs, and shuns the noon-
day's heat.
Her Glaucus saw, as o'er the deep he rode,
New to the seas, and late receiv'd a god.
He saw, and languish'd for the virgin's love,
With many an artful blandishment he strove
Her flight to hinder, and her fears remove.
The more he sues, the more she wings her flight,
And nimbly gains a neighbouring mountain's height.
Steep shelving to the margin of the flood,
A neighbouring mountain bare and woodless stood;
Here, by the place secur'd, her steps she stay'd,
And, trembling still, her lover's form survey'd.
His shape, his hue, her troubled sense appal,
And dropping locks that o'er his shoulders fall;
She sees his face divine, and manly brow,
End in a fish's wreathy tail below:
She sees, and doubts within her anxious mind,
Whether he comes of god or monster-kind.
This Glaucus soon perceiv'd; and, 'Oh! forbear,
(His hand supporting on a rock lay near)
Forbear,' he cried, 'fond maid, this needless fear:
Nor fish am I, nor monster of the main,
But equal with the watery gods I reign;
Nor Proteus nor Palæmon me excel,
Nor he whose breath inspires the sounding shell.
My birth, 'tis true, I owe to mortal race,
And I myself but late a mortal was:
Ev'n then in seas, and seas alone, I joy'd;
The seas my hours and all my cares employ'd.

In meshes now the twinkling prey I drew ;
Now skilfully the slender line I threw,
And silent sat the moving float to view.
Not far from shore there lies a verdant mead,
With herbage half, and half with water spread :
There nor the horned heifers browsing stray,
Nor shaggy kids, nor wanton lambkins play ;
There nor the sounding bees their nectar cull,
Nor rural swains their genial chaplets pull,
Nor flocks nor herds, nor mowers haunt the place,
To crop the flowers, or cut the bushy grass :
Thither sure first of living race came I,
And sat, by chance, my dropping nets to dry.
My scaly prize, in order all display'd,
By number on the greensward there I laid
My captives, whom or in my nets I took,
Or hung unwary on my wily hook.
Strange to behold ! yet what avails a lie ?
I saw 'em bite the grass as I sat by ;
Then sudden, darting o'er the verdant plain,
They spread their fins, as in their native main :
I paus'd with wonder struck, while all my prey
Left their new master, and regain'd the sea.
Amaz'd, within my secret self I sought,
What god, what herb, the miracle had wrought :
"But sure no herbs have power like this," I cried,
' And straight I pluck'd some neighbouring herbs, and tried.
Scarce had I bit, and prov'd the wondrous taste,
When strong convulsions shook my troubled breast :
I felt my heart grow fond of something strange,
And my whole nature labouring with a change.
Restless I grew, and every place forsook,
And still upon the seas I bent my look.

" Farewel for ever! farewel land!" I said;
And plung'd amidst the waves my sinking head.
The gentle powers, who that low empire keep,
Receiv'd me as a brother of the deep;
To Tethys and to Ocean old they pray,
To purge my mortal earthy parts away:
The watry parents to their suit agreed,
And thrice nine times a secret charm they read,
Then with lustrations purify my limbs,
And bid me bathe beneath a hundred streams:
A hundred streams from various fountains run,
And on my head at once come rushing down.
Thus far each passage I remember well,
And faithfully thus far the tale I tell;
But then oblivion dark on all my senses fell.
Again at length my thoughts reviving came,
When I no longer found myself the same:
Then first this sea-green beard I felt to grow,
And these large honours on my spreading brow;
My long descending locks the billows sweep,
And my broad shoulders cleave the yielding deep;
My fishy tail, my arms of azure hue,
And every part divinely chang'd I view.
But what avail these useless honours now?
What joys can immortality bestow?
What though our Nereids all my form approve?
What boots it while fair Scylla scorns my love?'
Thus far the god; and more he would have said
When from his presence flew the ruthless maid.
Stung with repulse, in such disdainful sort,
He seeks Titanian Circe's horrid court.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XIV.

TRANSLATED BY DR. GARTH.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SCYLLA.

Now Glaucus, with a lover's haste, bounds o'er
The swelling waves, and seeks the Latian shore.
Messena, Rhegium, and the barren coast
Of flaming Ætna, to his sight are lost:
At length he gains the Tyrrhene seas, and views
The hills where baneful philters Circe brews;
Monsters in various forms around her press,
As thus the god salutes the sorceress:—
'O Circe! be indulgent to my grief,
And give a lovesick deity relief.
Too well the mighty power of plants I know,
To those my figure and new fate I owe.
Against Messena, on the' Ausonian coast,
I Scylla view'd; and from that hour was lost.
In tenderest sounds I sued; but still the fair
Was deaf to vows, and pitiless to pray'r.
If numbers can avail, exert their pow'r;
Or energy of plants, if plants have more.
I ask no cure; let but the virgin pine
With dying pangs, or agonies like mine.

No longer Circe could her flame disguise,
But to the suppliant god marine replies:
'When maids are coy, have manlier aims in view;
Leave those that fly, but those that like, pursue.
If love can be by kind compliance won;
See, at your feet, the daughter of the sun.'
'Sooner,' said Glaucus, 'shall the ash remove
From mountains, and the swelling surges love;
Or humble sea-weed to the hills repair,
Ere I think any but my Scylla fair.'
Straight Circe reddens with a guilty shame,
And vows revenge for her rejected flame.
Fierce liking oft a spite as fierce creates;
For love refus'd, without aversion, hates.
To hurt her hapless rival she proceeds;
And, by the fall of Scylla, Glaucus bleeds.
Some fascinating beverage now she brews,
Compos'd of deadly drugs, and baneful juice.
At Rhegium she arrives; the ocean braves,
And treads with unwet feet the boiling waves.
Upon the beach a winding bay there lies,
Shelter'd from seas, and shaded from the skies:
This station Scylla chose; a soft retreat
From chilling winds, and raging Cancer's heat.
The vengeful sorceress visits this recess;
Her charms infuses, and infects the place.
Soon as the nymph wades in, her nether parts
Turn into dogs; then at herself she starts;
A ghastly horror in her eyes appears;
But yet she knows not who it is she fears:
In vain she offers from herself to run,
And drags about her what she strives to shun.
Oppress'd with grief the pitying god appears,
And swells the rising surges with his tears;

From the detested sorceress he flies;
Her art reviles, and her address denies:
Whilst hapless Scylla, chang'd to rocks, decrees
Destruction to those barks that beat the seas.

THE VOYAGE OF ÆNEAS CONTINUED.

Here bulg'd the pride of fam'd Ulysses' fleet,
But good Æneas 'scap'd the fate he met.
As to the Latian shore the Trojan stood,
And cut with well-tim'd oars the foaming flood,
He weather'd fell Charybdis; but ere long
The skies were darken'd, and the tempest strong.
Then to the Libyan coast he stretches o'er,
And makes at length the Carthaginian shore.
Here Dido, with an hospitable care,
Into her heart receives the wanderer.
From her kind arms the' ungrateful hero flies;
The injur'd queen looks on with dying eyes,
Then to her folly falls a sacrifice.

Æneas now sets sail, and plying gains
Fair Eryx, where his friend Acestes reigns:
First to his sire does funeral rites decree,
Then gives the signal next, and stands to sea:
Outruns the islands where volcanos roar;
Gets clear of Sirens, and their faithless shore;
But loses Palinurus in the way,
Then makes Inarime and Prochyta.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CERCOPIANS INTO APES.

The galleys now by Pythecusa pass:
The name is from the natives of the place.
The father of the gods, detesting lies,
Oft with abhorrence heard their perjuries.

The' abandon'd race, transform'd to beast, began
To mimic the impertinence of man.
Flat nos'd and furrow'd, with grimace they grin;
And look, to what they were, too near akin:
Merry in make, and busy to no end,
This moment they divert, the next offend:
So much this species of their past retains;
Though lost the language, yet the noise remains.

ÆNEAS DESCENDS TO HELL.

Now on his right he leaves Parthenopè;
His left, Misenus jutting in the sea;
Arrives at Cumæ, and with awe survey'd
The grotto of the venerable maid:
Begs leave through black Avernus to retire,
And view the much-lov'd manes of his sire.
Straight the divining virgin rais'd her eyes;
And, foaming with a holy rage, replies:
'O thou! whose worth thy wondrous works proclaim;
The flames, thy piety; the world, thy fame;
Though great be thy request, yet shalt thou see
The' Elysian fields, the' infernal monarchy;
Thy parent's shade: this arm thy steps shall guide;
To suppliant virtue nothing is denied.'
She spoke, and pointing to the golden bough,
Which in the' Avernian grove refulgent grew,
'Seize that,' she bids: he listens to the maid,
Then views the mournful mansions of the dead:
The shade of great Anchises, and the place
By Fates determin'd to the Trojan race.
As back to upper light the hero came,
He thus salutes the visionary dame:
'Oh, whether some propitious deity,
Or lov'd by those bright rulers of the sky!

With grateful incense I shall style you one,
And deem no godhead greater than your own.
Twas you restor'd me from the realms of night,
And gave me to behold the fields of light,
To feel the breezes of congenial air,
And nature's bless'd benevolence to share.'

THE STORY OF THE SIBYL.

'I am no deity,' replied the dame,
'But mortal, and religious rites disclaim:
Yet had avoided death's tyrannic sway,
Had I consented to the god of day.
With promises he sought my love, and said,
'Have all you wish, my fair Cumæan maid.'
I paus'd; then pointing to a heap of sand,
For every grain, to live a year, demand.
But ah! unmindful of the' effect of time,
Forgot to covenant for youth and prime.
The smiling bloom I boasted once is gone,
And feeble age with lagging limbs creeps on.
Seven centuries have I liv'd; three more fulfil
The period of the years to finish still.
Who'll think that Phœbus, dress'd in youth divine,
Had once believ'd his lustre less than mine?
This wither'd frame (so Fates have will'd) shall waste
To nothing but prophetic words at last.'
The Sibyl mounting now from nether skies,
And the fam'd Ilian prince, at Cumæ rise.
He sail'd, and near the place to anchor came,
Since call'd Cajeta, from his nurse's name.
Here did the luckless Macareus, a friend
To wise Ulysses, his long labours end.
Here, wandering, Achæmenides he meets,
And, sudden, thus his late associate greets:—

'Whence came you here, O friend! and whither bound?
All gave you lost on far Cyclopean ground;
A Greek's at last aboard a Trojan found.'

THE ADVENTURES OF ACHÆMENIDES.

Thus Achæmenides—'With thanks I name
Æneas, and his piety proclaim.
I 'scap'd the Cyclops through the hero's aid,
Else in his maw my mangled limbs had laid.
When first your navy under sail he found,
He rav'd till Ætna labour'd with the sound.
Raging, he stalk'd along the mountain's side,
And vented clouds of breath at every stride.
His staff a mountain ash; and in the clouds
Oft, as he walks, his grisly front he shrowds.
Eyeless, he grop'd about with vengeful haste,
And justled promontories as he pass'd:
Then heav'd a rock's high summit to the main,
And bellow'd like some bursting hurricane:
"Oh! could I seize Ulysses in his flight,
How unlamented were my loss of sight!
These jaws should piecemeal tear each panting vein,
Grind every crackling bone, and pound his brain."
As thus he rav'd, my joints with horror shook;
The tide of blood my chilling heart forsook.
I saw him once disgorge huge morsels raw,
Of wretches undigested in his maw:
From the pale breathless trunks whose limbs he tore,
His beard all clotted with o'erflowing gore.
My anxious hours I pass'd in caves; my food
Was forest fruits, and wildings of the wood.
At length a sail I wafted, and aboard
My fortune found an hospitable lord.

Now, in return, your own adventures tell,
And what, since first you put to sea, befel."

THE ADVENTURES OF MACAREUS.

Then Macareus—'There reign'd a prince of fame
O'er Tuscan seas, and Æolus his name.
A largess to Ulysses he consign'd,
And in a steer's tough hide inclos'd a wind.
Nine days before the swelling gale we ran;
The tenth, to make the meeting land, began:
When now the merry mariners, to find
Imagin'd wealth within, the bag unbind.
Forthwith out-rush'd a gust, which backwards bore
Our galleys to the Læstrigonian shore,
Whose crown Antiphates the tyrant wore.
Some few commisson'd were with speed to treat:
We to his court repair, his guards we meet.
Two, friendly flight preserv'd; the third was doom'd
To be by those curs'd cannibals consum'd.
Inhumanly our hapless friends they treat;
Our men they murder, and destroy our fleet.
In time the wise Ulysses bore away,
And drop'd his anchor in yon faithless bay.
The thoughts of perils past we still retain,
And fear to land till lots appoint the men.
Polites true, Elpenor given to wine,
Eurylochus, myself, the lots assign;
Design'd for dangers, and resolv'd to dare,
To Circe's fatal palace we repair.

THE ENCHANTMENTS OF CIRCE.

'Before the spacious front a herd we find
Of beasts, the fiercest of the savage kind.

Our trembling steps with blandishments they meet,
And fawn, unlike their species, at our feet.
Within upon a sumptuous throne of state,
On golden columns rais'd, the' enchantress sate.
Rich was her robe, and amiable her mien,
Her aspect awful, and she look'd a queen.
Her maids not mind the loom, nor household care,
Nor wage in needlework a Scythian war,
But cull in canisters disastrous flow'rs,
And plants from haunted heaths and fairy bow'rs,
With brazen sickles reap'd at planetary hours.
Each dose the goddess weighs with watchful eye:
So nice her art in impious pharmacy!
Entering she greets us with a gracious look,
And airs that future amity bespoke.
Her ready nymphs serve up a rich repast;
The bowl she dashes first, then gives to taste.
Quick, to our own undoing, we comply;
Her power we prove, and show the sorcery.
'Soon in a length of face our head extends;
Our chine stiff bristles bears, and forward bends:
A breadth of brawn new burnishes our neck;
Anon we grunt, as we begin to speak.
Alone Eurylochus refus'd to taste,
Nor to a beast obscene the man debas'd.
Hither Ulysses hastes, (so Fates command)
And bears the powerful Moly in his hand;
Unsheaths his scimitar, assaults the dame,
Preserves his species, and remains the same.
The nuptial rite this outrage straight attends;
The dower desir'd is his transfigur'd friends:
The incantation backward she repeats,
Inverts her rod, and what she did defeats.

'And now our skin grows smooth, our shape upright;
Our arms stretch up, our cloven feet unite:
With tears our weeping general we embrace;
Hang on his neck, and melt upon his face.
Twelve silver moons in Circe's court we stay,
Whilst there they waste the' unwilling hours away.
'Twas here I spy'd a youth in Parian stone;
His head a pecker bore; the cause unknown
To passengers:—a nymph of Circe's train
The mystery thus attempted to explain.'

THE STORY OF PICUS AND CANENS.

'Picus, who once the' Ausonian sceptre held,
Could rein the steed, and fit him for the field.
So like he was to what you see, that still
We doubt if real, or the sculptor's skill:
The Graces in the finish'd piece you find
Are but the copy of his fairer mind.
Four lustres scarce the royal youth could name,
Till every lovesick nymph confess'd a flame.
Oft for his love the mountain Dryads sued,
And every silver sister of the flood:
Those of Numicus, Albula, and those
Where Almo creeps, and hasty Nar o'erflows;
Where sedgy Anio glides through smiling meads,
Where shady Farfar rustles in the reeds;
And those that love the lakes, and homage owe
To the chaste goddess of the silver bow.
'In vain each nymph her brightest charms put on,
His heart no sovereign would obey but one.
She whom Venilia, on Mount Palatine,
To Janus bore, the fairest of her line.

Nor did her face alone her charms confess,
Her voice was ravishing, and pleas'd no less.
Whene'er she sung, so melting were her strains,
The flocks unfed seem'd listening on the plains;
The rivers would stand still, the cedars bend,
And birds neglect their pinions to attend;
The savage kind in forest wilds grow tame,
And Canens, from her heavenly voice, her name.
'Hymen had now in some ill-fated hour
Their hands united, as their hearts before.
Whilst their soft moments in delights they waste,
And each new day was dearer than the past;
Picus would sometimes o'er the forests rove,
And mingle sports with intervals of love.
It chanc'd, as once the foaming boar he chas'd,
His jewels sparkling on his Tyrian vest,
Lascivious Circè well the youth survey'd,
As simpling on the flowery hills she stray'd.
Her wishing eyes their silent message tell,
And from her lap the verdant mischief fell;
As she attempts at words, his courser springs
O'er hills and lawns, and ev'n a wish outwings.
"Thou shalt not 'scape me so," pronounc'd the dame,
"If plants have power, and spells be not a name."
She said—and forthwith form'd a boar of air,
That sought the covert with dissembled fear:
Swift to the thicket Picus wings his way
On foot, to chase the visionary prey.
'Now she invokes the daughters of the night,
Does noxious juices smear, and charms recite;
Such as can veil the moon's more feeble fire,
Or shade the golden lustre of her sire.
In filthy fogs she hides the cheerful noon;
The guard at distance, and the youth alone.

" By those fair eyes," she cries, " and every grace
That finish all the wonders of your face,
Oh! I conjure thee, hear a queen complain;
Nor let the sun's soft lineage sue in vain."
" Whoe'er thou art," replied the king, "forbear;
None can my passion with my Canens share.
She first my every tender wish possess'd,
And found the soft approaches to my breast.
In nuptials bless'd, each loose desire we shun,
Nor time can end what innocence begun."
" Think not," she cried, " to saunter out a life
Of form with that domestic drudge a wife;
My just revenge, dull fool, ere long shall show
What ills we women, if refus'd, can do:
Think me a woman, and a lover too.
From dear successful spite we hope for ease,
Nor fail to punish where we fail to please."
'Now twice to east she turns, as oft to west;
Thrice waves her wand, as oft a charm express'd.
On the lost youth her magic power she tries;
Aloft he springs, and wonders how he flies.
On painted plumes the woods he seeks, and still
The monarch oak he pierces with his bill.
Thus chang'd, no more o'er Latian lands he reigns;
Of Picus nothing but the name remains.
'The winds from drisling damps now purge the air,
The mist subsides, the settling skies are fair:
The court their sovereign seek with arms in hand,
They threaten Circè, and their lord demand.
Quick she invokes the spirits of the air,
And twilight elves, that on dun wings repair
To charnels, and the' unhallow'd sepulchre.
Now, strange to tell, the plants sweat drops of blood,
The trees are toss'd from forests where they stood;

Blue serpents o'er the tainted herbage slide,
Pale glaring spectres on the ether ride;
Dogs howl, earth yawns, rent rocks forsake their beds,
And from their quarries heave their stubborn heads.
The sad spectators stiffen'd with their fears
She sees, and sudden every limb she smears;
Then each of savage beasts the figure bears.

'The sun did now to western waves retire,
In tides to temper his bright world of fire.
Canens laments her royal husband's stay;
Ill suits fond love with absence or delay.
Where she commands, her ready people run:
She wills, retracts; bids, and forbids anon.
Restless in mind, and dying with despair,
Her breasts she beats, and tears her flowing hair.
Six days and nights she wanders on, as chance
Directs, without or sleep or sustenance.
Tiber at last beholds the weeping fair;
Her feeble limbs no more the mourner bear:
Stretch'd on his banks, she to the flood complains,
And faintly tunes her voice to dying strains;
The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,
And, as she droops, her elegy she sings.
Ere long sad Canens wastes to air; whilst fame
The place still honours with her hapless name.'

'Here did the tender tale of Picus cease;
Above belief the wonder I confess.
Again we sail, but more disasters meet,
Foretold by Circè to our suffering fleet.
Myself, unable further woes to bear,
Declin'd the voyage, and am refug'd here.'

ÆNEAS ARRIVES IN ITALY.

Thus Macareus—Now with a pious aim
Had good Æneas rais'd a funeral flame,
In honour of his hoary nurse's name.
Her epitaph he fix'd; and, setting sail,
Cajeta left, and catch'd at every gale.
He steer'd at distance from the faithless shore,
Where the false goddess reigns with fatal pow'r;
And sought those grateful groves that shade the plain,
Where Tiber rolls majestic to the main,
And fattens as he runs the fair champaign.
His kindred gods the hero's wishes crown
With fair Lavinia, and Latinus' throne:
But not without a war the prize he won.
Drawn up in bright array the battle stands:
Turnus with arms his promis'd wife demands.
Hetrurians, Latians, equal fortune share,
And doubtful long appears the face of war.
Both powers from neighbouring princes seek supplies,
And embassies appoint for new allies.
Æneas, for relief, Evander moves;
His quarrel he asserts, his cause approves;
The bold Rutilians, with an equal speed,
Sage Venulus dispatch to Diomede.
The king, late griefs revolving in his mind,
These reasons for neutrality assign'd:—
'Shall I, of one poor dotal town possess'd,
My people thin, my wretched country waste;
An exil'd prince, and on a shaking throne,
Or risk my patron's subjects, or my own?
You'll grieve the harshness of our hap to hear,
Nor can I tell the tale without a tear.

THE ADVENTURES OF DIOMEDES.

'After fam'd Ilium was by Argives won,
And flames had finish'd what the sword begun;
Pallas, incens'd, pursued us to the main,
In vengeance of her violated fane.
Alone Oilëus forc'd the Trojan maid,
Yet all were punish'd for the brutal deed.
A storm begins, the raging waves run high,
The clouds look heavy, and benight the sky;
Red sheets of lightning o'er the seas are spread,
Our tackling yields, and wrecks at last succeed.
'Tis tedious our disastrous state to tell,
Ev'n Priam would have pitied what befel.
Yet Pallas sav'd me from the swallowing main,
At home new wrongs to meet as fates ordain.
Chas'd from my country, I once more repeat
All sufferings seas could give, or war complete.
For Venus, mindful of her wound, decreed
Still new calamities should past succeed.
Agmon, impatient through successive ills,
With fury love's bright goddess thus reviles:—
"These plagues in spite to Diomede are sent;
The crime is his, but ours the punishment.
Let each, my friends, her puny spleen despise,
And dare that haughty harlot of the skies."
The rest of Agmon's insolence complain,
And of irreverence the wretch arraign,
About to answer; his blaspheming throat
Contracts, and shrieks in some disdainful note.
To his new skin a fleece of feather clings,
Hides his late arms, and lengthens into wings.
The lower features of his face extend,
Warp into horn, and in a beak descend.

Some more experience Agmon's destiny,
And, wheeling in the air, like swans they fly:
These thin remains to Daunus' realms I bring,
And here I reign, a poor precarious king.'

THE TRANSFORMATION OF APPULUS.

Thus Diomedes. Venulus withdraws;
Unsped the service of the common cause.
Puteoli he passes, and survey'd
A cave long honour'd for its awful shade.
Here trembling reeds exclude the piercing ray,
Here streams in gentle falls through windings stray,
And with a passing breath cool zephyrs play.
The goatherd-god frequents the silent place,
As once the wood-nymphs of the sylvan race,
Till Appulus with a dishonest air,
And gross behaviour, banish'd thence the fair.
The bold buffoon, whene'er they tread the green,
Their motion mimics, but with gests obscene.
Loose language oft he utters; but ere long
A bark in filmy net-work binds his tongue.
Thus chang'd, a base wild olive he remains;
The shrub the coarseness of the clown retains.

THE TROJAN SHIPS TRANSFORMED TO SEA-NYMPHS.

Meanwhile, the Latians all their power prepare
'Gainst fortune, and the foe to push the war.
With Phrygian blood the floating fields they stain;
But, short of succours, still contend in vain.
Turnus remarks the Trojan fleet ill-man'd,
Unguarded, and at anchor near the strand;

He thought; and straight a lighted brand he bore,
And fire invades what scap'd the waves before.
The billows from the kindling prow retire;
Pitch, rosin, searwood, on red wings aspire,
And Vulcan on the seas exerts his attribute of fire.
This when the mother of the gods beheld,
Her towery crown she shook, and stood reveal'd;
Her brindled lions rein'd, unveil'd her head,
And, hov'ring o'er her favour'd fleet, she said:
'Cease, Turnus, and the heavenly powers respect,
Nor dare to violate what I protect.
These galleys once fair trees on Ida stood,
And gave their shade to each descending god,
Nor shall consume; irrevocable fate
Allots their being no determin'd date.'
Straight peals of thunder heaven's high arches rend,
The hail-stones leap, the showers in spouts descend,
The winds with widen'd throats the signal give;
The cables break, the smoking vessels drive.
Now, wondrous, as they beat the foaming flood,
The timber softens into flesh and blood;
The yards and oars new arms and legs design;
A trunk, the hull; the slender keel, a spine;
The prow, a female face; and by degrees
The galleys rise green daughters of the seas.
Sometimes on coral beds they sit in state,
Or wanton on the waves they fear'd of late.
The barks that beat the seas are still their care,
Themselves remembering what of late they were;
To save a Trojan sail in throngs they press,
But smile to see Alcinous in distress.
Unable were those wonders to deter
The Latians from their unsuccessful war.

Both sides for doubtful victory contend,
And on their courage and their gods depend.
Nor bright Lavinia, nor Latinus' crown,
Warm their great soul to war, like fair renown.
Venus at last beholds her godlike son
Triumphant, and the field of battle won;
Brave Turnus slain, strong Ardea but a name,
And buried in fierce deluges of flame.
Her towers, that boasted once a sovereign sway,
The fate of fancied grandeur now betray.
A famish'd heron from the ashes springs,
And beats the ruin with disastrous wings.
Calamities of towns distress'd she feigns,
And oft, with woful shrieks, of war complains.

THE DEIFICATION OF ÆNEAS.

Now had Æneas, as ordain'd by fate,
Surviv'd the period of Saturnia's hate;
And by a sure irrevocable doom
Fix'd the immortal majesty of Rome.
Fit for the station of his kindred stars,
His mother-goddess thus her suit prefers:
'Almighty arbiter, whose powerful nod
Shakes distant earth, and bows our own abode;
To thy great progeny indulgent be,
And rank the goddess-born a deity.
Already has he view'd, with mortal eyes,
Thy brother's kingdoms of the nether skies.'
Forthwith a conclave of the godhead meets,
Where Juno in the shining senate sits.
Remorse for past revenge the goddess feels:
Then thundering Jove the' almighty mandate seals;
Allots the prince of his celestial line
An apothëosis, and rites divine.

The crystal mansions echo with applause,
And, with her graces, love's bright queen withdraws;
Shoots in a blaze of light along the skies,
And, borne by turtles, to Laurentum flies;
Alights where through the reeds Numicius strays,
And to the seas his watery tribute pays.
The god she supplicates to wash away
The parts more gross, and subject to decay,
And cleanse the goddess-born from seminal allay.
The horned flood with glad attention stands,
Then bids his streams obey their sire's commands.
His better parts by lustral waves refin'd
More pure, and nearer to ethereal mind,
With gums of fragrant scent the goddess strews,
And on his features breathes ambrosial dews.
Thus deified, new honours Rome decrees,
Shrines, festivals; and styles him Indiges.

THE LINE OF THE LATIAN KINGS.

Ascanius now the Latian sceptre sways;
The Alban nation, Sylvius, next obeys.
Then young Latinus: next an Alba came,
The grace and guardian of the Alban name;
Then Epitus; then gentle Capys reign'd;
Then Capetis the regal power sustain'd.
Next he who perish'd on the Tuscan flood,
And honour'd with his name the river-god.
Now haughty Remulus begun his reign,
Who fell by thunder he aspir'd to feign.
Meek Acrota succeeded to the crown;
From peace endeavouring, more than arms, [renown,
To Aventinus well resign'd his throne.
The mount on which he rul'd preserves his name,
And Procas wore the regal diadem.

THE STORY OF VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

A Hama-Dryad flourish'd in these days,
Her name Pomona, from her woodland race.
In garden culture none could so excel,
Or form the pliant souls of plants so well;
Or to the fruit more generous flavours lend,
Or teach the trees with nobler loads to bend.
The nymph frequented not the flattering stream,
Nor meads, the subject of a virgin's dream:
But to such joys her nursery did prefer,
Alone to tend her vegetable care.
A pruning-hook she carried in her hand,
And taught the stragglers to obey command;
Lest the licentious, and unthrifty bough,
The too indulgent parent should undo.
She shows how stocks invite to their embrace
A graft, and naturalize a foreign race
To mend the salvage teint; and in its stead
Adopt new nature, and a nobler breed.
Now hourly she observes her growing care,
And guards their nonage from the bleaker air:
Then opes her streaming sluices, to supply
With flowing draughts her thirsty family.
Long had she labour'd to continue free
From chains of love and nuptial tyranny;
And in her orchard's small extent immur'd,
Her vow'd virginity she still secur'd.
Oft would loose Pan, and all the lustful train
Of Satyrs, tempt her innocence in vain.
Silenus, that old dotard, own'd a flame;
And he, that frights the thieves with stratagem
Of sword, and something else too gross to name.

Vertumnus too pursued the maid no less;
But, with his rivals, shar'd a like success.
To gain access a thousand ways he tries;
Oft, in the hind, the lover would disguise.
The heedless lout comes shambling on, and seems
Just sweating from the labour of his teams.
Then, from the harvest of the mimic swain
Seems bending with a load of bearded grain.
Sometimes a dresser of the vine he feigns,
And lawless tendrils to their bounds restrains.
Sometimes his sword a soldier shows; his rod,
An angler; still so various is the god.
Now, in a forehead-cloth some crone he seems,
A staff supplying the defect of limbs;
Admittance thus he gains; admires the store
Of fairest fruit; the fair possessor more;
Then greets her with a kiss: the' unpractis'd dame
Admir'd a grandam kiss'd with such a flame.
Now seated by her, he beholds a vine
Around an elm in amorous foldings twine.
'If that fair elm,' he cried, 'alone should stand,
No grapes would glow with gold, and tempt the hand;
Or if that vine without her elm should grow,
'Twould creep a poor neglected shrub below.
Be then, fair nymph, by these examples led;
Nor shun, for fancied fears, the nuptial bed.
Not she for whom the Lapithites took arms,
Nor Sparta's queen, could boast such heavenly [charms;
And if you would on woman's faith rely,
None can your choice direct so well as I.
Though old, so much Pomona I adore,
Scarce does the bright Vertumnus love her more.
'Tis your fair self alone his breast inspires
With softest wishes, and unsoil'd desires.

Then fly all vulgar followers, and prove
The god of seasons only worth your love:
On my assurance well you may repose;
Vertumnus scarce Vertumnus better knows.
True to his choice, all looser flames he flies:
Nor for new faces fashionably dies.
The charms of youth, and every smiling grace,
Bloom in his features, and the god confess.
Besides, he puts on every shape at ease;
But those the most that best Pomona please.
Still to oblige her is her lover's aim;
Their likings and aversions are the same.
Nor the fair fruit your burden'd branches bear,
Nor all the youthful product of the year,
Could bribe his choice; yourself alone can prove
A fit reward for so refin'd a love.
Relent, fair nymph, and with a kind regret
Think 'tis Vertumnus weeping at your feet.
A tale attend, through Cyprus known, to prove
How Venus once reveng'd neglected love.

THE STORY OF IPHIS AND ANAXARETE.

'Iphis, of vulgar birth, by chance had view'd
Fair Anaxaretè of Teucer's blood:
Not long had he beheld the royal dame,
Ere the bright sparkle kindled into flame.
Oft did he struggle with a just despair,
Unfix'd to ask, unable to forbear:
But love, who flatters still his own disease,
Hopes all things will succeed he knows will please.
Where'er the fair one haunts, he hovers there,
And seeks her confidant with sighs and pray'r;
Or letters he conveys, that seldom prove
Successless messengers in suits of love.

'Now shivering at her gates the wretch appears,
And myrtle-garlands on the columns rears,
Wet with a deluge of unbidden tears.
The nymph, more hard than rocks, more deaf than [seas,
Derides his prayers; insults his agonies;
Arraigns of insolence the' aspiring swain;
And takes a cruel pleasure in his pain.
Resolv'd at last to finish his despair,
He thus upbraids the' inexorable fair:
" O Anaxaretè, at last forget
The license of a passion indiscreet:
Now triumph; since a welcome sacrifice
Your slave prepares, to offer to your eyes.
My life, without reluctance, I resign;
That present best can please a pride like thine.
But, oh! forbear to blast a flame so bright,
Doom'd never to expire but with the light.
And you, great powers, do justice to my name;
The hours you take from life restore to fame."
'Then o'er the posts, once hung with wreaths, he throws
The ready cord, and fits the fatal noose;
For death prepares; and, bounding from above,
At once the wretch concludes his life and love.
'Ere long the people gather, and the dead
Is to his mourning mother's arms convey'd.
First like some ghastly statue she appears;
Then bathes the breathless corse in seas of tears,
And gives it to the pile; now as the throng
Proceed in sad solemnity along,
To view the passing pomp the cruel fair
Hastes and beholds her breathless lover there.
Struck with the sight, inanimate she seems;
Set are her eyes, and motionless her limbs:

Her features without fire, her colour gone,
And, like her heart, she hardens into stone.
In Salamis the statue still is seen
In the fam'd temple of the Cyprian queen.
Warn'd by this tale, no longer then disdain,
O nymph belov'd! to ease a lover's pain:
So may the frosts in spring your blossoms spare,
And winds their rude autumnal rage forbear.'
The story oft Vertumnus urg'd in vain,
But then assum'd his heavenly form again.
Such looks and lustre the bright youth adorn,
As when with rays glad Phœbus paints the morn.
The sight so warms the fair admiring maid,
Like snow she melts: so soon can youth persuade.
Consent, on eager wings, succeeds desire;
And both the lovers glow with mutual fire.

THE LATIAN LINE CONTINUED.

Now Procas yielding to the fates, his son,
Mild Numitor, succeeded to the crown;
But false Amulius, with a lawless pow'r,
At length depos'd his brother Numitor.
Then Ilia's valiant issue, with the sword,
Her parent re-inthron'd, the rightful lord.
Next Romulus to people Rome contrives;
The joyous time of Pales' feast arrives;
He gives the word to seize the Sabine wives.
The sires enrag'd take arms, by Tatius led,
Bold to revenge their violated bed.
A fort there was, not yet unknown to fame,
Call'd the Tarpeian, its commander's name:
This by the false Tarpeia was betray'd,
But death well recompens'd the treacherous maid.

The foe on this new-bought success relies,
And, silent, march the city to surprise.
Saturnia's arts with Sabine arms combine;
But Venus countermines the vain design;
Intreats the nymphs that o'er the springs preside,
Which near the fane of hoary Janus glide,
To send their succours: every urn they drain,
To stop the Sabines' progress, but in vain.
The Naiads now more stratagems essay;
And kindling sulphur to each source convey.
The floods ferment, hot exhalations rise,
Till from the scalding ford the army flies.
Soon Romulus appears in shining arms,
And to the war the Roman legions warms:
The battle rages, and the field is spread
With nothing but the dying and the dead.
Both sides consent to treat without delay,
And their two chiefs at once the sceptre sway.
But Tatius by Lavinian fury slain,
Great Romulus continued long to reign,

THE ASSUMPTION OF ROMULUS.

Now warrior Mars his burnish'd helm puts on,
And thus addresses heaven's imperial throne:
'Since the inferior world is now become
One vassal globe, and colony to Rome;
This grace, O Jove! for Romulus I claim,
Admit him to the skies, from whence he came;
Long hast thou promis'd an ethereal state
To Mars's lineage: and thy word is fate.'
The sire that rules the thunder with a nod
Declar'd the fiat, and dismiss'd the god.
Soon as the power armipotent survey'd
The flashing skies, the signal he obey'd;

And, leaning on his lance, he mounts his car,
His fiery coursers lashing through the air;
Mount Palatine he gains, and finds his son
Good laws enacting on a peaceful throne;
The scales of heavenly justice holding high,
With steady hand and a discerning eye,
Then vaults upon his car, and to the spheres
Swift, as a flying shaft, Rome's founder bears.
The parts more pure, in rising are refin'd,
The gross and perishable lag behind.
His shrine in purple vestments stands in view;
He looks a god, and is Quirinus now.

THE ASSUMPTION OF HERSILIA.

Ere long the goddess of the nuptial bed,
With pity mov'd, sends Iris in her stead
To sad Hersilia.—Thus the meteor maid:
'Chaste relict! in bright truth to heaven allied,
The Sabines' glory, and the sex's pride;
Honour'd on earth, and worthy of the love
Of such a spouse as now resides above;
Some respite to thy killing griefs afford:
And if thou would'st once more behold thy lord,
Retire to yon steep mount, with groves o'erspread,
Which with an awful gloom his temple shade.'
With fear the modest matron lifts her eyes,
And to the bright ambassadress replies:
'O goddess! yet to mortal eyes unknown,
But sure thy various charms confess thee one:
Oh! quick to Romulus thy votaress bear;
With looks of love he'll smile away my care:
In whate'er orb he shines, my heaven is there.'
Then hastes with Iris to the holy grove,
And up the Mount Quirinal as they move,

A lambent flame glides downward through the air,
And brightens with a blaze Hersilia's hair.
Together on the bounding ray they rise,
And shoot a gleam of light along the skies:
With opening arms Quirinus met his bride,
Now Ora nam'd, and press'd her to his side.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK XV.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN AND OTHERS.

THE PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

BY DRYDEN.

A KING is sought to guide the growing state,
One able to support the public weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had sate.
Renown, which oft bespeaks the public voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rites, his study bent
To cultivate his mind; to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cause.
Urg'd by his care, his country he forsook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he first inquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony, and whence he came?
Then thus a senior of the place replies
(Well read, and curious of antiquities):
' 'Tis said, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
He sought himself some hospitable house:

Good Croton entertain'd his godlike guest,
While he repair'd his weary limbs with rest.
The hero, thence departing, bless'd the place;
And here, he said, in time's revolving race
A rising town shall take his name from thee.
Revolving time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myscelos, the justest man on earth,
Alemon's son, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'ershadow'd in a dream, and thus bespoke:
" Go, leave thy native soil, and make abode
Where Æsaris rolls down his rapid flood?"
He said; and sleep forsook him and the god.
Trembling he wak'd, and rose with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What should he do? 'Twas death to go away,
And the god menac'd if he dar'd to stay.
All day he doubted; and when night came on,
Sleep, and the same forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the god stood threatening o'er his head,
With added curses if he disobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he studied flight; but would convey
At once his person and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd his design was heard,
A speedy process form'd, and death declar'd.
Witness there needed none of his offence;
Against himself the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and destitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he suffer'd, thus he pray'd:
" O Power, who hast deserv'd in heaven a throne,
Not given, but by thy labours made thy own;
Pity thy suppliant, and protect his cause,
Whom thou hast made obnoxious to the laws."

'A custom was of old, and still remains,
Which life or death by suffrages ordains:
White stones and black within an urn are cast;
The first absolve, but fate is in the last.
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the sable signs of death;
The box receives all black, but, pour'd from thence,
The stones came candid forth; the hue of innocence.
Thus Alcmonides his safety won,
Preserv'd from death by Alcumena's son:
Then to his kinsman-god his vows he pays,
And cuts with prosperous gales the' Ionian seas:
He leaves Tarentum favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays and Temises behind;
Soft Sybaris, and all the capes that stand
Along the shore, he makes in sight of land;
Still doubling, and still coasting, till he found
The mouth of Æsaris, and promis'd ground;
Then saw, where on the margin of the flood
The tomb that held the bones of Croton stood:
Here, by the god's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted, and Crotona call'd.
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The sure tradition of the' Italian town.

'Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now self-banish'd from his native shore,
Because he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but servile souls will wear.
He, though from heaven remote, to heaven could move
With strength of mind, and tread the' abyss above;
And penetrate, with his interior light,
Those upper depths which nature hid from sight:

And what he had observ'd and learn'd from thence
Lov'd in familiar language to dispense.
' The crowd with silent admiration stand,
And heard him, as they heard their god's command;
While he discours'd of heaven's mysterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cause;
And what was God; and why the fleecy snows
In silence fell, and rattling winds arose;
What shook the steadfast earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant sun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burst above;
Of these, and things beyond the common reach,
He spoke; and charm'd his audience with his speech.
' He first the taste of flesh from tables drove,
And argued well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows' blood abstain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane!
While corn and pulse by nature are bestow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholesome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their generous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are lost,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the frost;
While kine to pails distended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of spring;
While earth not only can your needs supply,
But, lavish of her store, provides for luxury;
A guiltless feast administers with ease,
And without blood is prodigal to please.
Wild beasts their maws with their slain brethren fill;
And yet not all, for some refuse to kill;

Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler steed,
On browse, and corn, and flowery meadows. feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
(Whom heaven endued with principles of blood)
He wisely sunder'd from the rest, to yell
In forests, and in lonely caves to dwell;
Where stronger beasts oppress the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feasts delight.
'O impious use! to nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellows' fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother-earth provides
The stores of all she shows, and all she hides;
If men with fleshy morsels must be fed,
And chew with bloody teeth the breathing bread:
What else is this, but to devour our guests,
And barbarously renew Cyclopean feasts?
We, by destroying life, our life sustain;
And gorge the' ungodly maw with meats obscene.
'Not so the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durst with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy space might safely move,
And timorous hares on heaths securely rove:
Nor needed fish the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful; and that peace sincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envied first our food's simplicity,
The' essay of bloody feasts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the sword to murder man.
Had he the sharpen'd steel alone employ'd
On beasts of prey, that other beasts destroy'd,
Or man invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been justified by nature's laws,

And self-defence: but who did feasts begin
Of flesh, he stretch'd necessity to sin.
To kill man-killers man has lawful pow'r,
But not the' extended license to devour.
' Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
The sow, with her broad snout, for rooting up
The' intrusted seed, was judg'd to spoil the crop,
And intercept the sweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
The' offender to the bloody priest resign'd:
Her hunger was no plea: for that she died.
The goat came next in order to be tried:
The goat had cropp'd the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had lost his profit, one his wine.
Here was at least some shadow of offence;
The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient, useful creature, born to bear [derer,
The warm and woolly fleece that cloth'd her mur-
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
' How did the toiling ox his death deserve,
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve?
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st thy labouring steer, who till'd
And plough'd with pains thy else ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke;
That neck, with which the surly clods he broke;

And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began!
'Nor this alone; but, heaven itself to bribe,
We to the gods our impious acts ascribe:
First recompense with death their creatures toil,
Then call the bless'd above to share the spoil:
The fairest victim must the powers appease;
(So fatal 'tis sometimes too much to please!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flowery garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murderous prayer the priest prefers,
But understands not 'tis his doom he hears;
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples cast,
(The fruit and products of his labours past);
And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted to deprive him of his life;
Then broken up alive, his entrails sees
Torn out, for priests to' inspect the gods' decrees.
'From whence, O mortal men! this gust of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to shun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won;
And when you eat the well-deserving beast,
Think, on the labourer of your field you feast!'
Now since the god inspires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inspiring power, obey'd.
For I will sing of mighty mysteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes;
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the skies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the sphere
Of shining stars, and travel with the year;
To leave the heavy earth, and scale the height
Of Atlas, who supports the heavenly weight;

To look from upper light, and thence survey
Mistaken mortals wandering from the way,
And wanting wisdom; fearful for the state
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!
'Those I would teach, and by right reason bring
To think of death as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkness and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems pass,
And fables of a world that never was!
What feels the body when the soul expires,
By time corrupted, or consum'd by fires;
Nor dies the spirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes seats.
'Ev'n I, who these mysterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.
In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler, hung on high, and own'd my former shield.
'Then, death, so call'd, is but old matter dress'd
In some new figure, and a varied vest:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there the' unbodied spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates those according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toss'd,
The soul is still the same, the figure only lost:
And, as the soften'd wax new seals receives,
This face assumes, and that impression leaves;

Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is still the same:
So death, so call'd, can but the form deface,
The' immortal soul flies out in empty space,
To seek her fortune in some other place.

'Then let not piety be put to flight
To please the taste of glutton appetite;
But suffer inmate souls secure to dwell,
Lest from their seats your parent you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beast dislodge a brother's mind.

'And since, like Typhis parting from the shore,
In ample seas I sail, and depths untried before,
This let me further add; that nature knows
No stedfast station, but or ebbs or flows:
Ever in motion, she destroys her old,
And casts new figures in another mould.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux, and run
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than streams, is at a stay;
The flying hour is ever on her way:
And as the fountain still supplies her store,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in successive course the minutes run,
And urge their predecessor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are set aside, like abdicated kings;
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates some act, till then unknown.

'Darkness we see emerges into light,
And shining suns descend to sable night;
Ev'n heaven itself receives another dye,
When wearied animals in slumbers lie

Of midnight ease: another, when the grey
Of morn precludes the splendour of the day.
The disk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at first but as a bloodshot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the same suffusion red;
But, mounted high in his meridian race,
All bright he shines, and with a better face:
For there pure particles of ether flow,
Far from the' infection of the world below.
'Nor equal light the' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her wexing or her waning horns:
For every day she wanes, her face is less;
But, gath'ring into globe, she fattens at increase.
'Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year,
How the four seasons in four forms appear,
Resembling human life in every shape they wear?
Spring first, like infancy, shoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpless though fresh, and wanting to be led.
The green stem grows in stature and in size,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes:
Then laughs the childish year with flow'rets [crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around:
But no substantial nourishment receives;
Infirm the stalks, unsolid are the leaves.
'Proceeding onward when the year began,
The summer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This season, as in man, is most replete
With kindly moisture, and prolific heat.
'Autumn succeeds; a sober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay, [grey.
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious

'Last, Winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face;
His scalp, if not dishonour'd quite of hair, [bare.
The ragged fleece is thin; and thin is worse than
Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yesterday they were;
Nor the whole same to-morrow will appear.

'Time was when we were sow'd, and just began,
From some few fruitful drops, the promise of a man:
Then nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to shape the soft coagulated mass;
And when the little man was fully form'd,
The breathless embryo with a spirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind prison, pushing to repair
His stifled breath, and draw the living air;
Cast on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpless babe, but by instinct he cries.
He next essays to walk, but downward press'd
On four feet, imitates his brother beast:
By slow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horseman now become,
He rides a stick, and travels round the room.
In time he vaunts among his youthful peers, [years,
Strong-bon'd, and strung with nerves, in pride of
He runs with mettle his first merry stage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his strength, and spares his age.
Heavy the third, and stiff, he sinks apace;
And though 'tis downhill all, but creeps along the
race.

Now, sapless, on the verge of death he stands,
Contemplating his former feet and hands;
And, Milo-like, his slacken'd sinews sees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules;
Unable now to shake, much less to tear, the trees.

'So Helen wept, when her too faithful glass
Reflected on her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wondering what charms her ravishers could spy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once to' enjoy.
Thy teeth, devouring Time! thine, envious age!
On things below still exercise your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at lingering meals, the morsels eat.

'Nor those, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that are tied;
For this eternal world is said, of old,
But four prolific principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heaven ascend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire first with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper sky;
Then air, because unclog'd in empty space,
Flies after fire, and claims the second place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth subsides.

'All things are mix'd of these, which all contain,
And into these are all resolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more,
The subtile dew in air begins to soar;
Spreads, as she flies; and, weary of her name,
Extenuates still, and changes into flame:
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Restless they soon untwist the web they spun;

And fire begins to lose her radiant hue,
Mix'd with gross air, and air descends to dew;
And dew, condensing, does her form forego,
And sinks, a heavy lump of earth below.
' Thus are their figures never at a stand,
But chang'd by nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd,
The shifted scene for some new show employ'd.
' Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not to' appear
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Those very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead some other bodies make:
Translated grow, have sense, or can discourse;
But death on deathless substance has no force.
' That forms are chang'd, I grant; that nothing [can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to silver was debas'd;
To copper that; our metal came at last.
' The face of places and their forms decay,
And that is solid earth that once was sea:
Seas, in their turn retreating from the shore,
Make solid land what ocean was before;
And far from strands are shells of fishes found,
And rusty anchors fix'd on mountain ground:
And what were fields before, now wash'd and worn
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling still descend to level lands;
And lakes and trembling bogs are barren sands.
And the parch'd desert floats in streams unknown;
Wondering to drink of waters not her own.
' Here nature living fountains opes, and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;

Or earthquakes stop their ancient course, and bring
Diverted streams to feed a distant spring.
So Lycus, swallow'd up, is seen no more;
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Erasinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to second birth;
Starts up in Argos' meads, and shakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Mysus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now disdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forsakes,
And the proud title of Caïcus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow sands,
Runs rapid often, and as often stands,
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
'Anigros once did wholesome draughts afford
But now his deadly waters are abhor'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame resounds,
The Centaurs in his current wash'd their wounds.
The streams of Hypanis are sweet no more,
But, brackish, lose the taste they had before.
Antissa, Pharos, Tyre, in seas were pent,
Once isles, but now increase the continent;
While the Leucadian coast, main land before,
By rushing seas is sever'd from the shore.
So Zancle to the' Italian earth was tied,
And men once walk'd where ships at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in disdain pour'd in the conquering sea.
'Two cities that adorn'd the' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice no more are found,
But whelm'd beneath a lake are sunk and drown'd;

And boatsmen through the crystal water show
To wondering passengers the walls below.
'Near Trœzen stands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy shadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (strange to tell)
The' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Labouring with colic pangs, and close confin'd,
In vain sought issue for the rumbling wind:
Yet still they heav'd for vent, and heaving still
Enlarg'd the concave, and shot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the skins
Of goats are blown to' inclose the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbish heals the hollow space.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching most, I will relate but few:
What, are not springs with qualities oppos'd,
Endued at seasons, and at seasons lost?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waning moon.
The Thracians have a stream, if any try
The taste, his harden'd bowels petrify:
Whate'er it touches it converts to stones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
'Crathis, and Sybaris her sister-flood,
That slide through our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber dye the shining hair, [fair?)
And thither youth resort: (for who would not be
'But stranger virtues yet in streams we find,
Some change not only bodies but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obscene,
Whose waters into women soften men?

Or Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madness, or in heavy Sleep constrain?
Clytorian streams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of the' abstemious well,)
Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguishes, and balks the drunken god;
Or that Melampus (so have some assur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And powerful herbs, both charms and simples cast
Into the sober spring, where still their virtues last.
'Unlike effects Lyncestis will produce:
Who drinks his waters, though with moderate use,
Reels as with wine, and sees with double sight;
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian stream,
(Ambiguous in the' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholesome beverage, but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
'Thus running rivers, and the standing lake,
Now of these virtues, now of those partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When fast Ortygia floated on the sea;
Such were Cyanean isles, when Typhis steer'd
Betwixt their straits, and their collision fear'd:
They swam, where now they sit; and firmly join'd,
Secure of rooting up, resist the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting sulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for sulphur will expire,
(The veins exhausted of the liquid store:) [more.
Time was, she cast no flames; in time will cast no
'For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolness to repair,
And what she sucks remits; she still requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;

When tortur'd with convulsive fits she shakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent she makes:
Or when the winds in hollow caves are clos'd,
And subtle spirits find that way oppos'd,
They toss up flints in air; the flints that hide
The seeds of fire, thus toss'd in air, collide,
Kindling the sulphur; till the fuel spent,
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.

'Or whether sulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till all the matter gone
The flames no more ascend; for earth supplies
The fat that feeds them: and when earth denies
That food, by length of time consum'd; the fire,
Famish'd for want of fuel, must expire.

'A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who shivering suffer Hyperborean cold,
Till nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers, to defend their naked sides, they take.
'Tis said, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themselves to birds by magic skill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wondrous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

'But this by sure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow.
Hide in a hollow pit a slaughter'd steer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who, like their parents, haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harvest home, and hope another spring.
The warlike steed is multiplied, we find,
To wasps and hornets of the warrior kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The rest in earth, a scorpion thence will glide,

And shoot his sting; his tail in circles toss'd
Refers the limbs his backward father lost:
And worms, that stretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
Ev'n slime begets the frog's loquacious race;
Short of their feet at first, in little space
With arms and legs endued, long leaps they take
Rais'd on their hinder part, and swim the lake,
And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.

'The cubs of bears a living lump appear
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
Their mother licks them into shape, and gives
As much of form as she herself receives.

'The grubs from their sexangular abode
Crawl out unfinish'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leisure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.

'The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her starry train;
And he that bears the' artillery of Jove,
The strong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove;
And all the feather'd kind, who could suppose
(But that from sight, the surest sense he knows)
They from the' included yolk, not ambient white,
arose?

'There are, who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the spine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted will become
A snake, and hiss within the hollow tomb.

'All these receive their birth from other things;
But from himself the phœnix only springs:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the same;

Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains,
But the sweet essence of Amomum drains;
And watches the rich gum Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He, (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and rises round, then with the spoil
Of Cassia, Cinnamon, and stems of Nard,
(For softness strew'd beneath) his funeral bed is rear'd:
Funeral and bridal both, and all around
The borders with corruptless myrrh are crown'd.
On this incumbent, till ethereal flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too as on the pile he lies,
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

'An infant phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust; his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews.
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain;
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.

'A wonder more amazing would we find?
The' hyæna shows it, of a double kind;

Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin camelion, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
'India when conquer'd, on the conquering god
For planted vines the sharp-eyed lynx bestow'd;
Whose urine shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth:
So coral soft, and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
'All changing species should my song recite,
Before I ceas'd would change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey:
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft unwarlike train.
Thus Troy for ten long years her foes withstood,
And, daily bleeding, bore the' expense of blood:
Now for thick streets it shows an empty space,
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own perish'd race,
Herself becomes the sepulchre of what she was.
'Mycenè, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vanish'd out of substance into name;
And Dardan Rome, that just begins to rise
On Tiber's banks, in time shall mate the skies:
Widening her bounds, and working on her way,
Ev'n now she meditates imperial sway.
Yet this is change; but she by changing thrives,
Like moons new-born, and in her cradle strives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour shall come
When the round world shall be contain'd in Rome.
'For thus old saws foretel, and Helenus
Anchises' drooping son enliven'd thus;
When Ilium now was in a sinking state,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:

"O goddess-born! with thy hard fortune strive,
Troy never can be lost, and thou alive.
Thy passage thou shalt free through fire and sword,
And Troy in foreign lands shall be restor'd.
In happier fields a rising town I see
Greater than whate'er was, or is, or e'er shall be:
And Heaven yet owes the world a race deriv'd
from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city shall extend, extended shall adorn:
But from Iülus he must draw his breath,
By whom thy Rome shall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom Heaven will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er since in other mould
My soul was cloth'd, and now rejoice to view
My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew;
Rais'd by the Fall, decreed by loss to gain,
Enslav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.
'Tis time my hard-mouth'd coursers to control,
Apt to run riot, and transgress the goal;
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the skies,
All suffer change; and we, that are of soul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our sires or grandsires shall forsake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take;
Thus hous'd, securely let their spirits rest,
Nor violate thy father in the beast;
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin,
If none of these, yet there's a man within:
Oh! spare to make a Thyestæan meal,
To inclose his body, and his soul expel.

'Ill customs by degrees to habits rise,
Ill habits soon become exalted vice:
What more advance can mortals make in sin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.
Deaf to the harmless kid, that ere he dies
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy children's cries.
Where will he stop, who feeds with household bread,
Then eats the poultry, which before he fed?
Let plough thy steers, that when they lose their breath,
To nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And sheep from winter cold thy sides defend;
But neither sprindges, nets, nor snares employ,
And be no more ingenious to destroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let insidious glue their wings constrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling stag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fish prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.
'Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live;
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis sin to save,
This only just prerogative we have;
But nourish life with vegetable food,
And shun the sacrilegious taste of blood.
These precepts by the Samian sage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought;
And thence transfer'd to Rome by gift his own,
A willing people, and an offer'd throne:

O happy monarch! sent by Heaven to bless
A savage nation with soft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to restrain,
Give laws to lust, and sacrifice ordain:
Himself a saint, a goddess was his bride,
And all the Muses o'er his acts preside.

THE STORY OF HIPPOLYTUS.

BY CATCOTT.

'Advanc'd in years he died; one common date
His reign concluded, and his mortal state.
Their tears plebeians and patricians shed,
And pious matrons wept their monarch dead.
His mournful wife, her sorrows to bewail,
Withdrew from Rome, and sought th' Arician vale.
Hid in thick woods, she made incessant moans,
Disturbing Cynthia's sacred rites with groans.
How oft the nymphs, who rul'd the wood and lake,
Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort spake;
How oft, in vain, the Son of Theseus said,
"Thy stormy sorrows be with patience laid;
Nor are thy fortunes to be wept alone,
Weigh others' woes, and learn to bear thine own.
Be mine an instance to assuage thy grief: [lief."
Would mine were none!—yet mine may bring re-
'You've heard, perhaps, in conversation told,
What once befel Hippolytus of old;
To death by Theseus' easy faith betray'd,
And caught in snares his wicked stepdame laid.
The wondrous tale your credit scarce may claim,
Yet (strange to say) in me behold the same;
Whom lustful Phædra oft had press'd, in vain,
With impious joys my father's bed to stain;

Till seiz'd with fear, or by revenge inspir'd,
She charg'd on me the crimes herself desir'd;
Expell'd by Theseus, from his home I fled
With heaps of curses on my guiltless head.
Forlorn I sought Pitthëan Trœzen's land,
And drove my chariot o'er Corinthus' strand;
When from the surface of the level main
A billow rising, heav'd above the plain;
Rolling and gathering, till so high it swell'd,
A mountain's height the' enormous mass excell'd;
Then bellowing, burst; when from the summit
A horned bull his ample chest upheav'd. [cleav'd,
His mouth and nostrils, storms of briny rain,
Expiring, blew. Dread horror seiz'd my train.
I stood unmov'd. My father's cruel doom
Claim'd all my soul, nor fear could find a room.
Amaz'd awhile my trembling coursers stood,
With prick'd-up ears, contemplating the flood;
Then starting sudden from the dreadful view,
At once, like lightning, from the seas they flew,
And o'er the craggy rocks the rattling chariot drew.
In vain to stop the hot-mouth'd steeds I tried,
And bending backward all my strength applied;
The frothy foam in driving flakes distains
The bits and bridles, and bedews the reins.
But though, as yet untam'd they run, at length
Their heady rage had tir'd beneath my strength;
When in the spokes a stump entangling, tore,
The shatter'd wheel, and from its axle bore.
The shock impetuous tost me from the seat
Caught in the reins beneath my horses' feet;
My reeking guts drag'd out alive, around
The jagged stump my trembling nerves were wound;

Then stretch'd the well-knit limbs, in pieces hal'd,
Part stuck behind, and part the chariot trail'd;
Till midst my crackling joints and breaking bones,
I breath'd away my wearied soul in groans.
No part distinguish'd from the rest was found,
But all my parts an universal wound.

'Now say, self-tortur'd nymph, can you compare
Our griefs as equal, or in justice dare?
I saw besides the darksome realms of woe,
And bath'd my wounds in smoking streams below.
There I had stay'd, nor second life enjoy'd,
But Pæan's son his wondrous art employ'd:
To light restor'd, by medicinal skill,
In spite of fate, and rigid Pluto's will.
The' invidious object to preserve from view,
A misty cloud around me Cynthia threw;
And, lest my sight should stir my foes to rage,
She stamp'd my visage with the marks of age.
My former hue was chang'd, and for it shown
A set of features, and a face unknown.
Awhile the goddess stood in doubt, or Crete
Or Delos' isle, to choose for my retreat.
Delos and Crete refus'd, this wood she chose,
Bade me my former luckless name depose,
Which kept alive the memory of my woes;
Then said, "Immortal life be thine! and thou,
Hippolytus once call'd, be Virbius now."
Here then a god, but of the' inferior race,
I serve my goddess, and attend her chase.'

EGERIA TRANSFORMED TO A FOUNTAIN.

But others' woes were useless to appease
Egeria's grief, or set her mind at ease;

Beneath the hill all comfortless she laid,
The dropping tears her eyes incessant shed,
Till pitying Phœbe eas'd her pious woe,
Thaw'd to a spring, whose streams for ever flow.
The nymphs and Virbius, like amazement fill'd,
As seiz'd the swains, who Tyrrhene furrows till'd;
When heaving up, a clod was seen to roll,
Untouch'd, self-mov'd, and big with human soul.
The spreading mass in former shape depos'd,
Began to shoot, and arms and legs disclos'd,
Till form'd a perfect man, the living mold
Op'd its new mouth, and future truths foretold;
And Tages nam'd by natives of the place,
Taught arts prophetic to the Tuscan race.
Or such as once by Romulus was shown,
Who saw his lance with sprouting leaves o'ergrown,
When fix'd in earth the point began to shoot,
And growing downward turn'd a fibrous root:
While spread aloft, the branching arms display'd,
O'er wondering crowds, an unexpected shade.

THE STORY OF CIPPUS.

BY DR. GARTH.

Or as when Cippus in the current view'd
The shooting horns that on his forehead stood;
His temples first he feels, and with surprise
His touch confirms the' assurance of his eyes.
Straight to the skies his horned front he rears,
And to the gods directs these pious pray'rs.
'If this portent be prosperous, O decree
To Rome the' event; if otherwise, to me!'
An altar then of turf he hastes to raise,
Rich gums in fragrant exhalations blaze;

The panting entrails crackle as they fry,
And boding fumes pronounce a mystery.
Soon as the augur saw the holy fire,
And victims with presaging signs expire;
To Cippus then he turns his eyes with speed,
And views the horny honours of his head:
Then cried, 'Hail, conqueror! thy call obey,
Those omens I behold presage thy sway.
Rome waits thy nod, unwilling to be free,
And owns thy sovereign power as fate's decree.'
He said—and Cippus, starting at the' event,
Spoke in these words his pious discontent:
'Far hence, ye gods! this execration send,
And the great race of Romulus defend.
Better that I in exile live abhor'd,
Than ere the capitol should style me lord.'
This spoke, he hides with leaves his omen'd head,
Then prays, the senate next convenes, and said:
'If augurs can foresee, a wretch is come,
Design'd by destiny the bane of Rome.
Two horns (most strange to tell) his temples crown;
If ere he pass the walls and gain the town,
Your laws are forfeit that ill-fated hour,
And liberty must yield to lawless pow'r.
Your gates he might have entered, but this arm
Seiz'd the usurper, and withheld the harm.
Haste, find the monster out, and let him be
Condemn'd to all the Senate can decree;
Or tied in chains, or into exile thrown,
Or by the tyrant's death prevent your own.'
The crowd such murmurs utter as they stand,
As swelling surges breaking on the strand:
Or as when gathering gales sweep o'er the grove,
And their tall heads the bending cedars move:

Each with confusion gaz'd, and then began
To feel his fellow's brows, and find the man.
Cippus then shakes his garland off, and cries,
'The wretch you want, I offer to your eyes.'
The anxious throng look'd down, and sad in thought,
All wish'd they had not found the sign they sought:
In haste with laurel-wreaths his head they bind;
Such honour to such virtue was assign'd.
Then thus the senate—'Hear, O Cippus! hear;
So godlike is thy tutelary care,
That since in Rome thyself forbids thy stay,
For thy abode those acres we convey
The ploughshare can surround, the labour of a day.
In deathless records thou shalt stand enroll'd,
And Rome's rich posts shall shine with horns of gold.

THE OCCASION OF ÆSCULAPIUS BEING BROUGHT TO ROME.

BY WELSTED.

Melodious maids of Pindus! who inspire
The flowing strains, and tune the vocal lyre;
Tradition's secrets are unlock'd to you,
Old tales revive, and ages past renew;
You, who can hidden causes best expound,
Say, whence the isle which Tiber flows around,
Its altars with a heavenly stranger grac'd,
And in our shrines the god of physic plac'd.
A wasting plague infected Latium's skies;
Pale bloodless looks were seen, with ghastly eyes;
The dire disease's marks each visage wore,
And the pure blood was chang'd to putrid gore:
In vain were human remedies applied;
In vain the power of healing herbs was tried:

Wearied with death, they seek celestial aid,
And visit Phœbus in his Delphic shade.
In the world's centre sacred Delphos stands,
And gives its oracles to distant lands:
Here they implore the god, with fervent vows,
His salutary power to interpose,
And end a great afflicted city's woes.
The holy temple sudden tremors prov'd;
The laurel-grove and all its quivers mov'd:
(In hollow sounds the priestess thus began;
And through each bosom thrilling horrors ran)
'The' assistance, Roman! which you here implore,
Seek from another, and a nearer shore;
Relief must be implor'd, and succour won,
Not from Apollo, but Apollo's son;
My son, to Latium born, shall bring redress:
Go with good omens, and expect success.'
When these clear oracles the senate knew,
The sacred tripod's counsels they pursue;
Depute a pious and a chosen band,
Who sail to Epidaurus' neighbouring land.
Before the Grecian elders when they stood,
They pray 'em to bestow the healing god:
'Ordain'd was he to save Ausonia's state;
So promis'd Delphos, and unerring fate.'
Opinions various their debates enlarge:
Some plead to yield to Rome the sacred charge;
Others, tenacious of their country's wealth,
Refuse to grant the power, who guards its health.
While dubious they remain'd, the wasting light
Withdrew before the growing shades of night;
Thick darkness now obscur'd the dusky skies:
Now, Roman, clos'd in sleep were mortal eyes,

When health's auspicious god appears to thee,
And thy glad dreams his form celestial see:
In his left hand, a rural staff preferr'd,
His right is seen to stroke his decent beard.
'Dismiss,' said he, with mildness all divine,
'Dismiss your fears; I come, and leave my shrine.
This serpent view, that with ambitious play
My staff encircles, mark him every way;
His form, though larger, nobler, I'll assume,
And chang'd, as gods should be, bring aid to Rome.'
Here fled the vision, and the vision's flight
Was follow'd by the cheerful dawn of light.
Now was the morn with blushing streaks o'er-spread,
And all the starry fires of heaven were fled;
The chiefs perplex'd, and fill'd with doubtful care,
To their protector's sumptuous roofs repair:
By genuine signs implore him to express
What seats he deigns to choose, what land to bless:
Scarce their ascending prayers had reach'd the sky;
Lo, the serpentine god, erected high!
Forerunning hissings his approach confess'd;
Bright shone his golden scales, and wav'd his lofty [crest.
The trembling altar his appearance spoke;
The marble floor and glittering ceiling shook;
The doors were rock'd; the statue seem'd to nod;
And all the fabric own'd the present god:
His radiant chest he taught aloft to rise,
And round the temple cast his flaming eyes:
Struck was the' astonish'd crowd; the holy priest
(His temples with white bands of ribbon dress'd)
With reverent awe the power divine confess'd!
'The god! the god!' he cries, 'all tongues be still!
Each conscious breast devoutest ardour fill!

O beauteous! O divine! assist our cares,
And be propitious to thy votaries prayers!"
All with consenting hearts and pious fear
The words repeat, the deity revere:
The Romans in their holy worship join'd,
With silent awe and purity of mind:
Gracious to them, his crest is seen to nod,
And, as an earnest of his care, the god,
Thrice hissing, vibrates thrice his forked tongue,
And now the smooth descent he glides along:
Still on the ancient seats he bends his eyes,
In which his statue breathes, his altars rise;
His long-lov'd shrine with kind concern he leaves,
And to forsake the' accustom'd mansion grieves;
At length his sweeping bulk in state is borne
Through the throng'd streets, which scatter'd flowers adorn;
Through many a fold he winds his mazy course,
And gains the port and moles which break the ocean's force.
'Twas here he made a stand, and having view'd
The pious train, who his last steps pursued,
Seem'd to dismiss their zeal with gracious eyes,
While gleams of pleasure in his aspect rise.
And now the Latian vessel he ascends;
Beneath the weighty god the vessel bends:
The Latins on the strand great Jove appease,
Their cables loose, and plough the yielding seas:
The high-rear'd serpent from the stern displays
His gorgeous form, and the blue deep surveys;
The ship is wafted on with gentle gales,
And o'er the calm Iönian smoothly sails;
On the sixth morn the' Italian coast they gain,
And touch Lacinia, grac'd with Juno's fane:

Now fair Calabria to the sight is lost,
And all the cities on her fruitful coast:
They pass at length the rough Sicilian shore,
The Brutian soil, rich with metallic ore,
The famous isles where Æolus was king,
And Pæstus, blooming with eternal spring.
Minerva's cape they leave, and Capreæ's isle,
Campania, on whose hills the vineyards smile;
The city, which Alcides' spoils adorn,
Naples, for soft delight and pleasure born;
Fair Stabiæ, with Cumean sybils' seats,
And Baia's tepid baths, and green retreats:
Linternum next they reach, where balmy gums
Distil from mastic trees, and spread perfumes:
Cajeta, from the nurse so nam'd, for whom
With pious care Æneas rais'd a tomb. [sands;
Vulturne, whose whirlpools suck the numerous
And Trachas, and Minturnæ's marshy lands,
And Formia's coast is left, and Circe's plain,
Which yet remembers her enchanting reign;
To Antium last his course the pilot guides:
Here, while the anchor'd vessel safely rides,
(For now the ruffled deep portends a storm)
The spiry god unfolds his spheric form,
Through large indentings draws his lubric train,
And seeks the refuge of Apollo's fane;
The fane is situate on the yellow shore:—
When the sea smil'd, and the winds rag'd no more,
He leaves his father's hospitable lands,
And furrows, with his rattling scales, the sands
Along the coast; at length the ship regains,
And sails to Tibur, and Lavinium's plains.
Here mingling crowds to meet their patron came,
Ev'n the chaste guardians of the Vestal flame,

From every part tumultuous they repair,
And joyful acclamations rend the air:
Along the flowery banks, on either side,
Where the tall ship floats on the swelling tide,
Dispos'd in decent order altars rise;
And crackling incense, as it mounts the skies,
The air with sweets refreshes; while the knife,
Warm with the victim's blood, lets out the streaming life.
The world's great mistress, Rome, receives him now;
On the mast's top reclin'd he waves his brow,
And from that height surveys the great abodes
And mansions, worthy of residing gods.
The land a narrow neck, itself extends,
Round with his course the stream divided bends;
The stream's two arms, on either side, are seen
Stretch'd out in equal length; the land between.
The isle, so call'd, from hence derives its name:
'Twas here the salutary serpent came;
Nor sooner has he left the Latian pine,
But he assumes again his form divine;
And now no more the drooping city mourns,
Joy is again restor'd, and health returns.

THE DEIFICATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

But Æsculapius was a foreign pow'r;
In his own city Cæsar we adore:
Him arms and arts alike renown'd beheld,
In peace conspicuous, dreadful in the field;
His rapid conquests, and swift-finish'd wars,
The hero justly fix'd among the stars;
Yet is his progeny his greatest fame:
The son immortal makes the father's name.

The sea-girt Britons, by his courage tam'd,
For their high rocky cliffs and fierceness fam'd;
His dreadful navies, which victorious rode
O'er Nile's affrighted waves and seven-sourc'd flood:
Numidia, and the spacious realms regain'd;
Where Cinyphis or flows, or Juba reign'd:
The powers of titled Mithridates broke,
And Pontus added to the Roman yoke;
Triumphal shows decreed, for conquests won,
For conquests, which the triumphs still outshone.
These are great deeds; yet less than to have giv'n
The world a lord, in whom, propitious heaven!
When you decreed the sovereign rule to place,
You bless'd with lavish bounty human race.
Now, lest so great a prince might seem to rise
Of mortal stem, his sire must reach the skies:
The beauteous goddess, that Æneas bore,
Foresaw it, and foreseeing did deplore;
For well she knew her hero's fate was nigh,
Devoted by conspiring arms to die.
Trembling and pale, to every god she cried,
'Behold, what deep and subtle arts are tried
To end the last, the only branch that springs
From my Iülus, and the Dardan kings!
How bent they are, how desperate to destroy
All that is left me of unhappy Troy!
Am I alone by fate ordain'd to know
Uninterrupted care, and endless woe?
Now from Tydides' spear I feel the wound;
Now Ilium's towers the hostile flames surround;
Troy laid in dust, my exil'd son I mourn,
Through angry seas and raging billows borne;
O'er the wide deep his wandering course he bends;
Now to the sullen shades of Styx descends;

With Turnus driv'n at last fierce wars to wage,
Or rather with unpitying Juno's rage.
But why record I now my ancient woes?
Sense of past ills in present fears I lose;
On me their points the impious daggers throw;
Forbid it, gods! repel the direful blow:
If by curs'd weapons Numa's priest expires,
No longer shall ye burn, ye vestal fires.'
While such complainings Cypria's grief disclose,
In each celestial breast compassion rose.
Not gods can alter fate's resistless will;
Yet they foretold by signs the' approaching ill.
Dreadful were heard, among the clouds, alarms
Of echoing trumpets and of clashing arms;
The sun's pale image gave so faint a light,
That the sad earth was almost veil'd in night;
The Æther's face with fiery meteors glow'd,
With storms of hail were mingled drops of blood;
A dusky hue the morning star o'erspread,
And the moon's orb was stain'd with spots of red;
In every place portentous shrieks were heard,
The fatal warnings of the' infernal bird;
In every place the marble melts to tears;
While in the groves, rever'd through length of years,
Boding and awful sounds the ear invade,
And solemn music warbles through the shade;
No victim can atone the impious age,
No sacrifice the wrathful gods assuage;
Dire wars and civil fury threat the state,
And every omen points out Cæsar's fate;
Around each hallow'd shrine, and sacred dome,
Night-howling dogs disturb the peaceful gloom;
Their silent seats the wandering shades forsake,
And fearful tremblings the rock'd city shake.

Yet could not by these prodigies be broke
The plotted charm, or stay'd the fatal stroke;
Their swords the' assassins in the temple draw;
Their murdering hands nor gods nor temples awe;
This sacred place their bloody weapons stain,
And virtue falls, before the altar slain.
'Twas now fair Cypria, with her woes oppress'd,
In raging anguish smote her heavenly breast;
Wild with distracting fears, the goddess tried
Her hero in the' ethereal cloud to hide;
The cloud which youthful Paris did conceal,
When Menelaus urg'd the threatening steel;
The cloud, which once deceiv'd Tydides' sight,
And sav'd Eneas in the' unequal fight.
When Jove—' In vain, fair daughter, you essay
To o'er-rule destiny's unconquer'd sway:
Your doubts to banish, enter Fate's abode,
A privilege to heavenly powers allow'd;
There shall you see the records grav'd, in length,
On iron and solid brass, with mighty strength;
Which heaven's and earth's concussion shall endure,
Maugre all shocks, eternal and secure:
There, on perennial adamant design'd,
The various fortunes of your race you'll find:
Well I have mark'd 'em, and will now relate
To thee the settled laws of future fate.
He, goddess, for whose death the fates you blame,
Has finish'd his determin'd course with fame:
To thee 'tis given, at length, that he shall shine
Among the gods, and grace the worship'd shrine;
His son to all his greatness shall be heir,
And worthily succeed to empire's care:
Ourself will lead his wars, resolv'd to aid
The brave avenger of his father's shade.

To him its freedom Mutina shall owe,
And Decius his auspicious conduct know;
His dreadful powers shall shake Pharsalia's plain,
And drench in gore Philippi's fields again:
A mighty leader, in Sicilia's flood,
Great Pompey's warlike son, shall be subdued:
Egypt's soft queen, adorn'd with fatal charms,
Shall mourn her soldiers' unsuccessful arms:
Too late shall find her swelling hopes were vain,
And know, that Rome o'er Memphis still must reign!
What name I Afric, or Nile's hidden head?
For as both oceans roll his power shall spread:
All the known earth to him shall homage pay,
And the seas own his universal sway.
When cruel war no more disturbs mankind,
To civil studies shall he bend his mind,
With equal justice guardian laws ordain,
And by his great example vice restrain:
Where will his bounty or his goodness end?
To times unborn his generous views extend;
The virtues of his heir our praise engage,
And promise blessings to the coming age:
Late shall he in his kindred orbs be plac'd,
With Pylian years and crowded honours grac'd.
Meantime, your hero's fleeting spirit bear,
Fresh from his wounds, and change it to a star:
So shall great Julius rites divine assume,
And from the skies eternal smile on Rome.'

This spoke; the goddess to the senate flew;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her Cæsar's heavenly part she made her care,
Nor left the recent soul to waste to air;
But bore it upwards to its native skies:
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise;

Forth springing from her bosom up it flew,
And, kindling as it soar'd, a comet grew:
Above the lunar sphere it took its flight,
And shot behind it a long trail of light.

THE REIGN OF AUGUSTUS, IN WHICH OVID FLOURISHED.

Thus rais'd, his glorious offspring Julius view'd,
Beneficently great, and scattering good;
Deeds, that his own surpass'd, with joy beheld,
And his large heart dilates to be excell'd.
What though this prince refuses to receive
The preference which his juster subjects give;
Fame uncontroll'd, that no restraint obeys,
The homage, shun'd by modest virtue, pays;
And proves disloyal only in his praise.
Though great his sire, him greater we proclaim;
So Atreus yields to Agamemnon's fame:
Achilles so superior honours won,
And Peleus must submit to Peleus' son.
Examples yet more noble to disclose,
So Saturn was eclips'd, when Jove to empire rose;
Jove rules the heavens, the earth Augustus sways;
Each claims a monarch's and a father's praise.
Celestials! who for Rome your cares employ!
Ye gods! who guarded the remains of Troy;
Ye native gods! here born, and fix'd by Fate;
Quirinus, founder of the Roman state;
O parent Mars! from whom Quirinus sprung;
Chaste Vesta! Cæsar's household gods among
Most sacred held; domestic Phœbus! thou,
To whom with Vesta chaste alike we bow;
Great guardian of the high Tarpeian rock;
And all ye powers, whom poets may invoke;

O grant, that day may claim our sorrows late,
When lov'd Augustus shall submit to fate,
Visit those seats where gods and heroes dwell;
And leave in tears the world he rul'd so well!

THE POET CONCLUDES.

The work is finish'd, which nor dreads the rage
Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age;
Come, soon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
This mortal being only can decay;
My nobler part, my fame, shall reach the skies,
And to late times with blooming honours rise.
Whate'er the' unbounded Roman power obeys,
All climes and nations shall record my praise;
If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine.

FINIS.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

ANACREON.

When I sink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely Nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain. Ode 39

Drawn by R Westall R.A. Engraved by P.W. Tomkins

Published by Suttaby Evance & Co London
Oct 30 1810

THE

WORKS

OF

ANACREON,

SAPPHO, AND MUSÆUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY

FRANCIS FAWKES, M.A.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND ROWLAND,
Goswell Street;

PUBLISHED BY SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND HUTCHINGS, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; SHARPE AND HAILES, PICCADILLY; AND TAYLOR AND HESSEY, FLEET STREET.

1810.

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THE

WORKS

OF

ANACREON.

THE

LIFE

OF

ANACREON.

ANACREON was born at Teos, a sea-port town of Ionia. Who were his parents is uncertain; though it is conjectured, from good authority, that his family was noble [1]. The time of his birth, according to Barnes, was in the second year of the 55th Olympiad, about the beginning of the reign of Cyrus, in the year of Rome 194, and the 554th before Christ. According to this account, he was about eighteen years of age, when Harpagus, the general of Cyrus, came with an army against the confederate cities of the Ionians and Æolians. The Teians, finding themselves too weak to withstand the enemy, rather chose to abandon their country, than their liberty, and therefore transported them-

[1] Madame Dacier endeavoured to prove, from Plato, that he was a kinsman of Solon, and consequently allied to the Codridæ, the noblest family in Athens: but her endeavour wanted support.—See Life of Anacreon prefixed to Younge's Version of his Select Odes.

selves and their families to the city of Abdera, in Thrace; where they had not been long settled, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them disturbance. It is probable, that in these conflicts, Anacreon lost those friends whom he laments in some of his epigrams.

We cannot expect many particulars of the life of this poet, because he seems to have been a professed despiser of business, and the cares of the world. It is certain, that wine, love, and the muse, had the disposal of all his hours.

From Abdera he went to the court of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, at that time one of the most gay and flourishing in Asia. A person of Anacreon's character must undoubtedly meet with a welcome reception, wherever wit and pleasure were esteemed: accordingly we find, that he was so highly honoured by Polycrates, as not only to be admitted into a share of his friendship, but even into his most secret counsels. How long he continued at Samos is uncertain; but it is probable, that the friendship of Polycrates, and the splendor of his court, had influence enough to detain him there the greatest part of his reign. This opinion also seems confirmed by Herodotus, who assures us, that Anacreon was with that prince in his chamber, when he received a message from Orœtes, governor of Sardis, by whose treachery Polycrates was soon after betrayed, and inhumanly crucified [2].

[2] See Universal History. Vol. viii. 8vo. page 271.

A little before this remarkable incident, Anacreon left Samos, and removed to Athens, having been invited thither by Hipparchus, the eldest son of Pisistratus, one of the most virtuous and learned princes of his time; who (as Plato assures us) sent the most obliging letters, with a vessel of fifty oars, to convey him over the Ægean. The same philosopher who relates this, does Anacreon the honour to style him 'the wise Anacreon;' which is the foundation of Monsieur Fontenelle's ingenious dialogue, where he introduces Anacreon and Aristotle disputing the prize of wisdom, and gives the advantage to our poet.

Hipparchus being assassinated, he returned to his native country Teos; for, after the death of Cyrus, the Teians had been suffered to reinhabit their country unmolested. Here he remained, as Suidas informs us, till another commotion in the state obliged him once more to fly to Abdera; where he died in the 85th year of his age.

The manner of his death was very extraordinary; for we are told, that he was choked with a grape-stone, as he was regaling on some new wine: which has afforded Mr. Cowley a subject for a fine elegy, the conclusion of which is very happy:

It grieves me, when I see what fate
Does on the best of mankind wait,
Poets or lovers let them be;
'Tis neither love nor poësy
Can arm against death's smallest dart
The poet's head, or lover's heart.
But when their life in its decline
Touches the' inevitable line,

All the world's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men.
Nay, in death's hand the grape-stone proves
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

A small part only of his works has escaped the malice of time; for, besides the odes and epigrams that still remain, he composed elegies, hymns, and iambics. Some writers honour him with the invention of the lyre. How much he was the delight both of the ancients and moderns, appears sufficiently from those extravagant praises which they have bestowed on him. Horace mentions him with honour:

Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas ————————

Lib. iv. Ode 9.

———— blithe Anacreon's sportive lay
Still lives, in spite of time's destructive sway.
Duncombe.

Anacreon had a delicate genius, and there are inexpressible charms and graces in his poetry. 'His chief excellence,' says Madame Dacier, 'consists in imitating nature, and following reason: he presents no images to the mind but what are noble and natural.'—'The Odes of Anacreon,' says Rapin, 'are flowers, beauties, and perpetual graces: it is familiar to him to write what is natural. He has an air so delicate, easy, and graceful, that among all the ancients, there is nothing comparable to the method he took, nor to that kind of writing he followed. He flows soft

and easy, every where diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through all his compositions, and turning his harp to the pleasant and happy temper of his soul.'

But no one has given us a juster character of his writings, than that little god who inspired them, as Mr. Cowley has made him speak:

All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves, or sparrows;
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound.

I cannot better conclude this account of Anacreon, than with the following epitaph, as it is translated in the Spectator, No. 551.

ON ANACREON. BY ANTIPATER.

This tomb be thine, Anacreon; all around
Let ivy wreathe, let flowerets deck the ground;
And from its earth, enrich'd by such a prize,
Let wells of milk, and streams of wine arise:
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
If any pleasure reach the shades below.

To which let me add a fine stanza from Dr. Akenside's Ode on Lyric Poetry, in honour of our poet:

I see Anacreon smile and sing:
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses, taught by wine to bloom.

Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me listen to his lay,
While flowery dreams my soul employ;
While, turtle-wing'd, the laughing hours
Lead hand in hand the festal powers,
Lead youth, and love, and harmless joy.

INTRODUCTION.

It may be necessary to inform the reader, that many of the following Odes were translated several years ago, at College, for the author's amusement, without any intention of making them public. But being encouraged by the partiality of friends, and allowed to insert those odes of Anacreon[1], which are elegantly translated by the late Dr. Broome, and a few others[2], he determined to give an entire version of the Teian bard, as no one of this nation had hitherto done it. Mr. John Addison's translation is incomplete; and, excepting a few odes, harsh and crude, and far from being well done. What the late ingenious and learned Mr. West says of Cowley's Pindar, may be applied to his Odes of Anacreon: 'That they have not the least resemblance to the *manner* of the author whom they pretend to imitate; or, if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness.'

It may be thought a bold undertaking to attempt

[1] Dr. Broome's Odes were printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, under the name of Charles Chester, M. D.

[2] Viz. Odes 2, 11, 45, 49, and 51.

Sappho, after the high encomiums which Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, has passed on Phillips's translation of her two odes. But, with deference to the authority of so good a judge, besides what the reader will find observed with regard to Mr. Phillips's mistaking the true sense of his author, the three first lines are amazingly rough and awkward.

> Bless'd as the' immortal gods is *he*,
> *The youth* who fondly sits by thee,
> And hears and sees thee *all the while*, &c.

It is surprising, that such unpoetical expressions, as those here marked, should escape the censure of the accurate Mr. Addison; unless we suspect that the partiality of the friend biassed the judgment of the critic.

It is equally surprising, that the beautiful Idylliums of Bion and Moschus, which charm every reader in the original, should scarce ever have been attempted in English. The translator, therefore, may justly claim some merit in endeavouring to make these elegant Greek writers speak his native language.

He cannot conclude this short introduction, without returning his thanks to an ingenious and worthy friend (whose name would do honour to the title page) for his revisal and correction of this little work, and for those excellent translations of the Idylliums of Moschus, marked D.

ODES

OF

ANACREON.

With roses crown'd, on flowers supinely laid,
Anacreon blith the sprightly lyre essay'd,
In light fantastic measures beat the ground,
Or dealt the mirth-inspiring juice around:
No care, no thought, the tuneful Teian knew,
But mark'd with bliss each moment as it flew.

Progress of Poetry. By a Lady.

ODE I.

ON HIS LYRE.

'WAKE, O lyre, thy silent strings,
Celebrate the brother-kings,
Sons of Atreus, fam'd afar,
Cadmus and the Theban war.'
Rapt I strike the vocal shell——
Hark—the trembling chords rebel;
All averse to arms they prove,
Warbling only strains of love.
Late I strung anew my lyre—
'Heavenly muse, my breast inspire, 10

While the swelling notes resound
Hercules for toils renown'd.'
Still the chords rebellious prove,
Answering only strains of love!
  Farewell heroes, farewell kings!
Love alone shall tune my strings.

ODE II.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE gives all creatures arms,
Faithful guards from hostile harms;
Jaws, the lion to defend,
Horrid jaws that wide distend!
Horns, the bull, resistless force!
Solid hoofs, the vigorous horse;
Nimble feet, the fearful hare;
Wings to fly, the birds of air;
Fins to swim, the watry kind;
Man, the bold undaunted mind! 10
Nature, lavishing her store,
What for woman had she more?
Helpless woman! *to be fair;*
Beauty fell to woman's share.
She that's beauteous needs not fear
Sword, or flame, or shield, or spear:
Beauty stronger aid affords,
Stronger far than flames or swords,
Stronger far than swords or shields;
Man himself to beauty yields. 20

ODE III.

CUPID BENIGHTED.

THE sable night had spread around
This nether world a gloom profound;
No silver moon nor stars appear,
And strong Boötes urg'd the Bear:
The race of man, with toils oppress'd,
Enjoy'd the balmy sweets of rest;
When from the heavenly court of Jove
Descended swift the god of love,
(Ah me! I tremble to relate)
And loudly thunder'd at my gate. 10
'Who's there?' I cried, 'Who breaks my door
At this unseasonable hour?'
The god, with well-dissembled sighs,
And moan insidious, thus replies:
'Pray ope the door, dear Sir——'tis I,
A harmless, miserable boy;
Benumb'd with cold and rain I stray
A long, uncomfortable way——
The winds with blustering horror roar——
'Tis dismal dark—Pray ope the door.' 20
Quite unsuspicious of a foe,
I listen'd to the tale of woe,
Compassion touch'd my breast, and straight
I struck a light, unbarr'd the gate;
When, lo! a winged boy I spied,
With bow and quiver at his side:
I wonder'd at his strange attire;
Then friendly plac'd him near the fire.

My heart was bounteous and benign,
I warm'd his little hands in mine, 30
Cheer'd him with kind assiduous care,
And wrung the water from his hair.
Soon as the fraudful youth was warm,
'Let's try,' says he, 'if any harm
Has chanc'd my bow this stormy night;
I fear the wet has spoil'd it quite.'
With that he bent the fatal yew,
And to the head an arrow drew:
Loud twang'd the sounding string, the dart
Pierc'd through my liver and my heart. 40
Then laugh'd amain the wanton boy,
And, 'Friend,' he cried, 'I wish thee joy;
Undamag'd is my bow, I see;
But what a wretch I've made of thee.'

ODE IV.

ON HIMSELF.

Reclin'd at ease on this soft bed,
With fragrant leaves of myrtle spread
And flowery lote, I'll now resign
My cares, and quaff the rosy wine.
In decent robe behind him bound,
Cupid shall serve the goblet round:
For fast away our moments steal,
Like the swift chariot's rolling wheel;
The rapid course is quickly done,
And soon the race of life is run; 10
Then, then, alas! we droop, we die,
And sunk in dissolution lie;

Our frame no symmetry retains;
Nought but a little dust remains,
Why on the tomb are odours shed?
Why pour'd libations to the dead?
To me far better while I live,
Rich wines and balmy fragrance give;
Now, now the rosy wreath prepare,
And hither call the lovely fair. 20
Now, while I draw my vital breath,
Ere yet I lead the dance of death,
For joy my sorrows I'll resign,
And drown my cares in rosy wine.

ODE V.

ON THE ROSE.

To make the beverage divine,
Mingle sweet roses with the wine;
Delicious will the liquor prove,
For roses are the flowers of love:
And while with wreaths of roses crown'd,
Let laughter and the cup go round.
  Hail, lovely rose! to thee I sing,
Thou sweetest daughter of the spring:
All mortals prize thy beauties bright;
In thee the Powers above delight. 10
Gay Cupid, with the graces bland,
When lightly bounding hand in hand,
With nimble feet he beats the ground,
Shows his bright locks with roses crown'd.
Here then the flowery garland bring:
With numbers sweet I'll wake the spring,

And crown'd with roses, heavenly flow'rs!
Admitted, Bacchus, to thy bow'rs,
With snowy-bosom'd Sappho gay
I'll dance the feather'd hours away. 20

ODE VI.

THE PARTY OF PLEASURE.

While roses round our temples twine,
We'll gaily quaff the sparkling wine:
And, lo! the love-alluring fair
Her Thyrsus brandishes in air,
With clustering ivy wreath'd around,
Whose branches yield a rustling sound;
With graceful ease her steps she suits
To notes of soft Ionian lutes.
A youth, whose hair luxuriant flows,
In curls, with breath ambrosial blows 10
The well-pair'd pipes, and sweetly clear,
Pours melting music on the ear.
Here Cupid too with golden hair,
And Bacchus, ever young and fair,
With Cytherea, who inspires
Delightful thoughts and warm desires,
Gay-smiling join the festive train,
And make an old man young again.

ODE VII.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

Love, waving awful in his hand
His hyacinth-encircled wand,
Forc'd me, averse, with him to run;
In vain I strove the task to shun.
Swift o'er the plain our course we plied,
Through foaming floods, o'er forests wide,
O'er hills where rocks impending hung,
Till me, alas! a serpent stung:
Sore heav'd my heart with dire dismay,
My spirits sunk—I died away— 10
Pleas'd Cupid caught my trembling hand,
My face with his soft pinions fann'd,
And cried, 'Since now my power you prove,
Dare you still boast, you will not love?'

ODE VIII.

THE DREAM.

As on a purple bed supine,
Rapt in the pleasing joys of wine,
I lull'd my weary limbs to rest,
Methought, with nymphs supremely bless'd,
A beauteous band, I urg'd the chase,
Contending in the rapid race;
While fairest youths, with envy stung,
Fair as Lyæus ever young,

With jealous leer, and bitter jest,
Their keen malevolence express'd. 10
Intent on love, I strive to greet
The gamesome girls with kisses sweet,
And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,
Wake, and, behold! 'tis all a dream.
Vex'd to be thus alone in bed,
My visionary charmers fled,
To dream once more I close my eyes:
Again, ye soft illusions, rise!

ODE IX.

THE DOVE.

'Tell me, dear, delightful dove,
Emblematic bird of love,
On your waving wings descending,
Whence you come, and whither tending!
Tell me whence your snowy plumes
Breathe such fragrance of perfumes?
And what master you obey,
Gentle bird of Venus, say!'
'Blithe Anacreon, the wise,
(Thus the feather'd page replies) 10
Sends me o'er the meads and groves
To Bathyllus whom he loves,
To Bathyllus, beauteous boy,
Men's delight, and maidens' joy.
For a sonnet terse and trim,
Which the poets call a hymn,
Venus, in her sweet regard,
Sold me to the gentle bard:

Happy in his easy sway,
All his mandates I obey; 20
Often through the fields of air
Song or billet-doux I bear.
If you serve me well, says he,
I will shortly make you free.
He may free me, if he will,
Yet I'll stay and serve him still:
For what comfort can I know
On the mountain's barren brow?
Or in deserts left alone,
There to murmur and to moan? 30
Or in melancholy wood,
Pecking berries, nauseous food!
Now I eat delicious bread,
By my liberal master fed;
Now I drink of his own bowl,
Rosy wine that cheers my soul;
Sometimes dance, and sometimes play,
Ever easy, ever gay;
Or my fragrant pinions spread,
Hovering o'er my master's head: 40
When my limbs begin to tire,
Then I perch upon his lyre;
Soothing sounds my eye-lids close,
Sweetly lulling my repose.
'Now I've told you all I know,
Friend, adieu——'tis time to go:
You my speed so long delay,
I have chatter'd like a jay.'

ODE X.

CUPID IN WAX.

A RUSTIC brought, of curious mold,
A waxen Cupid to be sold;
'What price, (I cried) ingenuous say,'
For this small image shall I pay?'
'Small is the price, (replied the clown)
Take it, e'en take it at your own:—
To tell you all without a lie,
I make no images not I;
But dare not in my mansion trust
This patron of unbounded lust.' 10
If so, then for this little coin,
Said I, the deity is mine.'—
And now, great god, my breast inspire,
There kindle all thy gentle fire:
But, if thou fail'st to favour me,
I swear I'll make a fire of thee.

ODE XI.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

ON HIMSELF.

OFT, with wanton smiles and jeers,
Women tell me, I'm in years;
I, the mirror when I view,
Find, alas! they tell me true;

Find my wrinkled forehead bare,
And regret my falling hair;
White and few, alas! I find
All that time has left behind.
But my hairs, if thus they fall,
If but few, or none at all, 10
Asking not, I'll never share
Fruitless knowledge, fruitless care.
This important truth I know,
If indeed in years I grow,
I must snatch what life can give;
Not to love, is not to live.

ODE XII.

ON A SWALLOW.

Say, chattering bird, that dar'st invade
My slumbers with thy serenade,
And steal'st my visionary bliss,
How shall I punish thee for this?
Say, shall I clip thy soaring wing;
Or, like stern Tereus, Thracian king,
To swallows name of dire dismay,
Tear by the roots thy tongue away?
For, with thy execrable scream,
Thou wak'st me from a golden dream; 10
And from my arms hast snatch'd away
Phyllis the fair, the young, the gay.

ODE XIII.

ON ATYS.

As o'er the mountains, o'er the plains,
Unmanly Atys, in loud strains
Great Cybele invoking, mourn'd,
His love to sudden madness turn'd.
  Some to the Clarian fountains throng,
Of laurell'd Phœbus, god of song;
And, with prophetic draughts inspir'd,
Enraptur'd rave, with frenzy fir'd;
I too, inspir'd with generous wine,
While round me breathe perfumes divine, 10
And with fair Chloe bless'd, will prove
The sweetest madness—wine and love.

ODE XIV.

LOVE IRRESISTIBLE.

Yes, I yield—thy sovereign sway,
Mighty Cupid, I'll obey.
Late with soft persuasive art
Love essay'd to win my heart:
I, inflam'd with rebel pride,
His omnipotence defied——
With revengeful fury stung,
Straight his bow he bent, he strung,
Snatch'd an arrow wing'd for flight,
And provok'd me to the fight. 10

I, disdaining base retreat,
Clad in radiant arms complete,
Like Achilles, boldly wield
Glittering spear, and ample shield;
Thus equip'd, resolve to prove
The terrific power of love.
From his bow the arrows sped;
I, alas! inglorious fled——
When the quiver at his side
Feather'd shafts no more supplied, 20
Love, transform'd into a dart,
Pierc'd, like lightning, through my heart,
Of my vitals made his prey,
And dissolv'd my soul away.
Now, alas! in vain I wield
Glittering spear, and ample shield;
Victory in vain dispute,
Love, I find is absolute:
All defence to folly turns
When within the battle burns.

ODE XV.

BY DR. BROOME.

HAPPY LIFE.

THE wealth of Gyges I despise,
Gems have no charms to tempt the wise;
Riches I leave, and such vain things,
To the low aim and pride of kings.
Let my bright hair with unguents flow,
With rosy garlands crown my brow:

This sun shall roll in joy away;
To-morrow is a distant day.
  Then while the hour serenely shines,
Toss the gay die, and quaff thy wines; 10
But ever in the genial hour,
To Bacchus the libation pour,
Lest death in wrath approach, and cry,
Man—taste no more the cup of joy!

ODE XVI.

BY DR BROOME.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Some sing of Thebes, and some employ
Their numbers on the siege of Troy.
I mourn, alas! in plaintive strains,
My own captivity and chains.
  No navy, rang'd in proud array,
No foot, no horseman arm'd to slay,
My peace alarm: far other foes,
Far other hosts, create my woes;
Strange dangerous hosts, that ambush'd lie
In every bright, love-darting eye! 10
Such as destroy, when beauty arms
To conquer, dreadful in its charms!

ODE XVII.

THE SILVER BOWL.

MULCIBER, this silver take,
And a curious goblet make;
Let thy utmost skill appear
Not in radiant armour there;
Let me there no battles see;
What are arms or wars to me?
Form it with a noble sweep,
Very wide, and very deep.
Carve not there the northern Team,
Nor Orion's dreadful beam; 10
Pleiads, Hyads, Bears displease;
What have I to do with these?
Why should slow Boötes roll,
Why should horrid monsters prowl,
On the margin of my bowl?
Draw me, what I value more,
Vines, with purple clusters store,
Bacchus, ever young and fair,
Cupid with the golden hair,
Gay Bathyllus too be there. 20
See that, beautiful and bold,
All these figures rise in gold:
In the wine-press let them join
Hand in hand to tread the wine.

ODE XVIII.

ON THE SAME.

CONTRIVE me, artisan, a bowl
Of silver, ample as my soul;
And in the bright compartments bring
The sweet profusion of the spring;
Let that fair season, rich in flowers,
Shed roses in ambrosial showers;
Yet simply plain be thy design,
A festive banqueting of wine;
No hieroglyphics let it have,
No foreign mysteries engrave: 10
Let no blood-thirsty heroes wield
Rough armour in the silver field;
But draw me Jove's delightful boy,
Bacchus the god of wine and joy:
Let Venus with light step advance,
And with gay Hymen lead the dance.
Beneath the leaf-embellish'd vine,
Full of young grapes that promise wine,
Let Love, without his armour, meet
The meek-eyed graces laughing sweet. 20
And on the polish'd plain display
A group of beauteous boys at play;
But no Apollo, god of day.

ODE XIX.

WE OUGHT TO DRINK.

THE thirsty earth sucks up the showers
Which from his urn Aquarius pours;
The trees, which wave their boughs profuse,
Imbibe the earth's prolific juice;

The sea, in his prodigious cup,
Drinks all the rain and rivers up;
The sun too thirsts, and strives to drain
The sea, the rivers, and the rain;
And nightly, when his course is run,
The merry moon drinks up the sun. 10
Then give me wine, and tell me why,
My friends, should all things drink but I?

ODE XX.

BY DR. BROOME.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

The gods o'er mortals prove their sway,
And steal them from themselves away.
Transform'd by their almighty hands,
Sad Niobe an image stands;
And Philomel, up-borne on wings,
Through air her mournful story sings.
Would heaven, indulgent to my vow,
The happy change I wish allow;
Thy envied mirror I would be,
That thou might'st always gaze on me; 10
And, could my naked heart appear,
Thou'dst see thyself—for thou art there!
Or were I made thy folding vest,
That thou might'st clasp me to thy breast!
Or, turn'd into a fount, to lave
Thy naked beauties in my wave!
Thy bosom-cincture I would grow,
To warm those little hills of snow:
Thy ointment, in such fragrant streams
To wander o'er thy beauteous limbs; 20

Thy chain of shining pearl, to deck
And close embrace thy graceful neck :
A very sandal I would be,
To tread on—if trod on by thee.

ODE XXI.

SUMMER.

Fill, fill, sweet girls, the foaming bowl,
And let me gratify my soul :
I faint with thirst—the heat of day
Has drank my very life away.
  O ! lead me to yon cooling bowers,
And give me fresher wreaths of flowers ;
For those that now my temples shade,
Scorch'd by my burning forehead, fade :
But, O my heart, what can remove,
What winds, what shades, this heat of love? 10
These are all vain, alas ! I find ;
Love is the fever of the mind.

ODE XXII.

BY E. B. GREENE, ESQ.

THE BOWER.

Here, my Chloe, charming maid,
Here, beneath the genial shade,
Shielded from each ruder wind,
Lovely Chloe, lie reclin'd!

Lo! for thee the balmy breeze
Gently fans the waving trees!
Streams, that whisper through the grove,
Whisper low the voice of love,
Sweetly bubbling wanton sport, 10
Where persuasion holds her court.
  Ye who pass the' enamell'd grove
Through the rustling shade who rove,
Sure my bliss your breast must fire!
Can you see, and not admire?

ODE XXIII.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

If the treasur'd gold could give
Man a longer term to live,
I'd employ my utmost care
Still to keep, and still to spare;
And when death approach'd, would say,
'Take thy fee, and walk away.'
But since riches cannot save
Mortals from the gloomy grave;
Why should I myself deceive,
Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve? 10
Death will surely be my lot,
Whether I am rich or not.
  Give me freely, while I live,
Generous wines; in plenty give
Soothing joys my life to cheer,
Beauty kind, and friends sincere:
Happy! could I ever find
Friends sincere, and beauty kind.

ODE XXIV.

ENJOYMENT.

SINCE I'm born a mortal man,
And my being's but a span:
'Tis a march that I must make;
'Tis a journey I must take:
What is past I know too well;
What is future, who can tell!
Teazing care, then set me free,
What have I to do with thee?
Ere I die, for die I must,
Ere this body turns to dust, 10
Every moment I'll employ
In sweet revelry and joy,
Laugh and sing, and dance and play,
With Lycœus young and gay.

ODE XXV.

WINE BANISHES CARES.

WHEN gay Bacchus cheers my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest:
Griefs that weep, and toils that teaze,
What have I to do with these?
No solicitudes can save
Mortals from the gloomy grave.
Shall I thus myself deceive?
Shall I languish? shall I grieve?

Let us quaff the generous juice;
Bacchus gave it for our use. 10
For when wine transports the breast,
All our cares are lull'd to rest.

ODE XXVI.

THE TRANSPORTS OF WINE.

When gay Bacchus fills my breast,
All my cares are lull'd to rest,
Rich I seem as Lydia's king,
Merry catch or ballad sing;
Ivy-wreaths my temples shade,
Ivy that will never fade:
Thus I sit in mind elate,
Laughing at the farce of state.
Some delight in fighting fields, 10
Nobler transports Bacchus yields:
Fill the bowl—I ever said,
'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

ODE XXVII.

THE PRAISE OF BACCHUS.

Bacchus, Jove's delightful boy,
Generous god of wine and joy,
Still exhilarates my soul
With the raptures of the bowl;

Then with feather'd feet I bound,
Dancing in a festive round:
Then I feel, in sparkling wine,
Transports delicate, divine;
Then the sprightly music warms,
Song delights, and beauty charms: 10
Debonair, and light, and gay,
Thus I dance the hours away.

ODE XXVIII.

FROM THE GUARDIAN.

HIS MISTRESS'S PICTURE.

Best and happiest artisan,
Best of painters, if you can,
With your many-colour'd art
Paint the mistress of my heart.
  Describe the charms you hear from me,
(Her charms you could not paint and see)
And make the absent nymph appear
As if her lovely self were here.
  First draw her easy-flowing hair,
As soft and black as she is fair; 10
And, if your art can rise so high,
Let breathing odours round her fly.
  Beneath the shade of flowing jet,
The ivory forehead smoothly set,
With care the sable brows extend,
And in two arches nicely bend;
That the fair space which lies between
The meeting shade may scarce be seen.

The eye must be uncommon fire,
Sparkle, languish, and desire; 20
The flames, unseen, must yet be felt,
Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
The rosy cheeks must seem to glow
Amidst the white of new-fall'n snow.
Let her lips persuasion wear,
In silence elegantly fair;
As if the blushing rivals strove,
Breathing and inviting love.
Below her chin be sure to deck
With every grace her polish'd neck; 30
While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,
In the swelling bosom meet.
The rest in purple garments veil,
Her body, not her shape conceal.
Enough!——the lovely work is done;
The breathing paint will speak anon.

ODE XXIX.

BATHYLLUS.

Now, illustrious artisan,
Paint the well-proportion'd man;
Once again the tints prepare,
Paint Bathyllus young and fair.
Draw his tresses soft and black,
Flowing graceful down his back,
Auburn be the curl'd extremes,
Glowing like the solar beams;
Let them negligently fall,
Easy, free, and artless all. 10

Let his bright cerulean brow
Grace his forehead white as snow.
Let his eyes, that glow with fire,
Gentlest, mildest love inspire:
Steal from Mars his radiant mien,
Softness from the' Idalian queen;
This with hope the heart to bless,
That with terror to depress.
Next, his cheeks with roses crown,
And the peach's dubious down; 20
And, if art can this bestow,
Let the blush ingenuous glow.
But description would be faint,
Teaching you his lips to paint:
There let fair persuasion dwell,
Let them gently, softly swell,
Seem in sweetest sounds to break
Willing air, and silent speak.
Now you've finish'd high the face,
Draw his ivory neck with grace; 30
All the charms and beauty add,
Such as fair Adonis had.
Let me, next, the bosom see,
And the hands of Mercury;
But I'll not presume to tell,
Artist, you who paint so well,
How the foot should be express'd,
How to finish all the rest.
I the price you ask will give,
For the picture seems to live: 40
Gold's too little, view this piece,
'Tis the pictur'd pride of Greece;
This divine Apollo take,
And from this Bathyllus make.

When to Samos you repair,
Ask for young Bathyllus there,
Finest figure eye e'er saw,
From Bathyllus Phœbus draw.

ODE XXX.

CUPID TAKEN PRISONER.

Late the muses Cupid found,
And with wreaths of roses bound,
Bound him fast, as soon as caught,
And to blooming beauty brought.
Venus, with large ransom strove
To release the god of love.
Vain is ransom, vain is fee,
Love refuses to be free.
Happy in his rosy chain,
Love with beauty will remain.

ODE XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

Indulge me, Stoics, with the bowl,
And let me gratify my soul;
Your precepts to the schools confine,
For I'll be nobly mad with wine.
  Alcmæon and Orestes grew
Quite mad when they their mothers slew:
But I, no man, no mother kill'd,
No blood but that of Bacchus spill'd,

Will prove the virtues of the vine,
And be immensely mad with wine. 10
When Hercules was mad, we know
He grasp'd the Iphitean bow;
The rattling of his quiver spread
Astonishment around, and dread.
Mad Ajax, with his sevenfold shield,
Tremendous stalk'd along the field,
Great Hector's flaming sword he drew,
And hosts of Greeks in fancy slew.
But I with no such fury glow,
No sword I wave, nor bend the bow: 20
My helmet is a flowery crown;
In this bright bowl my cares I'll drown,
And rant in ecstasies divine,
Heroically mad with wine.

ODE XXXII.

THE NUMBER OF HIS MISTRESSES.

When thou can'st fairly number all
The leaves on trees, that fade and fall;
Or count the foaming waves that roar,
Or tell the pebbles on the shore;
Then may'st thou reckon up the names
Of all my beauties, all my flames.
At Athens, flames that still survive,
First count me only thirty-five.
At Corinth next tell o'er the fair,
Tell me a whole battalion there. 10
In Greece the fairest nymphs abound,
And worse than banner'd armies wound.

Count all that make their sweet abodes
At Lesbos, or delightful Rhodes.
Then Carian and Ionian dames,
Write me at least two thousand flames.
  What! think'st thou this too large a sum?
Egypt and Syria are to come.
And Crete, where love his sway maintains,
And o'er a hundred cities reigns. 20
Yet still unnumber'd, still remain
The nymphs of Persia and of Spain,
And Indians, scorch'd by Titan's ray,
Whose charms have burnt my heart away.

ODE XXXIII.

THE SWALLOW.

Lovely swallow, once a year,
Pleas'd you pay your visit here;
When our clime the sun-beams gild,
Here your airy nest you build;
And, when bright days cease to smile,
Fly to Memphis or the Nile:
But, alas! within my breast
Love for ever makes his nest;
There the little Cupids lie,
Some prepare their wings to fly. 10
Some unhatch'd, some form'd in part,
Lie close nestling at my heart,
Chirping loud; their ceaseless noise
All my golden peace destroys:
Some, quite fledg'd and fully grown,
Nurse the younglings as their own;

These, when feather'd, others feed,
And thus propagate their breed.
Dreadful torment I sustain;
What, alas! can ease my pain? 20
The vast flocks of loves that dwell
In my breast, no tongue can tell.

ODE XXXIV.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THOUGH cold winter o'er my brow
Sheds a scatter'd shower of snow,
Waving locks of silver hair;
Fly me not, capricious fair!
Though the spring's enlivening power
Blossoms in your beauty's flower,
Fly me not, nor slight my love;
In this chaplet, lo! are wove
Lucid colours, blending bright
Roses red and lilies white: 10
We, methinks, resemble those;
I the lily, you the rose.

ODE XXXV.

ON THE PICTURE OF EUROPA.

THIS pictur'd bull is mighty Jove,
Who meditates some prank of love;
On his broad back, with pleasing care,
He safely bears the Tyrian fair.

Lo! buoyant on the foaming tide,
He throws the circling winds aside,
Securely steering through the sea:
No other daring bull but he,
Would leave his heifers on the plain,
To tempt the dangers of the main.

ODE XXXVI.

BY DR. BROOME.

LIFE SHOULD BE ENJOYED.

Talk not to me of pedant rules,
I leave debates to learned fools,
Who solemnly in form advise;
At best, impertinently wise.
  To me more pleasing precepts give,
And teach the science—how to live;
To bury in the friendly draught
Sorrows that spring from too much thought;
To learn soft lessons from the fair,
How life may glide exempt from care. 10
  Alas! I'm old—I see my head
With hoary locks by time o'erspread:
Then instant be the goblet brought,
To make me young—at least in thought.
Alas! incessant speeds the day,
When I must mix with common clay;
When I must tread the dismal shore,
And dream of love and wine no more.

ODE XXXVII.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE SPRING.

See! winter's past; the seasons bring
Soft breezes with returning spring;
At whose approach the Graces wear
Fresh honours in their flowing hair;
The raging seas forget to roar,
And, smiling, gently kiss the shore;
The sportive duck, in wanton play,
Now dives, now rises into day;
The cranes from freezing skies repair,
And sailing float to warmer air; 10
The' enlivening suns in glory rise,
And gaily dance along the skies;
The clouds disperse, or, if in showers
They fall, it is to wake the flowers.
See! verdure clothes the teeming earth;
The olive struggles into birth;
The swelling grapes adorn the vine,
And kindly promise future wine:
Bless'd juice! already I in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.

ODE XXXVIII.

ON HIMSELF.

Yes, I'm old, I'm old, 'tis true;
What have I with time to do?
With the young and with the gay,
I can drink as much as they.

Let the jovial band advance,
Still I'm ready for the dance.
What's my sceptre, if you ask?
Lo! I sway a mighty flask.
  Should some mettled blade delight
In the bloody scenes of fight, 10
Let him to this stage ascend,
Still I'm ready to contend—
Mix the grape's rich blood, my page;
We in drinking will engage.
  Yes, I'm old; yet with the gay
I can be as brisk as they;
Like Silenus 'midst his train,
I can dance along the plain.

ODE XXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

When I drain the rosy bowl,
Joy exhilarates my soul:
To the Nine I raise my song,
Ever fair and every young.
  When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counsels, then farewell:
Let the winds that murmur, sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.
  When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay, 10
Leads me to delightful bowers,
Full of fragrance, full of flowers.
  When I quaff the sparkling wine,
And my locks with roses twine;

Then I praise life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.
When I sink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain. 20
When from goblets deep and wide
I exhaust the generous tide,
All my soul unbends—I play
Gamesome with the young and gay.
When the foaming bowl I drain,
Real blessings are my gain;
Blessings which my own I call:
Death is common to us all.

ODE XL.

CUPID WOUNDED.

Once as Cupid, tir'd with play,
On a bed of roses lay,
A rude bee that slipt unseen,
The sweet-breathing buds between,
Stung his finger, cruel chance!
With its little pointed lance.
Straight he fills the air with cries,
Weeps, and sobs, and runs, and flies;
Till the god to Venus came,
Lovely laughter-loving dame; 10
Then he thus began to plain;
'Oh! undone—I die with pain——
Dear mamma, a serpent small,
Which a bee the ploughmen call,

Imp'd with wings, and arm'd with dart,
Oh!—has stung me to the heart.'
  Venus thus replied, and smil'd:
'Dry those tears, for shame! my child;
If a bee can wound so deep,
Causing Cupid thus to weep; 20
Think, O think! what cruel pains
He that's stung by thee sustains.'

ODE XLI.

THE BANQUET OF WINE.

Now let us gaily drink, and join
To celebrate the god of wine,
Bacchus, who taught his jovial throng
The dance, and patroniz'd the song;
In heart, in soul, with love the same,
The favourite of the Cyprian dame.
  Revelry he nam'd his heir;
The Graces are his daughters fair:
Sadness in Lethe's lake he steeps;
Solicitude before him sleeps. 10
  When in large bowls fair boys produce
The heart-exhilarating juice,
Then all our sorrows are resign'd,
They fly and mingle with the wind.
The generous bowl then let us drain,
Dismissing care, forgetting pain:
For life, what pleasure can it give,
If with anxiety we live?
And what hereafter may betide
No living casuist can decide. 20
  The days of man are fix'd by fate,
Dark and obscure, though short the date.

Then let me, warm with wine, advance,
And revel in the tipsy dance;
Or, breathing odours, sport and play
Among the fair, among the gay.
As for those stubborn fools that will
Be wretched, be they wretched still.
But let us gaily drink, and join
To celebrate the god of wine. 30

ODE XLII.

ON HIMSELF.

When Bacchus, jolly god, invites,
In sprightly dance my heart delights;
When with blithe youths I drain the bowl,
The lyre can harmonize my soul:
But when, indulging amorous play,
I frolic with the fair and gay,
With hyacinthine chaplet crown'd,
Then, then the sweetest joys abound;
My honest heart nor envy bears,
Nor envy's poison'd arrows fears; 10
By rankling malice never stung,
I shun the venom-venting tongue,
And at the jovial banquet hate
Contentions, battles, and debate:
When to the lyre's melodious sound
With Phyllis in the dance I bound,
The blooming fair, the silver lyre,
Should only dance and love inspire:
Then let us pass life's peaceful day
In mirth and innocence away. 20

ODE XLIII.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

THEE, sweet grasshopper, we call
Happiest of insects all,
Who from spray to spray can'st skip,
And the dew of morning sip:
Little sips inspire to sing;
Then thou'rt happy as a king.
All, whatever thou canst see,
Herbs and flowers belong to thee;
All the various seasons yield,
All the produce of the field. 10
Thou, quite innocent of harm,
Lov'st the farmer and the farm;
Singing sweet when summer's near,
Thou to all mankind are dear;
Dear to all the tuneful Nine
Seated round the throne divine;
Dear to Phœbus, god of day,
He inspir'd thy sprightly lay,
And with voice melodious bless'd,
And in vivid colours dress'd, 20
Thou from spoil of time art free;
Age can never injure thee.
Wisest daughter of the earth!
Fond of song, and full of mirth;
Free from flesh, exempt from pains,
No blood riots in thy veins;
To the bless'd I equal thee;
Thou'rt a demi-deity.

ODE XLIV.

THE DREAM.

I DREAM'D that late I pinions wore,
And swiftly seem'd through air to soar;
Me fleeter Cupid, quick as thought,
Pursued, and in an instant caught,
Though at his feet hung weights of lead:
'What can this vision mean,' I said?
Its mystic sense I thus explain;
I who erewhile have worn the chain
Of many a fair-one for a day,
Then flung the flowery band away, 10
Am now involv'd and fetter'd fast
In links that will for ever last.

ODE XLV.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

CUPID'S DARTS.

As the god of manual arts
Forg'd at Lemnos missile darts,
Darts of steel for Cupid's bow,
Source of joy, and source of woe:
Venus, fast as Vulcan wrought,
Ting'd them in a honey'd draught;
But her son in bitter gall
Ting'd them, doubly-ting'd them all.
Here, releas'd from war's alarms,
Enters the fierce god of arms; 10

Whether led by will or chance,
Here he shakes his weighty lance.
Cupid's shafts with scornful eyes
Straight he views, and straight decries:
'This is slight, and that a toy,
Fit for children to employ.'
'These (said Cupid) I admit
Toys indeed, for children fit:
But, if I divine aright,
Take it———this is not so slight.' 20
Mars receives it: Venus smiles
At her son's well-season'd wiles.
Mars, with sudden pain possess'd,
Sighs from out his inmost breast:
'Cupid, you aright divine,
Not so slight this shaft of thine;
Small of size! but strong of make!
Take it—I have tried it—take.'
'No; (replied the wanton boy)
Keep it, Mars, 'tis but a toy.'

ODE XLVI.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

Love's a pain that works our woe;
Not to love, is painful too:
But, alas! the greatest pain
Waits the love that meets disdain.
  What avails ingenuous worth,
Sprightly wit, or noble birth?
All these virtues useless prove;
Gold alone engages love.

May he be completely curs'd
Who the sleeping mischief first 10
Wak'd to life; and, vile before,
Stamp'd with worth the sordid ore.
Gold creates in brethren strife;
Gold destroys the parent's life;
Gold produces civil jars,
Murders, massacres, and wars:
But the worst effect of gold,
Love, alas! is bought and sold.

ODE XLVII.

YOUNG OLD-AGE.

Yes, yes, I own, I love to see
Old men facetious, blithe, and free;
I love the youth that light can bound,
Or graceful swim the' harmonious round:
But when old-age, jocose though gray,
Can dance and frolic with the gay;
'Tis plain to all the jovial throng,
Though hoar the head, the heart is young.

ODE XLVIII.

BY DR. BROOME.

GAY LIFE.

Give me Homer's tuneful lyre,
Let the sound my breast inspire!
But with no troublesome delight
Of arms, and heroes slain in fight:

Let it play no conquests here,
Or conquests only o'er the fair!
  Boy, reach that volume—book divine!
The statutes of the god of wine:
He, legislator, statutes draws,
And I, his judge, enforce his laws; 10
And, faithful to the weighty trust,
Compel his votaries to be just.
Thus, round the bowl impartial flies,
Till to the sprightly dance we rise;
We frisk it with a lively bound,
Charm'd with the lyre's harmonious sound;
Then pour forth, with a heat divine,
Rapturous songs that breathe of wine.

ODE XLIX.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

TO A PAINTER.

While you my lyre's soft numbers hear,
Ingenious painter, lend an ear,
And, while it charms your ravish'd heart,
Display the wonders of your art.
  First draw a nation blithe and gay,
Laughing and sporting life away;
Let them in sprightly dances bound,
While their shrill pipes the Bacchæ sound;
And, if you can perfection give,
Bid every breathing figure live:
And then, lest life insipid prove,
To make them happy, bid them love.

ODE L.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

SEE! see! the jolly god appears,
His hand a mighty goblet bears;
With sparkling wine full charg'd it flows,
The sovereign cure of human woes.
  Wine gives a kind release from care,
And courage to subdue the fair;
Instructs the cheerful to advance,
Harmonious in the sprightly dance.
Hail, goblet, rich with generous wines!
See! round the verge a vine-branch twines. 10
See! how the mimic clusters roll,
As ready to refill the bowl.
  Wine keeps its happy patients free
From every painful malady;
Our best physician all the year;
Thus guarded, no disease we fear,
No troublesome disease of mind,
Until another year grows kind,
And loads again the fruitful vine,
And brings again our health—new wine.

ODE LI.

BY ANOTHER HAND.

ON A DISK, REPRESENTING VENUS.

RARE artist, whose inventive skill
Could this orb with wonders fill!
Where the mimic ocean glides
Soft with the well-dissembled tides;

The waves seem floating, and above
Shines the beauteous queen of love:
The workman's fancy mounted high,
And stole the' idea from the sky.
Transporting sight!—the waves conceal
But what 'twere impious to reveal! 10
She, like some flower all-blossom'd gay,
Shines along the smiling way.
The amorous waters, as she swims,
Crowd to embrace her snowy limbs;
Then, proudly swelling to be press'd,
Beneath her snowy fragrant breast,
Ambitiously uprise on high,
And lift the goddess to the sky:
And, while her lucid limbs they lave,
She brightens the transparent wave; 20
So violets enlighten'd glow,
Surrounded by the lily's snow.
  But see! a lovely smiling train,
Conspicuous o'er the limpid main,
The queen attends! in triumph moves
Gay Cupid with his laughing loves.
On dolphins borne, in state they ride,
And beautify the silver tide:
Dancing around in shoals they play,
And humble adoration pay. 30
  Rare art, that life to phantoms gives!
See! see! a second Venus lives.

ODE LII.

BY DR. BROOME.

GRAPES, OR THE VINTAGE.

Io ! the vintage now is done !
And purpled with the' autumnal sun :
The grapes gay youths and virgins bear,
The sweetest product of the year !
In vats the heavenly load they lay,
And swift the damsels trip away :
The youths alone the wine-press tread,
For wine's by skilful drunkards made.
Meantime the mirthful song they raise,
Io ! Bacchus, to thy praise ! 10
And viewing the bless'd juice, in thought
Quaff an imaginary draught.
  Gaily through wine the old advance,
And doubly tremble in the dance :
In fancied youth they chant and play,
Forgetful that their locks are gray.
  Through wine the youth completes his loves ;
He haunts the silence of the groves :
Where, stretch'd beneath the' embowering shade,
He sees some love-inspiring maid ; 20
On beds of rosy sweets she lies,
Inviting sleep to close her eyes :
Fast by her side his limbs he throws,
Her hand he presses—breathes his vows ;
And cries, ' My love, my soul, comply
This instant, or alas ! I die.'
In vain the youth persuasion tries !
In vain !—her tongue at least denies :

Then, scorning death through dull despair,
He storms the' unwilling willing fair; 30
Blessing the grapes that could dispense
The happy, happy impudence.

ODE LIII.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE ROSE.

Come, lyrist, tune thy harp, and play
Responsive to my vocal lay;
Gently touch it, while I sing
The rose, the glory of the spring.
  To heaven the rose in fragrance flies,
The sweetest incense of the skies.
Thee, joy of earth, when vernal hours
Pour forth a blooming waste of flowers,
The gaily-smiling graces wear
A trophy in their flowing hair: 10
Thee Venus, queen of beauty, loves;
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.
  In fabled song, and tuneful lays,
Their favourite rose the Muses praise:
To pluck the rose the virgin train
With blood their pretty fingers stain;
Nor dread the pointed terrors round,
That threaten and inflict a wound:
See! how they wave the charming toy,
Now kiss, now snuff the fragrant joy. 20
  The rose the poets strive to praise,
And for it would exchange their bays;

O! ever to the sprightly feast
Admitted, welcome, pleasing guest!
But chiefly when the goblet flows,
And rosy wreaths adorn our brows!
  Lovely smiling rose, how sweet
All objects where thy beauties meet!
Aurora, with a blushing ray,
And rosy fingers, spreads the day: 30
The graces more enchanting show,
When rosy blushes paint their snow;
And every pleas'd beholder seeks
The rose in Cytherea's cheeks.
  When pain afflicts, or sickness grieves,
Its juice the drooping heart relieves;
And, after death, its odours shed
A pleasing fragrance o'er the dead;
And when its withering charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away; 40
Triumphant o'er the rage of time,
It keeps the fragrance of its prime.
  Come, lyrist, join to sing the birth
Of this sweet offspring of the earth!
  When Venus from the ocean's bed
Rais'd o'er the waves her lovely head;
When warlike Pallas sprung from Jove,
Tremendous to the powers above,
To grace the world the teeming earth
Gave the fragrant infant birth; 50
And, 'This, (she cried) I this ordain
My favourite, queen of flowers to reign.'
  But first, the' assembled gods debate
The future wonder to create:
Agreed at length, from heaven they threw
A drop of rich nectareous dew:

A bramble-stem the drop receives,
And straight the rose adorns the leaves.
  The gods to Bacchus gave the flower,
To grace him in the genial hour.

ODE LIV.

BY DR. BROOME.

GROWN YOUNG.

When sprightly youth my eyes survey,
I too am young, and I am gay;
In dance my active body swims,
And sudden pinions lift my limbs.
  Haste, crown, Cybeba, crown my brows
With garlands of the fragrant rose!
Hence, hoary age!—I now am young,
And dance the mirthful youths among.
  Come then, my friends, the goblet drain!
Bless'd juice!—I feel thee in each vein! 10
See! how with active bounds I spring!
How strong, and yet how sweet I sing!
  How bless'd am I, who thus excel
In pleasing arts of trifling well!

ODE LV.

BY DR. BROOME.

THE MARK.

The stately steed expressive bears
A mark imprinted on his hairs:
The turban, that adorns the brows
Of Asia's sons, the Parthian shows:
And marks betray the lover's heart,
Deeply engrav'd by Cupid's dart:
I plainly read them in his eyes,
That look too foolish, or too wise.

ODE LVI.

BY DR. BROOME.

OLD AGE.

Alas! the powers of life decay!
My hairs are fall'n, or turn'd to gray;
The smiling bloom, and youthful grace,
Is banish'd from my faded face:
Thus man beholds, with weeping eyes,
Himself half dead before he dies.
  For this and for the grave I fear,
And pour the never-ceasing tear:
A dreadful prospect strikes my eye,
I soon must sicken, soon must die. 10

For this the mournful groan I shed,
I dread—alas! the hour I dread!
What eye can stedfastly survey
Death, and its dark tremendous way?
For soon as fate has clos'd our eyes,
Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
All pale, all senseless in the urn!
Never, ah! never to return.

ODE LVII.

THAT WE SHOULD DRINK WITH MODERATION.

Bring hither, boy, a mighty bowl,
And let me quench my thirsty soul;
Fill two parts water, fill it high;
Add one of wine, for I am dry:
Thus let the limpid stream allay
The jolly god's too potent sway.
Quick, boy, dispatch—My friends, no more,
Thus let us drinking rant and roar;
Such clamorous riot better suits
Unpolish'd Scythia's barbarous brutes: 10
Let us, while music tunes the soul,
Mix temperance in the friendly bowl.

ODE LVIII.

THE LOVE DRAUGHT.

As late of flowerets fresh and fair
I wove a chaplet for my hair,
Beneath a rose, gay summer's pride,
The wanton god of love I spied;
I seiz'd him, resolute of soul,
And plung'd him in my flowing bowl,
Resolv'd to have a draught divine,
And fairly swallow'd him in wine:
E'er since his fluttering wings impart
Strange titillations to my heart.

ODE LIX.

TO A SCORNFUL BEAUTY.

Why thus with scornful look you fly,
Wild Thracian filly, tell me why?
Think'st thou that I no skill possess,
And want both courage and address?
Know, that whenever I think fit
To tame thee with a galling bit,
Just where I please, with tighten'd rein,
I'll urge thee round the dusty plain;
Now on the flowery turf you feed,
Or lightly bound along the mead, 10
So wild, so wanton, and untried,
You want some youth to mount and ride.

ODE LX.

EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF STRATOCLES AND MYRILLA.

Venus, fair queen of gods above,
Cupid, thou mighty power of love,
And Hymen bland, by heaven design'd
The fruitful source of human-kind;
To you, as to the lyre I sing,
Flows honour from the sounding string;
Propitious to the numbers prove,
O, Venus, Hymen, god of love.
View, gentle youth, with rapture view
This blooming bride, ordain'd for you: 10
Rise quick, and feast on all her charms,
Lest, like a bird, she fly your arms.
O happy youth! by Venus bless'd,
But happier on Myrilla's breast:
See how the fair-one, sweetly coy,
All soft confusion, meets the joy,
Blooming as health, fresh as May-flowers,
And bright as radiant noon-tide hours.
Of all the flowers upon the plains,
The rose unmatch'd in beauty reigns; 20
Myrilla thus in charms excels,
She shines the rose among the belles.
O may, bless'd youth, the god of day
The pleasing toils of love survey:
And may a beauteous blooming boy
Crown your soft vows with lasting joy!

ODE LXI.

ON GOLD.

When gold, that fugitive unkind,
With pinions swifter than the wind,
Flies from my willing arms away,
(For gold with me will never stay)
With careless eyes his flight I view,
Who would perfidious foes pursue?
When from the glittering mischief free,
What mortal can compare with me?
All my inquietudes of mind
I give to murmur with the wind: 10
Love sweetly tunes my melting lyre
To tender notes of soft desire.
  But when the vagrant finds I burn
With rage, and slight him in his turn,
He comes, my quiet to destroy,
With the mad family of joy:
Adieu to love, and soft desire!
He steals me from my soothing lyre.
  O faithless gold! thou dear deceit!
Say, wilt thou still my fancy cheat? 20
This lute far sweeter transport brings,
More pleasing these love-warbled strings:
For thou with envy and with wiles
Me of my dearest love beguiles,
Dashing the cup of sweet desire,
And robb'st me of my golden lyre:
Then, for with me thou wilt not stay,
To faithless Phrygians speed'st away,

Proud and assiduous to please
Those sons of perfidy and ease. 30
  Me from the muse thou would'st detain,
But all thy tempting arts are vain;
Ne'er shall my voice forget to sing,
Nor this right hand to touch the string:
Away to other climes! Farewell!——
Leave me to tune the vocal shell.

ODE LXII.

ON THE SPRING.

What bright joy can this exceed,
This of roving o'er the mead?
Where the hand of Flora pours,
Sweetest, voluntary flow'rs:
Where the zephyr's balmy gale
Wantons in the lovely vale.
O! how pleasing to recline
Underneath the spreading vine,
In the close concealment laid
With a love-inspiring maid! 10
Fair, and sweet, and young, and gay,
Chatting all the live-long day.

ODE LXIII.

TO CUPID.

Mighty god of flames and darts,
Great controller of all hearts;
With thee Venus, lovely fair,
Venus with the golden hair,
And the bright-eyed Dryads play,
Nymphs that on the mountains stray:
Come, propitious to my vow,
Leave the mountain's rugged brow:
Quick descend into the plain,
Where the object of my pain, 10
Sweet Eurypyle, imparts
Anxious hopes to youthful hearts;
Melt to love the yielding fair,
Teach her not to give despair:
Thou my passion must approve,
Melt the yielding fair to love.

ODE LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Idalian god, with golden hair,
O Cupid! ever young and fair,
Fly to my aid, and safely shroud
Me in a purple-beaming cloud,

And on thy painted wings convey
A faithful lover on his way.
Thy blandishments disturb my rest,
And kindle tumults in my breast;
The pleasing poison was convey'd
Late from the lovely Lesbian maid; 10
Her sun-bright eye discharg'd a dart,
That rankling preys upon my heart:
In sparkling wit beyond compare,
She slights, alas! my silver hair,
Regardless of my heartfelt pain,
And fondly loves some happier swain.

ODE LXV.

ON HIMSELF.

I LATELY thought, delightful theme!
Anacreon saw me in a dream,
The Teian sage, the honey'd bard,
Who call'd me with a sweet regard;
I, pleas'd to meet him, ran in haste,
And with a friendly kiss embrac'd.
'Tis true, he seem'd a little old,
But gay and comely to behold;
Still bow'd to Cytherea's shrine,
His lip was redolent of wine: 10
He reel'd as if he scarce could stand,
But Cupid led him by the hand.
The poet, with a gentle look,
A chaplet from his temples took,
That did of sweet Anacreon breathe,
And smiling gave to me the wreath.

I from his brow the flowery crown
Receiv'd, and plac'd it on my own:
Thence all my woes unnumber'd flow,
E'er since with raging love I glow. 20

ODE LXVI.

BY DR. BROOME.

ON APOLLO.

Once more, not uninspir'd, the string
I waken, and spontaneous sing:
No Pythic laurel-wreath I claim,
That lifts ambition into fame:
My voice unbidden tunes the lay;
Some god impels and I obey.
Attend, ye groves! the muse prepares
A sacred song in Phrygian airs;
Such as the swan expiring sings,
Melodious, by Cayster's springs, 10
Where listening winds in silence hear,
And to the gods the music bear.
  Celestial muse! attend and bring
Thy aid, while I thy Phœbus sing;
To Phœbus and the muse belong
The laurel, lyre, and Delphic song.
  Begin, begin the lofty strain!
How Phœbus lov'd, but lov'd in vain!
How Daphne fled his guilty flame,
And scorn'd a god that offer'd shame. 20
With glorious pride his vows she hears,
And heaven, indulgent to her prayers,

To laurel chang'd the nymphs, and gave
Her foliage to reward the brave.
  Ah! how, on wings of love convey'd,
He flew to clasp the panting maid!
Now, now o'ertakes! but heaven deceives
His hope—he seizes only leaves.
  Why burns my raptur'd breast? ah! why?
Ah! whither strives my soul to fly? 30
I feel the pleasing frenzy strong,
Impulsive to some nobler song:
Let, let the wanton fancy play,
But guide it, lest it devious stray.
  But, O! in vain—my muse denies
Her aid, a slave to lovely eyes;
Suffice it to rehearse the pains
Of bleeding nymphs and dying swains;
Nor dare to wield the shafts of love
That wound the gods, and conquer Jove. 40
  I yield! Adieu the lofty strain!
Anacreon is himself again:
Again the melting song I play,
Attemper'd to the vocal lay.
See! see! how, with attentive ears,
The youths imbibe the nectar'd airs!
And quaff, in bowery shades reclin'd,
My precepts, to regale the mind.

ODE LXVII.

ON LOVE.

To love I wake the silver string,
And of his soft dominion sing:
A wreath of flowers adorns his brow,
The sweetest, fairest flowers that blow:
All mortals own his mighty sway,
And him the gods above obey.

ODE LXVIII.

THE SUPPLICATION.

Queen of the woodland-chase, whose darts
Unerring pierce the mountain-harts,
Diana chaste, Jove's daughter fair,
Suppliant to thee I breathe my prayer.
Descend, propitious to my vow,
To where the streams of Lethe flow:
In pity aid a hapless race,
Bright goddess of the woodland chase;
With holy awe they own thy sway,
And meek in reverence obey.

ODE LXIX.

ARTEMON.

A FRAGMENT.

Now Artemon, a favourite name,
Inspires Eurypyle with flame :
An upstart of ignoble blood,
Who plodded late in shoes of wood;
And round his waist, instead of vest,
Wore a cow's stinking hide undress'd,
Which might, on fit occasion, yield
Rank covering for a rotten shield.
This wretch, with other wretches vile,
Liv'd hard by drudgery and toil; 10
Oft sentenc'd cruel pains to feel
At whipping-post, or racking-wheel :
But now, conspicuous from afar,
He rides triumphant in his car ;
With golden pendants in his ears,
Aloft the silken reins he bears,
Proud, and effeminately gay :
His slaves an ivory skreen display,
To guard him from the solar ray.

ODE LXX.

TO HIS BOY.

Boy, while here I sit supine,
Bring me water, bring me wine;
Bring me, to adorn my brow,
Wreaths of flowers that sweetly blow:
Love invites——O! let me prove
The joys of wine, the sweets of love!

THE

EPIGRAMS OF ANACREON.

EPIGRAM I.

ON TIMOCRITUS.

THE tomb of great Timocritus behold!
Mars spares the base, but slays the brave and bold.

EPIGRAM II.

ON AGATHON.

FOR Agathon, in fighting fields renown'd,
Abdera mourns his funeral pile around;
For him she mingles tears with bright applause,
Who nobly suffer'd in his country's cause;
No youth so brave, unknowing how to yield,
E'er perish'd in the thunder of the field.

EPIGRAM III.

ON THE SON OF CLEENOR.

THEE, Cleënorides, the bold, the brave,
Stern Neptune sunk beneath the whelming wave:
Thy country's love so nobly fill'd thy mind,
Thou dar'dst to trust, too credulous, the wind:
The fair, though faithless, season urg'd thy doom,
And wrapp'd thy beauties in a watery tomb.

EPIGRAM IV.

ON A PICTURE REPRESENTING THREE BACCHÆ.

First, Heliconias with a Thyrsus pass'd,
Xanthippe next, and Glauca is the last;
Lo! dancing down the mountains they repair,
And grateful gifts to jolly Bacchus bear;
Wreaths of the rustling ivy for his head,
With grapes delicious, and a kid well fed.

EPIGRAM V.

ON MYRON'S COW.

Feed, gentle swain, thy cattle far away,
Lest they too near the cow of Myron stray,
And thou, if chance fallacious judgment err'd,
Drive home the breathing statue with the herd.

EPIGRAM VI.

ON THE SAME.

This heifer is not cast, but rolling years
Harden'd the life to what it now appears:
Myron unjustly would the honour claim,
But nature has prevented him in fame.

The following Epigrams were collected by Barnes, and first added to his Edition of our Poet: the first five on the authority of a Manuscript Anthologia at Paris; the rest on the credit of a Heidelberg Manuscript.

EPIGRAM VII.

ON COMPANY.

I NE'ER can think his conversation good,
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;
But his whose wit the pleasing talk refines,
And lovely Venus with the Graces joins.

EPIGRAM VIII.

A DEDICATION TO JUPITER, IN THE NAME OF PHIDOLA.

PHIDOLA, as a monument of speed,
This mare, at Corinth bred, to Jove decreed.

EPIGRAM IX.

TO APOLLO IN THE NAME OF NAUCRATES.

GOD of the silver bow, and golden hair,
Hear Naucrates's vows, and grant his prayer!

EPIGRAM X.

ANOTHER DEDICATION.

LYCÆUS' son, Praxagoras, bestow'd
This marble statue to his guardian god:
View well the whole—what artist can surpass
The finish'd work of Anaxagoras?

EPIGRAM XI.

ANOTHER.

MINERVA's grove contains the favour'd shield,
That guarded Python in the bloody field.

EPIGRAM XII.

ANOTHER. BY LEOCRATES.

WHEN Hermes' bust, Leocrates, you rais'd,
The Graces bland the beauteous image prais'd;
The joyful academe extoll'd your name;
The speaking bust shall eternize your fame.

EPIGRAM XIII.

ON THE SON OF ARISTOCLES.

To Aristochides, the best of friends,
This honorary verse the muse commends:
Bold and adventurous in the martial strife,
He sav'd his country; but he lost his life.

EPIGRAM XIV.

PRAXIDICE this flowery mantle made,
Which fair Dyseris first design'd;
Mark how the lovely damsels have display'd
A pleasing unity of mind.

EPIGRAM XV.

UNDER A STATUE.

CALLITELES first fix'd me on this base,
Fair rising to the view:
His sons gave ornament and grace;
To them your thanks are due.

EPIGRAM XVI.

ANOTHER.

THIS trophy Areiphilus' son
To Bacchus consecrates, for battles won.

EPIGRAM XVII.

ANOTHER.

THESSALIA'S monarch, Echecratides,
Has fix'd me on this base,
Bacchus, the jolly god of wine, to please,
And give the city grace.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

To Mercury your orisons address,
That Timonactes meet with wish'd success,
Who fix'd these porticoes, my sweet abode,
And plac'd me sacred to the herald-god.
All who the bright-eyed sciences revere,
Strangers and citizens, are welcome here.

EPIGRAM XIX.

Great Sophocles, for tragic story prais'd,
These altars to the gods immortal rais'd.

EPIGRAM XX.

O Mercury! for honours paid to thee
May Tlæas live in calm security;
Years of serenest pleasure may he gain,
And o'er the' Athenian race a long and happy reign!

NOTES ON THE ODES.

ODE I.

This Ode is, with great reason and propriety, placed at the head of these beautiful little poems: for love, the argument, is in a good measure the argument of all the rest.—The invention of it has been esteemed so happy and gallant, and the turn so delicate, that the best masters of antiquity have copied this excellent original. Horace had it in view, Ode 12. Book 2.

Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
Nec dirum Hannibalem, nec Siculum mare,
Pæno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
Aptari citharæ modis.

Dire Hannibal, the Roman dread,
Numantian wars which rag'd so long,
And seas with Punic slaughter red,
Suit not the softer lyric song.
Lord Chief Baron Gilbert.

Ovid has imitated it in several of his elegies. In the following distich he seems to have comprehended the substance of the whole Ode. *Eleg.* 12. *Book* 3.

Cum Thebæ, cùm Troja forent, cùm Cæsaris acta ;
Ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.

Though Thebes and Troy remain, and Cæsar's praise,
Illustrious themes that might my fancy raise,
Corinna only can inspire my lays.

Bion of Smyrna has beautifully imitated this Ode at the end of the fourth Idyllium.

Ην μεν γαρ βροτον αλλον η αθανατον τινα μελπω,
Καμβαινει μευ γλοσσα, και ὡς παρος ουκ ετ' ανειδει.
Ην δ' αυτ' ες τον Ερωτα και ες Λυκιδαν τι μελισδω,
Και τοκα μοι σχαιροισα δια ςοματος ῥεει ωδα.

To praise a hero, when I strike the lyre,
Or nobly daring to some god aspire,
In strains more languid flows the nerveless song,
The faltering accents die upon my tongue:
But when with love or Lycidas I glow,
Smooth are my lays, the numbers sweetly flow.

Ver. 3. Agamemnon and Menelaus, the chief commanders at the siege of Troy. By the Atridæ the poet means the Trojan, and by Cadmus the Theban war.

Ver. 9. M. Dacier judiciously observes, in his notes on the twenty-sixth Ode of the first book of Horace, that the poets, when they would celebrate any extraordinary subject, were wont to say they had new-strung their lyre.

——Hunc fidibus novis,
Hunc Lesbio sacrare plectro,
Teque tuasque decet sorores.

To sound his praise, O muse, is thine,
In concert with the tuneful Nine,
On the fam'd Lesbian lyre new-strung,
In numbers sweet, as old Alcæus sung.

Ver. 14. The Greek word, αντεφωνην, is very strong and expressive, and means, 'to return a contrary sound.' To understand this passage clearly, we must imagine that Anacreon is singing and playing upon the lyre; which, instead of answering to his voice in heroic numbers, returned only the sounds of love. Tibullus has a similar expression, Eleg. 4. Book 3.

Tunc ego nec citharâ poteram gaudere sonorâ,
Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos.

No more I tun'd the loud resounding string,
Nor to the lyre's sweet melody could sing.

Ver. 15.

——Heroum clara valete
Nomina, non apta est gratia vestra mihi.
Ovid, Eleg. 1. lib. 2.

Ye heroes of immortal fame, adieu!
Ill suits the warbling of my lyre with you.

ODE II.

Phocylides has copied great part of this Ode in his admonitory poem:

Οπλον ἑκαςω νειμε Θεος φυσιν· ηεροφοιτον
Ορνισι μεν πολλην ταχυΐηΐ', αλκην τε λεοσι,
Ταυροις δ' αυτοχυτοις κεραεσσιν, κενΐρα μελισσαις
Εμφυΐον αλκαρ εδωκε' λογος δ' ερυμ' ανθρωποισι.

Arms to all creatures God's abundant care
Affords; light pinions to the birds of air;
The lordly lion boasts his matchless might;
The bull's bright horns are terrible in fight;
The sting sharp-pointed is the bee's defence;
The shield and buckler of mankind is sense.

Ver. 10. The Greek word φρονημα generally

signifies *prudence;* and so Stephens has translated it: but as it would be highly absurd to suppose that nature had forgot that useful ingredient in the composition of the ladies, we must look out for another interpretation. Φρονημα equally signifies magnanimity. It is similar to an expression of Tully, in Off. 1. 19.—'*Elatio et magnitudo animi:*' and as Mr. John Addison, in his note on this passage, observes, 'By courage, when applied to man, is properly meant that superiority of mind, which is man's peculiar characteristic and charter of dominion.'

Ver. 14. Coluthus, in his poem on the Rape of Helen, has the same thought, speaking of Venus:

Μουνη Κυπρις αναλκις ειν Θεος. ου βασιληων
Κοιρανιην, ουδ' εγχος αρηιον, ου δελος ἑλκω·
Αλλα τι δειμαινω περιωσιον; αντι μεν αιχμης,
Ὡς Θοον εγχος εχουσα μιλιφρονα δεσμον ερωτων.

Of all the gods, no regal sway I bear,
Nor, weak and timid, wield the martial spear;
Yet great my power, for my resistless darts
Are smiles and loves that triumph over hearts.

And a little further,

Εργα μοθων ουκ οιδα· τι γαρ σακεων Αφροδιτη:
Αγλαιη πολυ μαλλον αριζευουσι γυναικες.

No fights I know, averse to war's alarms;
Idalian Venus has no need of arms:
The fair are irresistible in charms.

Nonnus introduces Venus speaking after the same manner:

Εγχος εμον πελε καλλος, εμον ξιφος επλε το μορφη.

Resistless beauty for a sword I wear,
And charms more piercing than the pointed spear.

The Romans were so fully convinced of the power of beauty, that the word *fortis*, strong or valiant, signifies likewise fair or handsome; as appears by two passages in Plautus. *Bacchid.* Act 2. Sc. 2. 38. *Sed Bacchis etiam tibi fortis visa est? Et Miles Glor.* Act. 4. Sc. 3. 13. *Ecquid fortis visa est?*

ODE III.

This, as Longepierre observes, is one of the most beautiful of Anacreon's Odes. Nothing can be more ingenious than the fiction, which is something similar to the fable of the Serpent and the Labourer.

Ver. 4. Two constellations near the northern pole. Boötes is also called Arctophylax, or the Bear-keeper. Aratus, in his Phenomena, has three lines perfectly similar to this passage of Anacreon.

Εξοπιθεν δ' Ελικης φερεται ελαονι εοικως
Αρκτοφυλαξ, τον ῥ ανδρες επικλειουσι Βοωτην,
Ουνεχ' ἁμαξαιης ἐπαφωμενος ειδεται Αρκτῳ.

Behind, and seeming to urge on the Bear,
Arctophylax, on earth Boötes nam'd,
Sheds o'er the arctic car his silver light.

Ver. 40. The ancients placed the seat of love in the liver, as might be proved from several passages.

Cum tibi fervens amor et libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Saviet circa jecur ulcerosum.

Hor. B. 1. Ode 2.

And burning love and loathsome lust,
Such as the madding fillies fires,
Still in thy canker'd liver rage.

Duncombe.

Theocritus, Idyll. 11. ver. 16.

—το οἱ ἡπαῖι παξε βελεμνον.

She in his liver fix'd a dart.

And in the thirteenth Idyl. ver 72, speaking of Hercules, he says,

——Χαλεπος γαρ εσω ϑεος ἡπαρ αμυσσεν.

For in his liver love had fix'd a wound.

There is an epigram in the seventh book of the Anthologia, to the same purpose.

Αηξον, Ερος, κραδιης τε και ἡπαῖος. ει δ' ἐπιθυμεις
Βαλλειν, αλλο τι μϑ των μειλεων μεῖαϑα.

Cease, love, to wound my liver and my heart:
If I must suffer, choose some other part.

ODE IV.

Ver. 2. Madame Dacier observes, that the ancients, by way of indulgence, used to repose themselves on large heaps of fragrant herbs, leaves, and flowers.

Ver. 7. Seneca, in his Hercules Furens, Act 1. Scene 2. Ver. 177. has the same sentiment.

——*Properat cursu*
Vita citato, volucrique die
Rota præcipitis vertitur anni.

With rapid motion, never at a stay,
Life swiftly posts along, and, day by day,
The year's great wheel incessant rolls away.

Ver. 14. Anthologia, Book 7.

Εν ζωοισι τα τερπνα τα Κυπριδος εν δ' Αχερονλι
Οςεα και σποδιη, παρθενε, κεισομεθα.

Phillis, while living, let us life employ
In the soft transports of Idalian joy:
For when we die, (and die, alas! we must)
All that remains is ashes, bones, or dust.

Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

Hor.

But to the dreary realms below
Who sink, must no return for ever know!
Enroll'd among the mighty dead,
Our body will be dust, our soul a shade.

Duncombe.

There are two epigrams in the second book of the Anthologia, very similar to this passage of Anacreon:

Και πινε, και τερπνυ, Δημοκρατες· υ γαρ ες αει
Πιομεθ', υδ αιει τερψιος ἑξομεθα.
Και ςεφανυς κεφαλος πυκασωμεθα, και μυρισωμεν
Αυτυς, πριν τυμβοις ταυτα φερειν ἑτερυς.
Νυν εν εμοι πιετω μεθυ το πλεον οςεα τἆμα.
Νεκρα δε Δευκαλιων αυτα κατακλυσατω..

Drink and rejoice; for let us wisely think,
My friend, we must not always laugh and drink:
Our heads we'll crown with flowers and rich perfumes
Before the'yre vainly lavish'd on our tombs.
Cares and anxieties I now resign,
Or drown them in a mighty bowl of wine.
When dead, Deucalion may, if he thinks good,
Drench my cold carcase in a wat'ry flood.

Με μυρα, μη ςεφανυς λιθιναις ςηλαισι χαριζυ,
Μηδε το πυρ φλεξης· εις κενον ἡ δαπαγη.
Ζωντι μοι, ειτ: θελεις χαριςαι.

On the cold tombs no fragrant unguents shed,
No flowery chaplets unavailing spread,
Nor kindle living lamps to light the dead.
Vain are these honours; rather while I live,
To me the sweet, the rich oblation give.

Of these customs of the ancients of pouring sweet unguents on the tombs of the dead, and crowning them with flowers, &c. see Potter's Antiquities.

Ver. 22. The ancients believed, that the happy souls in the Elysian fields enjoyed those pleasures which they most delighted in when living. Thus Virgil,

Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, et carmina dicunt.

Those raise the song divine, and these advance
In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance.

Pitt.

Tibullus, Book 1. Eleg. 3.

Sed me, quod facilis tenero sum semper amori,
Ipsa Venus campos ducet in Elysios:
Hic choreæ, cantus vigent, &c.

Then love my ghost (for love I still obey'd)
Will grateful usher to the' Elysian shade:
There joy and ceaseless revelry prevail,
There soothing music floats on every gale;
There painted warblers hop from spray to spray,
And, wildly-pleasing, swell the general lay:
There every hedge, untaught, with cassia blooms,
And scents the ambient air with rich perfumes:
There every mead a various plenty yields;
There lavish Flora paints the purple fields:

With ceaseless light a brighter Phœbus glows,
No sickness tortures, and no ocean flows:
But youths associate with the gentle fair,
And, stung with pleasure, to the shades repair:
With them love wanders wheresoe'er they stray,
Provokes to rapture, and inflames the play;
But chief the constant few, by death betray'd,
Reign, crown'd with myrtle, monarchs of the shade.

Grainger.

I hope the reader will not think this quotation tedious, as the passage is admirably translated, and contains a beautiful description of Elysium.

ODE V.

The Grecians esteemed the rose more than any other flower, and admitted it to all their entertainments, of which there needs no other proof than this Ode of Anacreon, and likewise the fifty-third, where he praises this beautiful flower with the greatest address and delicacy. The Romans equally valued it. Horace says,

Huc vina et unguenta, et nimiùm breves
Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ.

Here wine, and oil, and roses bring,
Too short-liv'd daughters of the spring.

Duncombe.

His complaint of the shortness of the rose's duration is an artful and delicate manner of praising that flower.

Ver. 5. The ancients used wreaths of flowers, and perfumes, at their entertainments, not only for pleasure, but because they imagined that odours prevented the wine from intoxicating them.

ODE VI.

This Ode, in the original, bears the same title as the former, Εις ροδον, 'On the Rose.' But, as it is universally agreed to be a mistake of the copyists, the editors of Anacreon have given it various appellations. Barnes calls it Κωμος, which he translates *Festivitas amatoria*, 'The Festival of Love.' Dr. Trapp entitles it Συμποσιον, *Convivium*, 'The Banquet.' Madame Dacier would have it called 'The Masquerade:' but I agree with Longepierre, who thinks it ought to be styled 'The Party of Pleasure.'

Ver. 4. The thyrsus was a spear enriched with wreaths of ivy, and sometimes of vine-leaves. It was used as a weapon by those who attended the revels of Bacchus.

Ver. 10. Mr. Longepierre quotes a most beautiful epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, near the end, similar to this passage; which, I think, cannot have justice done it in an English translation:

Κυρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθησπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις·
Νεκταρ ην το φιλημα· το γαρ ςομα νεκταρος επνει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

Phyllis the gay, in robe of beauty dress'd,
Late on my lips a humid kiss impress'd;
The kiss was nectar which the fair bestow'd,
For in her amorous breath a gale of nectar flow'd.
What love, ye gods! what raptures in her kiss!
My soul was drunk with ecstasy of bliss.

Ver. 12. Προχεων λιγειαν ομφην 'pouring a liquid sound.' The expression is very delicate. Horace has something like it, Ode 24. B. 1.

Cui liquidam pater vocem cum cithârâ dedit.

Who shar'st from Jove the melting voice and lyre.
Duncombe.

Ver. 14. The ancient poets always represented Bacchus young and beautiful. So Ovid, Metam. book 4. ver. 17.

——Tibi enim inconsumpta juventas,
Tu puer æternus, tu formosissimus alto
Conspiceris cœlo: tibi, cùm sine cornibus adstas,
Virgineum caput est——

To thee eternity of youth is giv'n;
Unrivall'd in thy bloom thou shin'st in heav'n:
Conceal thy horns, and every charming grace
Of virgin beauty brightens in thy face.

ODE VII.

Ver. 2. Madame Dacier and Barnes thought ὑακινθινη might signify the colour of the wand or rod; but as the hyacinth is no where described to be of any colour, the interpretation will not hold good. The thought is poetical, and worthy of Anacreon, to suppose Cupid's wand adorned with little wreaths of that delicate flower tied round it. Or perhaps, by ὑακινθινη ῥαβδω, the poet meant only a single hyacinth; for ῥαβδος may signify the stalk or stem of a flower: and then the moral of this charming Ode will latently inculcate the irresistible force of love, in whose hands a flower is as powerful as his bow and arrows that are tipped with fire.

A late right reverend author, much admired for the elegance of his writings, seems to have had an eye to this Ode when he composed the following lines on a fan:

Flavia the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ:
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of small force in love;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motions so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow:
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a flame.

Ver. 8. His being stung by a serpent, as Madame Dacier observes, was to punish his insensibility, and to show that love, if he would submit to his dominion, would take him under his protection.

ODE VIII.

Ver. 8. Lyæus was a name given to Bacchus. It is derived from the word λυειν, to loose or free, because wine frees the mind from anxieties.

Ver. 15. Madame Dacier commends the delicacy and beauty of this Ode, though in her translation all the spirit evaporates. The two last lines

Μεμονωμενος δ' ὁ τλημων Παλιν ηθελον καθηυδην,

Thus miserably left alone, I wish'd to sleep again;

she has rendered thus: 'Etant donc tout triste de me voir ainsi demeurè seul, je ne trouvai point de meilleure consolation, que de me remettre à dormir.' There are some beautiful lines in Ovid's Epistle of Sappho to Phaon, as Mr. Pope has taught her to speak, which will elucidate this passage of Anacreon.

O night! more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,

And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
But when with day the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes, to dream of you again.

ODE IX.

Faber says of this Ode, that it does not seem to be the work of one man only, but that the Graces joined in concert with the Muses to finish this beautiful little piece.

To understand it properly, we must remember, that it was a custom among the ancients, when they undertook long journeys, and were desirous of sending back any news with uncommon expedition, to take tame pigeons along with them. When they thought proper to write to their friends, they let one of these birds loose, with letters fastened to its neck: the bird, once released, would never cease its flight till it arrived at its nest and young ones. The same custom still obtains among the Turks, and in several eastern countries. Longepierre has a quotation from Ælian, book 6. chap. 7. which proves that the crow, Κορωνη, was sometimes employed in this office. The passage may be thus translated: 'In Egypt, near the lake Myris, the natives show the monument of a crow, of which they give the following account: that it was brought up by one of their kings called Marrhes, whose epistles it carried, wheresoever he pleased, with greater expedition than the swiftest of his messengers: that, when he gave his orders, it immediately understood which way to direct its flight, through what country to

pass, and where to stop. To recompense these services, when it died, Marrhes honoured it with a monument and an epitaph.'

Ver. 6. 'The Greeks perfumed their birds, as we perfume our lap-dogs.' *Madame Dacier.*

Ver. 12. Bathyllus was a young Samian of great beauty, and admired by Anacreon. See Ode 29th. Horace has taken notice of this passion:

Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teium,
Qui persæpe cavâ testudine flevit amorem,
Non elaboratum ad pedem.

Epod. 14.

Such was the fate Anacreon prov'd,
So fondly he Bathyllus lov'd,
Accustom'd his complaints to suit
In easy measures to the lute. *Duncombe.*

This youth was also a favourite of Polycrates, who erected a statue to him that represented Apollo playing upon the lyre.

Ver. 15, 16. The poet could not pay himself a more delicate compliment, than by saying that Venus, the mother of the Graces, was glad to purchase a little hymn of his composing at the price of one of her favourite doves. This passage is a proof, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods; which are all lost, except, perhaps, part of the 50th and 52d Odes to Bacchus, the 58th to Cupid, the 60th to Diana, and the 64th to Apollo. The 62d Ode is also a hymeneal hymn.

Ver. 35. The dove praises the liberality of his master for admitting him to drink of the same wine as himself; which was an indulgence the ancients never allowed to any but their favourites. Thus

Homer introduces Achilles entertaining Ajax, Ulysses, and Phœnix, Iliad 9. ver. 202.

With that the chiefs beneath his roof he led,
And plac'd in seats with purple carpets spread.
Then thus—' Patroclus, crown a larger bowl,
Mix purer wine, and open every soul.
Of all the warriors yonder host can send,
Thy friend most honours these, and these thy friend.'

Pope.

ODE X.

The commentators observe, that Anacreon makes this young countryman speak in the Doric dialect, which was the most rustic; to ridicule the unpoliteness of a person who could be so insensible of the charms of love, as to wish to part with his images.

Ver. 11. In the Greek, the price offered is a drachm, an Attic coin, value about seven-pence halfpenny English.

Ver. 16. Barnes observes, that it was usual for the ancient heathens to treat the images of their gods well or ill, just as they fancied they had been used by them. The modern Indians chastise their idols with scourges, whenever any calamity befals them. There is a passage in the seventh Idyllium of Theocritus, similar to this of our poet; where a person, after having made his supplication to the god Pan, pleasantly enough threatens him:

Ει δ' αλλως νευσαις, καΐα μεν χροα παντ' ονυχεσσι
Δακνομενος κνασαιο, κ. τ. λ.

But may'st thou, if thou dar'st my boon deny,
Torn by fell claws on beds of nettles lie;
All the cold winter freeze beneath the pole,
Where Heber's waves down Edon's mountains roll;
And in the scorching heats of summer glow,
Where under Blemyan rocks Nile's boiling waters flow.

ODE XI.

That natural facility of thought, and that sweet simplicity of expression, which are so deservedly admired in the writings of Anacreon, abound in the original of this beautiful Ode. Horace gives us his true character, when he tells us he wrote, '*non elaboratum ad pedem*,' in unlaboured verse; verse that flows with so much ease, that it seems to have cost him no care or trouble. He played upon his lyre, and the numbers came; therefore he says of him in another place:

> *Nec, si quid olim lusit Anacreon,*
> *Delevit ætas* ———
>
> Hor. lib. 4. Od. 9.

> ——— And blithe Anacreon's sportive lay
> Still lives, in spite of time's destructive sway.
>
> *Duncombe.*

We have an imitation of this Ode in an epigram of Paulus, in the 47th chapter of the 2d book of the Anthologia.

> [illegible] γυναικες αποσκωπτουσι, λεγουσες
> [illegible] τοπιρον ὁραν λειψανον ἡλικιης,
> [illegible] λευκα, [illegible]ορεω τριχας, ειτε μελαινας,
> [illegible] βοστρυχας τεκνα εφχομενος
> [illegible] ροισι, κα[illegible] υπ[illegible]υλοις σεφανοισι,
> [illegible] ψυχοποιους αχγαλεας.

> To [illegible] girls in [illegible] ay,
> 'Here [illegible] v[illegible] ing [illegible] survey:'
> Just on [illegible] [illegible] equ[illegible] quite,
> Whether my [illegible] [illegible], or silver white;
> Roses a[illegible] [illegible] brows I'll twine,
> And dissipate an[illegible] [illegible] wine.

Ver. 6. The hair was always esteemed by the ancients the principal ornament of beauty. Apu-

leius has this remarkable passage in the second book of his Milesiacks: 'Even Venus herself, if she was destitute of hair, though surrounded by the Graces and Loves, would not have charms to please her own husband Vulcan.' Longepierre quotes a passage from Petronius, where Eumolpus calls the hair the chief grace of beauty:

Quod summum formæ decus, cecidere capilli,
Vernantesque comas tristis abegit hyems.
Nunc umbrâ nudata suâ jam tempora mœrent,
Areaque attritis nidet adusta pilis.
O fallax natura deûm! quæ prima dèdisti
Ætati nostræ gaudia, prima rapis.
Infelix modo crinibus nitebas
Phœbo pulchrior, et sorore Phœbi:
At nunc lævior ære, vel rotundo
Horti tubere, quod creavit unda,
Ridentes fugis et times puellas.
Ut mortem citius venire credas,
Scito jam capitis perisse partem.

Fall'n is thy hair, for woeful winter hoar
Has stol'n thy bloom, and beauty is no more;
Thy temples mourn their shady honours shorn,
Parch'd like the fallow, destitute of corn.
Fallacious gods! whose blessings can betray;
What first ye give us, first ye take away.
Thou, late exulting in thy golden hair,
As bright as Phœbus, or as Cynthia fair,
Now view'st, alas! thy forehead smooth and plain
As the round fungus, daughter of the rain;
Smooth as the surface of well-polish'd brass,
And fly'st with fear each laughter-loving lass.
Death hastes amain; thy wretched fate deplore;
Fall'n is thy hair, and beauty is no more.

ODE XII.

Ver. 6. The poet very judiciously endeavours to terrify the swallow with the mention of Tereus,

whose palace, as the ancients have remarked, was carefully avoided by those birds. Pliny says, '*Arx Regum Thraciæ, à Terei nefasto crimine invisa Hirundinibus.*' See also Solinus. From this passage of Anacreon it should seem, that Philomela was changed into a swallow, and not Progne, as Ovid, and others, have asserted.

Ver. 10. Madam Dacier says, that this passage, and another in the eighth Ode——

> Intent on love, I strive to greet
> The gamesome girls with kisses sweet;
> And, as on pleasure's brink I seem,
> Wake, and behold! 'tis all a dream—

undoubtedly furnished Horace with that beautiful sentiment in the first Ode of the fourth book:

> *Nocturnis te ego somniis*
> *Jam captum teneo; jam volucrem sequor*
> *Te per gramina Martii*
> *Campi, te per aquas, dure volubiles.*

Which Mr. Pope has admirably imitated:

> Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
> Absent I follow through the' extended dream;
> Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms,
> And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;
> And swiftly shoot along the mall,
> Or softly glide by the canal,
> Now shorn by Cynthia's silver ray,
> And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Argentarius imitates this passage in an epigram, in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins,

> Ὄρνι, τι μοι φιλον ὕπνον αφηρπασας; ἡδυ δε Πυῤῥης
> Ἐιδωλον κοιτης ῳχετ' αποπταμενον.

Invidious swallow, with thy horrid scream
Why hast thou wak'd me from so sweet a dream?
Stunn'd by thy noise, fair Pyrrha, like the wind,
Flew from my arms, just yielding to be kind.

Agathias has also imitated it in an epigram, in the seventh book of the Anthologia.

Πασην εγω την νυκτα κινυρομαι· ευτε δ' επελθη
Ορθρος, ελιγγυσαι μικρα χαριζομενος.
Αμφιπεριτρυζουσι χελεδονες· ες δε με δακρυ
Βαλλυσι, γλυκερον κωμα παρωσαμεναι.
Ω φθονεραι παυσασθε λαληταριδες· ου γαρ εγωγε
Την φιλομηλειαν γλωσσαν απεθρισαμην.
Αλλ' Ιτυλον κλαιοιτε κατ' ουρεα, και γοαοιτε,
Εις αιπος, κραναην αυλιν εφεζομεναι,
Βαιον ινα κνωσσοιμην· ισως δε τις ηξει ονειρος
Ος με Ροδανθειοις πεχεσιν αμφιβαλοι.

All night I sigh, with cares of love oppress'd,
And when the morn indulges balmy rest,
These twittering birds their noisy matins keep,
Recal my sorrows, and prevent my sleep;
Cease, envious birds, your plaintive tales to tell,
I ravish'd not the tongue of Philomel.
In deserts wild, or on some mountain's brow,
Pay all the tributary grief you owe
To Itys, in an elegy of woe.
Me, leave to sleep: in visionary charms,
Some dream perhaps may bring Rodanthe to my arms.

ODE XIII.

Ver. 2. A young Phrygian of great beauty, beloved by Cybele, the mother of the gods, who made him her priest, on condition that he should live chaste: but he broke his vow, and as a punishment, she afflicted him with madness; in the transports of which, he deprived himself of the distinc-

tion of his sex, and would have killed himself, had not Cybele, moved with compassion, transformed him into a pine-tree.

Ver. 5. Claros was a city of Ionia, near Colophon, rendered famous for a fountain consecrated to Apollo, who from thence was called Clarius. Tacitus gives an account of it in the second book of his Annals; where, speaking of Germanicus, he says, '*Apellitque Colophona, ut Clarii Apollinis oraculo uteretur. Non femina illic, ut apud Delphos; sed certis è familiis, et ferme Mileto accersitus sacerdos, numerum modo consultantium et nomina audit: tum in specum degressus, haustâ fontis arcani aquâ, ignarus plerumque literarum et carminum, edit responsa versibus compositis super rebus quas quis mente concepit.*—He landed at Colophon, to consult the oracle of Apollo at Claros. The person that delivers the oracles there, is not a woman, as at Delphos; but a man selected out of certain families, and frequently from Miletus. This priest only inquires the number and names of those that consult the deity. After that, having entered his grotto, and drank of the mysterious water, he answers the question of his inquirers in verse, though he is generally illiterate, and unacquainted with the muses.

Ver. 6. The Greek is δαφνηφορειο, 'laurel-wearing Phœbus;' because when Daphne escaped his pursuit by being changed into a laurel, he consecrated that tree to himself. *Ovid. Metamorph.*

Cui Deus, At quoniam conjux mea non potes esse,
Arbor eris certe, dixit, mea; semper habebunt
Te coma, te citharæ, te nostræ, Laure, pharetræ.

To whom the God—' Because thou can'st not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree:
Be thou the prize of honour and renown;
The deathless poet and the poem crown.'

Dryden.

ODE XIV.

The subject of this Ode is to show the irresistible nature of love. In this little piece, Anacreon discovers a wonderful delicacy of invention. Nothing can be imagined more entertaining than this combat, the preparation for it, the issue of it, and that natural and admirable reflection with which it concludes.

Ver. 12. Anacreon arms himself with a spear and shield, to contend with love. In an ancient epigram of the Anthologia, Book 7, we have an account of a combatant, who put on the breastplate of reason, to withstand the attacks of this dangerous enemy.

Ωπλισμαι προς ερωτα περι στερνοισι λογισμον,
Ουδε με νικησει, μονος εων προς ένα.
Θνητος δ' αθανατω συνελευσομαι· ην δε βοηθον
Βακχον εχη, τι μονος προς δυ' εγω δυναμαι;

With love I war, and reason is my shield;
Nor ever match'd thus equally, will yield:
If Bacchus joins his aid, too great the odds;
One mortal cannot combat two such gods.

Ver. 19, 20. The author of an epigram, in the seventh book of the Anthologia, complains, in like manner, that love had exhausted his quiver by shooting at him.

Μηκετι τις πτηξειε Ποθω βελος· ιοδοκην γαρ
Εις εμε λαβρος Ερως εξεκενωσεν ὁλην.

No more let Cupid's shafts the world appal;
For in my bosom he has lodg'd them all.

Ver. 21. This thought is very beautiful and ingenious. It is taken from an ancient piece of gallantry, which ought not to be passed over in silence. The heroes of antiquity, when in any desperate engagement they found their darts spent, their strength exhausted, and saw no prospect of surviving long, would collect all their spirits and strength, and rush headlong with amazing impetuosity upon their enemies, that even in death the weight of their bodies, thus violently agitated, might bear down their adversaries. Examples of this kind of heroism are frequent in Lucan. Book 3, speaking of a brave veteran:

—— *Tum vulnere multo*
Effugientem animam lapsos collegit in artus
Membraque contendit toto, quicunque manebat,
Sanguine, et hostilem, defessis robore membris,
Insiliit solo nociturus pondere puppim.

Book iii. ver. 622.

And, book 6, ver. 204, speaking of Scæva:

—— *tot munera belli*
Solus obit, densamque ferens in pectore sylvam
Jam gradibus fessis, in quem cadat, elegit hostem.

Encumber'd sore with many a painful wound,
Tardy and stiff he treads the hostile round;
Gloomy and fierce his eyes the crowd survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the prey.

Rowe.

ODE XV.

Ver. 1. Gyges was the favourite of Candaules, king of Lydia, whose queen was remarkably beau-

tiful, and passionately admired by her husband. In his vanity, he extolled her charms above measure to Gyges, and, to convince him of her beauty, determined to show her to him naked; which he effected, but not without the queen's discovering the affront; who next morning sent privately for Gyges, and resolutely told him, he must either suffer immediate death for what he had done, or dispatch Candaules, and take her and the kingdom of Lydia for his recompense. The choice was difficult, as he greatly valued his master: however, the love of life prevailed—he stabbed Candaules, married the queen, and took possession of the kingdom.

Ver. 8. There is an epigram in the second book of the Anthologia, that has the same turn:

Πινε, και ευφραινου· τι γαρ αυριον, η τι το, μελλον,
Ουδεις γινωσκει· μη τρεχε, μη κοπια.
Ως δυνασαι χαρισαι, μεταδος, φαγε, θνητα λογιζου,
Το ζην του μη ζην ουδεν ὁλως απεχει.
Πας ὁ βιος τοιος δε, ροπην μονον αν προλαβοι τις.
Αν δε θανης, ἑτερου παντα, συ δ' ουδεν εχεις.

Cease from thy cares and toils, be sweetly gay,
And drink—to-morrow is a distant day:
Improve on time; to bliss each moment give;
Not to enjoy this life, is not to live:
Our goods are now our own; but when we die
They come to others, whilst in dust we lie,
And then, alas! have nothing to enjoy.

Horace expresses himself in the same manner. Book 1. Ode 9.

Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere: et
Quem sors dierum cumque dabit, lucro

Appone: nec dulces amores
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas;
Dum virenti canities abest
Morosa ———

To-morrow and her works defy;
Lay hold upon the present hour,
And snatch the pleasures passing by,
To put them out of fortune's pow'r:
Nor love, nor love's delights, disdain,
Whate'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

Dryden.

ODE XVI.

Ver. 1. Anacreon alludes to the famous war of the seven captains against Thebes, occasioned by Eteocles, the son of Œdipus and Jocasta, refusing his brother Polynices his share in the government; though they had previously agreed, after their father's death, to rule alternately year by year, Æschylus wrote a tragedy on this subject.

Ver. 3. Ovid has imitated this passage—Amor. L. 2. Eleg. 18.

Vincor, et ingenium sumptis revocatur ab armis,
Resque domi gestas, et mea bella cano.

I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious strain
Of arms and war, to sing of love again:
My themes are acts which I myself have done,
And my muse sings no battles but my own.

Ver. 9. Nonnus calls the eyes the archers of love, ακοντιστηρες ερωτων: and there is something similar to this, in an epigram of the Anthologia, Book 7.—which, speaking of love, says,

Ου με λεληθας,
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Insidious archer, not unseen you lie,
Though ambush'd close in Zenophelia's eye.

ODE XVII.

This elegant Ode is quoted by Gellius, who says it was sung and played upon instruments at an entertainment where he was present.

Ver. 9. The poet alludes to the constellations, which Vulcan described on the shield of Achilles. See Homer's Iliad, Book 18.

> There shone the image of the master mind:
> There earth, there heaven, there ocean he design'd;
> Th' unwearied sun, the moon completely round,
> The starry lights that heaven's high convex crown'd,
> The Pleiads, Hyads, with the Northern Team,
> And great Orion's more refulgent beam,
> To which, around the axle of the sky,
> The Bear revolving points his golden eye,
> Still shines exalted on the' ethereal plain,
> Nor bathes his blazing forehead in the main.
>
> *Pope.*

Ver. 10. Anacreon calls Orion, ςυγνον, 'odious,' because he is the forerunner of tempests, and therefore dreadful to mariners. Horace calls him *infestus*, Epode 15.

> *Dum pecori lupus, et nautis infestus Orion.*
>
> As long as wolves pursue the fearful sheep,
> And stern Orion rages o'er the deep.

ODE XVIII.

Ver. 19. It is not without reason that Anacreon, after having mentioned Venus, introduces Love among the Graces; being sensible, that, though beauty alone might please, yet, without the aid of other charms, it could not long captivate the heart.

> Καλλος ανευ χαριτων τερπει μονον· ȣ κατεχει δε,
> Ὡς ατερ αγκιςρȣ νηχομενον δελεαρ.

Beauty without the Graces may impart
Charms that will please, not captivate the heart;
As splendid baits without the bearded hook
Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook.

Ver. 23. The poet desires that Apollo may not be described upon his bowl, because he was so unfortunate as to kill his favourite Hyacinthus, as he was playing with him at quoits.

ODE XIX.

Ver. 5. The original is, Πινει θαλασσα δ' αυρας, 'The sea drinks up the air.' All the commentators are silent here, except Dr. Trapp, who owns he did not understand the expression. Might I venture to make an easy alteration of the text, I would read, Πινει θαλασσ' αναυρους, 'The sea drinks up the rivers.' See Ode vii. Δια δ' ὀζεων μ' αναυρων, 'Through rapid rivers,' or 'torrents.' It is likewise used in the same sense by the best authors. Moschus, Idyllium ii. 31. See also Hoelzinus on Apollonius Rhodius, Book 1. 9. This emendation makes the sense full and complete.

Ver. 10. The moon is said to drink up the sun, because she borrows her light from that luminary.

ODE XX.

Ver. 4. Niobe was the daughter of Tantalus, king of Phrygia, and wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, by whom (according to Homer) having six sons and six daughters, she became so proud of her offspring and high birth, that she had the vanity to prefer herself to Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana, who, to revenge the affront offered to their parent, in one day slew all her

children; upon which Niobe was struck dumb with grief, and remained stupid. For that reason, the poets have feigned her to be turned into a stone. The story is told by Ovid in the sixth book of the Metamorphoses; but, perhaps, better by Pope, in his translation of the twenty-fourth book of the Iliad, where Achilles is introduced thus speaking to Priam:

Nor thou, O father, thus consum'd with woe,
The common cares that nourish life forego.
Not thus did Niobe, of form divine,
A parent once whose sorrows equall'd thine;
Six youthful sons, as many blooming maids,
In one sad day beheld the Stygian shades;
These by Apollo's silver bow were slain,
Those Cynthia's arrows stretch'd upon the plain:
So was her pride chastis'd by wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright Latona's line:
But two the goddess, twelve the queen enjoy'd;
Those boasted twelve the' avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their blood, and in the dust outspread,
Nine days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, to inhume them none,
(For Jove had turn'd the nation all to stone)
The gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
The' unhappy race the honours of a grave.
Herself a rock (for such was heaven's high will)
Through deserts wild now pours a weeping rill;
Where, round the bed whence Acheloüs springs,
The watery fairies dance in mazy rings,
There high on Sipylus's shaggy brow
She stands her own sad monument of woe;
The rock for ever lasts, the tears for ever flow.

Pope.

There are two short epigrams in the Anthologia, which perhaps the reader will be glad to see in English.

Ὁ τυμβος ὅτος ενδον ȣκ εχει νεκρον.
Ὁ νεκρος ὅτος εκτος ȣκ εχει ταφον.
Αλλ' αυτος αυτȣ νεκρος εςι και ταφος.

This weeping tomb within no corse contains;
This weeping corse without a tomb remains:
For, by a strange irrevocable doom,
This image is the carcase and the tomb.

Εκ ζωης με θεοι τευξαν λιθον· εκ δε λιθοιο
Ζωην Πραξιτελης εμπαλιν ειργασαλο.

I once was Niobe, and fill'd a throne,
Till fate severe transform'd me into stone:
Behold the change which mimic art can give!
From stone Praxiteles has made me live.

I cannot conclude my notes on this Ode without first observing, that this gallant original has been copied by several masters. I shall produce one example, because it is the shortest, which is an epigram of Dionysius the sophist.

Ειθ' ανεμος γενομην, συ δε γε ςειχȣσα παρ' αυγας,
Στηθεα γυμνωσαις, και με πνεονλα λαβοις.
Ειθε ροδον γενομην ὑποπορφυρον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, κομισαις ςηθεσι χιονεοις.
Ειθε κρινον γενομην λευκοχροον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, μαλλον σης χροτης κορεσης.

I wish myself a gentle breeze to blow,
O'er your fair bosom unconfin'd I'd flow,
And wanton on those little hills of snow.
I wish myself a rose in purple dress'd,
That you might place me on your snowy breast.
I wish myself a lily, lovely fair,
That I might kiss your skin, and gather whiteness there.

ODE XXI.

Ver. 2. The Greek is, πιειν αμυςι. Amystis, as Madame Dacier observes, was a manner of

drinking among the Thracians, so called from their swallowing down a certain quantity of liquor without fetching breath, or shutting the mouth. Horace takes notice of it in Book 1. Ode 39.

Neu multi Damalis meri
Bassum Threiciâ vincat amystide.

Bassus shall Damalis o'ercome,
And drain the goblet at a draught.

Duncombe.

Ver. 9. The reflection the poet here makes is exceedingly natural, beautiful, and strong; 'When love has once got possession of the heart, all exterior remedies will have no effect;' agreeably to the conclusion of the fourteenth ode:

All defence to folly turns,
When within the battle burns.

ODE XXII.

This Ode is by Anacreon addressed to Bathyllus; but the translator has, with more decency and gallantry, applied it to a lady.

Ver. 10. The original is, Πηγη ῥεϐσα πειθϐς, '*a Fountain rolling Persuasion*,' than which nothing can be more delicate or poetical, as most of the commentators have observed.

Longepierre quotes a beautiful epigram from the Anthologia, Book 1. similar to this Ode; where the god Pan is supposed to speak.

Ερχεο και κατ' εμαν ἴϐευ πιτυν, ἃ το μελιχρὸν
Προς μαλακϐς εχει κεκλιμενα ζεφυρϐς.
Ηνι δε και κρϐνισμα μελιςαγες, ενθα μελισδων
Ἡδυν ερημαιοις ὕπνον αγω καλαμοις.

Rest here, beneath my shady pine reclin'd,
Whose tall top sweetly murmurs to the wind;
Here too a brook mellifluous flows along,
And woos me with its ever-gurgling song;
Here on my solitary pipe I play,
Or sweetly sleep the tranquil hours away.

ODE XXIII.

One cannot but be surprised at the wretched taste of Faber, who has rejected this Ode as spurious, and not Anacreon's, when perhaps it is not inferior in beauty to the best of them; as Barnes and Trapp have amply proved by explaining a Greek idiom, with which it is scarce worth while to trouble the English reader.

Ver. 3. 4. These words seem to allude to an anecdote in the history of Anacreon, which I shall explain. Stobæus tells us, that Anacreon, having received a present of five talents of gold from Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, was so embarrassed with cares and solicitudes about his treasure, that he could not sleep for two nights successively: Whereupon he sent back the present, with this apology to his patron, 'That, however valuable the sum might be, it was not a sufficient price for the trouble and anxiety of keeping it.'

ODE XXIV.

Ver. 7. Tibullus says, *Ite procul durum curæ genus, ite labores.*

Hence all ye troubles, vanish into air,
And all the wrinkled family of care.

Macedonius concludes an epigram with this distich, Anthologia, Book 1.

Την γαρ Ανακρεοντος ενι παρηιδεσσι φυλασσω
Παρφασιην, ὁτι δει φροντιδα μη κατεχειν.

I like Anacreon's counsel wondrous well,
To let no troubles in my bosom dwell.

Ver. 13, 14. Julian, in an epitaph he composed on Anacreon, makes him repeat the same lesson after he was dead.

Πολλακι μεν τοδ' αεισα, και εκ τυμβω δε βοησω·
Πινετε, πριν ταυτην αμφιβαλησθε κονιν.

What oft alive I sung, now dead I cry,
Loud from the tomb, 'Drink, mortals, ere you die.'

ODE XXV.

Ver. 1, 2.

Dissipat Evius curas edaces. Hor. B. 2. 11.

The enlivening god will sordid care refine.
Duncombe.

——*neque aliter*
Mordaces diffugiunt solicitudines.
B. 1. 18.

'Tis wine, wine alone, that can drown every care.
Duncombe.

ODE XXVI.

This Ode, as Longepierre observes, is in the same style as the two preceding, and the next ensuing. There is a fragment of Bacchylides remaining, which has great affinity to these four, but chiefly to this very Ode.

Γλυκει αναγκη σευομε ᾶ κυλικων
Θαλπησι θυμον Κυπριδος·
Ελπις δ' αιθυσσει φρενας
Αναμιγνυμενα Διονυσιοισι δωρεις,

Ανδρασι δ' ὑψοῖαῖῳ
Πεμπει μεριμνας.
Αυῖος μεν πολεων
Κρηδεμνον λυει.
Πασι δ' ανθρωποις
Μοναρχησειν δοκει.
Χρυσῳ δ' ελεφαντι τε
Μαρμαιρουσιν οικοι.
Πυροφοροι δε κατ' αιγληεντα
Νηες αγουσιν απ' Αιγυπτου
Μεγιςον πολυῖον,
Ὡς οινοντος ὁρμαινει κεαρ.

When the rosy bowl we drain,
Gentle love begins to reign:
Hope, to human hearts benign,
Mingles in the friendly wine,
And with pleasing visions fair
Sweetly dissipates our care.
Warm with wine we win renown,
Conquer hosts, or storm a town,
Reign the mighty lords of all,
And in fancy rule the ball:
Then our villas charm the sight,
All with gold and ivory bright;
Ships with corn from Egypt come,
Bearing foreign treasures home:
Thus each bliss that fills the soul,
Luxuriant rises from the bowl.

Ver. 5, 6.

Pastores hederâ crescentem ornate poetam.

Virg.

With ivy wreaths your youthful poet crown.

On which passage Servius remarks, that poets are crowned with ivy, as being consecrated to Bacchus; either because they are enthusiasts, like the Bacchanals; or because ivy, being an evergreen, is a

symbol of that eternity which they acquire by their compositions. Horace says,

Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium
Dis miscent superis.

An ivy-crown ennobles me,
Whose darling joy is poetry. *Duncombe.*

ODE XXVII.

Ver. 5, 6. In the forty-first Ode, Anacreon calls Bacchus, τον εφευρεταν χορειας, 'The inventor of dancing.' So Tibullus,

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu;
Movit et ad certos nescia membra modos.
L. 1. Eleg. 7.

This as swains quaff'd spontaneous numbers came,
They prais'd the festal cask, and hymn'd thy name;
All ecstasy! to certain time they bound,
And beat in measur'd awkwardness the ground.
Grainger.

ODE XXVIII.

Ver. 10. Neither the Greeks nor Romans seem to have esteemed one particular colour of the hair more than another! for we find both black and light colour equally admired.

Ver. 19, 20. Baxter, Barnes, and Stephens, trifle ridiculously on this passage. The Greek, ὑγρον, is *humid.* Madame Dacier judiciously observes, 'That eyes, in which there is the least degree of humidity, are uncommonly vivid and full of fire.'

Ver. 25. The ancients, to give us an idea of a mouth perfectly agreeable, generally represented it by the 'lips of persuasion.' Anthol. B. 7.

Καλλος εχεις Κυπριδος, πειθος ςομα, ςομα και ακμην
Εαρινων ωρων.

Persuasion's lips, and Cyprian charms are yours,
And the fresh beauty of the vernal hours.

Ver. 30. The Greek is, Λυγδινω, that is, *marble;* from Lygdos, a place in the island of Paros, famous for the finest marble. *Trapp.*

Ver. 33, 34. Ovid has a similar passage in the first Book of the Metamorphoses, V. 500.

——laudat digitosque manusque,
Brachiaque, et nudos mediâ plus parte lacertos;
Si qua latent meliora putat.——

——He view'd
Her taper fingers, and her panting breast:
He praises all he sees, and for the rest,
Believes the beauties yet unseen are best.
Dryden.

ODE XXIX.

Ver. 7, 8. Anacreon describes the hair of Bathyllus black towards the head, but lower down gradually inclining to a yellow. Horace calls this colour Myrrheus, '*Myrrheum nodo cohibere crinem;*' Book 3. Ode 14. On which an ancient critic remarks, '*Colorem myrrheum in crinibus hodie quoque dicunt, qui medius est inter flavum et nigrum:*'—Even at this day they call that hair of a myrrh colour, which is between black and yellow. Ovid describes the colour of his mistress's hair thus, Amor. L. 1. Eleg. 14.

Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureis illis;
Sed quamvis neuter, mistus uterque color:
Qualem clivosæ madidis in vallibus Idæ
Ardua, direpto cortice, cedrus habet.

Nor of a black, nor of a golden hue
They were, but of a dye between the two:
Such as in rindless cedar we behold,
The black confounded with the dusky gold.

Ver. 9, 10. Petronius says, '*Crines ingenio suo flexi, per totos se humeros effuderant*:—' Her hair, negligently floating where it pleased, diffused itself over her shoulders.'

Ver. 23. Meleager, as Longepierre observes, calls his mistress ἡδυ ῥοδον πειθως, '*The sweet Rose of Persuasion.*' Anthologia.

Ver. 43, 44. The poet could not give us a more perfect idea of the beauty of this young Samian. He tells the painter, 'If he would draw a good likeness of Bathyllus, he must copy the portrait of Apollo, the most beautiful of the gods; and if he would make a good picture of Apollo, he must paint Bathyllus.'

Ver. 45. Bathyllus had a celebrated statue erected to his honour at Samos by Polycrates. See Apuleius.

ODE XXX.

This Ode is very fine, and the fiction extremely ingenious. I believe Anacreon would inculcate, that beauty alone cannot long secure a conquest; but that when wit and beauty meet, it is impossible for a lover to disengage himself.

Madame Dacier.

Ver. 5, 6. Moschus, in his 'Run-away Love,' makes Venus offer a reward to any one who should only discover where he was:

——Ὁ μαυυτας γερας ἑξει
Μισθος τοι το φιλαμα το Κυπριδος.——

Whoe'er shall bring the news, his fee is this;
I, Venus, will reward him with a kiss.

ODE XXXI.

Ver. 5. Alcmæon was the son of Amphiaraüs and Eriphyle. His father had been put to death by the contrivance of his mother; whom, on that account, he slew. Orestes slew his mother Clytemnestra, to revenge the death of his father Agamemnon; who, at his return from the Trojan war, had been murdered by her and her lover Ægisthus. They were both tormented by the furies.

Ver. 12. Iphytus was the son of Eurytus king of Œchalia, and slain by Hercules, who carried off his bow.

Ver. 15. When the armour of Achilles was adjudged to Ulysses, Ajax was so enraged at the affront, that he ran mad; and falling upon a flock of sheep, which he took for so many Grecians, first slew them, and then himself. Homer celebrates his shield for its extraordinary size. Iliad, Book 7.

Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.

Pope.

Ver. 17. Hector and Ajax made an exchange of presents, (see Iliad 7.) which gave birth to a proverb, 'That the presents of enemies are generally fatal:' for Ajax with this sword afterwards killed himself; and Hector was dragged, by the belt which Ajax gave him, at the chariot of Achilles.

There is an epigram to this purpose, Anthol. B. 3. C. 14.

Ἕκτωρ Αἰαντι ξιφος ωπασεν· Ἕκτορι δ' Αιας
Ζωςηρ, αμφοτερων ἡ χαρις εις Θανατον.

Hector bestowed on Telamon the brave
A sword; the Greek to godlike Hector gave
A radiant belt: each gift was stamp'd with woe,
And prov'd alike destructive to the foe.

ODE XXXII.

Ver. 9. Corinth, the metropolis of Achaia, was so famous for rich courtezans, who would only entertain the wealthy, that it occasioned the proverb, *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*, 'Every man cannot go to Corinth.' Laïs asked Demosthenes a thousand drachms for one favour: to which he replied, 'I will not buy repentance at so dear a rate.' *Longepierre.*

Ver. 19. Anacreon says of Crete, απαντ' εχουσης, 'abounding with all things,' to express its fertility. Virgil says it had a hundred cities:

Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto,
Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.

Fair Crete sublimely towers amid the floods,
Proud nurse of Jove, the sovereign of the gods;
A hundred cities the bless'd isle contains,
And boasts a vast extent of fruitful plains.
Pitt.

Homer, in the Iliad, gives Crete a hundred cities, B. 2.

Crete's hundred cities pour forth all her sons.

But in the Odyssey, only ninety;

Crete awes the circling waves, a fruitful soil!
And ninety cities crown the sea-born isle. B. 19.

Therefore, it is probable, that in the time of the Trojan war it had no more than ninety cities, but a hundred in the days of Homer.

ODE XXXIII.

Ver. 5. It was an opinion generally received among the ancients, that swallows, and several other birds, crossed the sea, on the approach of winter, in search of warmer climates. Thus Virgil, Æneid. 6. v. 311.

Quàm multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis.

Thick as the feather'd flocks, in close array,
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,
When from the rage of winter they repair
To warmer suns and more indulgent air. *Pitt.*

Others thought they hid themselves in the clefts of the rocks. Thus Ovid, *Cum glaciantur aquæ, scopulis se condit hirundo.*

Pecklinius, in his book '*De Aëris et Elementi defectu, et vitâ sub aquis,*' assures us, that swallows retire to the bottom of the water during the winter; and that it is common for the fishermen on the coasts of the Baltic to take them in their nets in large knots, clinging together by their bills and claws; and that, upon their being brought into a warm room, they will separate, and begin to flutter about as in spring. Kercher, in his book '*De mundo subterraneo,*' affirms the same; and that in the northern countries they hide themselves under ground in the winter, whence they are often dug out. *Longepierre.*

Ver. 6. Memphis was a city situated on the Nile, a little below Delta, and the residence of the kings of Egypt. By the Nile, Anacreon means Ethiopia, whence that river derives its source.

Ver. 8. Anacreon is not singular in representing

Cupid as a bird; and with propriety, because he is furnished with wings, and his flight is surprisingly rapid. Bion speaks of love as a bird: see his second Idyllium.

ODE XXXIV.

Ver. 10. Virgil has very happily mixed these two colours, though upon a different occasion, Æneid. L. 12. v. 67.

Indum sanguineo veluti violaverit ostro
Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ
Alba rosâ——

So looks the beauteous ivory stain'd with red!
So roses mix'd with lilies, in the bed
Blend their rich hues.—— *Pitt.*

ODE XXXV.

This Ode was composed on a picture representing the rape of Europa. See an Idyllium of Moschus upon the same subject.

ODE XXXVI.

Ver. 12. A philosopher in Petronius makes the same reflection: *Ego sic semper et ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non redituram consumerem:* 'Wherever I am, I always enjoy the present day, as if I never expected to see another.'

Ver. 18. Horace says, in the same sense,

Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,
Et domus exilis Plutonia.——

Too soon cut off from cheerful light,
We must descend to sullen night;
And in the realms of fabled shades below,
Thy pining ghost no joy shall know.
Duncombe.

ODE XXXVII.

Ver. 5. The expression in Greek is extremely delicate and happy. The waves of the sea are mollified into tranquillity: Απαλυνεται γαληνη. Every letter, every syllable, is as liquid and smooth as the calm he describes. A famous old Scotch bishop, Gawin Douglas, in his Description of May, seems to have had this passage in view:

For to behald it was ane glore to se
The stabyllit wyndys and the calmyt se,
The soft sessoun, the firmament serene,
The loune illuminate are, and firth amene.

Or, as it is translated by Fawkes,

How calm! how still! how pleasing to behold
The sea's broad bosom where no billows roll'd:
The season soft, the firmament serene,
The' illumin'd landscape, and the wat'ry scene!

ODE XXXVIII.

Ver. 7. In the Bacchanalian dances among the ancients, the leader of them bore a rod or sceptre.

Ver. 17. Silenus was the foster-father and tutor of Bacchus, represented by a little, flat-nosed, bald, fat, tun-bellied, old drunken fellow, riding on an ass. Ovid draws his picture thus:

——*Bacchæ satyrique sequuntur,*
Quique senex ferulâ titubantes ebrius artus
Sustinet, et pando non fortiter hæret asello.
Metamorph. L. 4.

Around the Bacchæ and the Satyrs throng;
Behind, Silenus drunk lags slow along;
On his dull ass he nods from side to side.
Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride.
Eusden.

ODE XXXIX.

Ver. 3. Anacreon is not the only one who asserts, that Bacchus is the best friend to the muses. If, as Horace says, you give credit to old Cratinus, the comic Greek poet, '*Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt, quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.*' 'No verses long can please, or long can live, which water-drinkers write.' There is an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus :

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ἱππος αοιδω,
Ὑδωρ δε πινων, καλον ου τεκοις επος.

Wine is the poet's generous horse;
But water drinkers' works, of course,
Are languid, cold, and void of force.

Aristophanes, in his comedy called 'Peace,' humorously tells us, that, when the Lacedemonians came to besiege Athens, Cratinus died of grief on seeing a hogshead broken, and the wine running out.

Ver. 7. Horace has expressed himself in the same manner :

—— *Tristitiam et metus*
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis——

Lov'd by the muses, to the wind
Be all my fears and griefs resign'd,
To drown them in the Cretan main.

Duncombe.

ODE XL.

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful Ode in his nineteenth Idyllium.

Τον κλεπταν ποτ' Ερωτα, κ. τ. λ.

As Cupid once, the sliest rogue alive,
Was stealing fragrant honey from the hive,
A little bee, inflam'd with rage and grief,
Pierc'd with his sting the finger of the thief.
He blew the tortur'd hand, he stamp'd the ground,
He ran, and to his mother show'd the wound;
And loud began through anguish to complain,
That a small bee should cause such racking pain.
Fair Venus smil'd her sobbing son to see,
And said, 'Thou too art little, like a bee,
And yet what mighty wounds are made by thee!'

Ver. 13. Madame Dacier says, that Anacreon makes Cupid speak in this manner, because, according to the Pagan theology, the language of the gods was different from that of men: but, as Longepierre ingeniously observes, to render a passage of this nature learned, is to make it obscure; for nothing can be more natural to imagine, than that an infant, who had heard of the stinging of serpents, when he found himself stung by a little creature, he hardly knew what, should immediately think it one. The labourers might call it a bee, if they pleased; his pain and fright made him persist that it was a serpent.

ODE XLI.

Ver. 3, 4. Tibullus says the same. See note on Ode xxvii.

Ver. 8. Madame Dacier supposes this to be the passage on which the opinion, that the Graces were the daughters of Bacchus and Venus, was founded.

Ver. 16. Macedonius, in an epigram in the first

Book of the Anthologia, C. 25, says, that to banish care was a precept of Anacreon:

Την γαρ Ανακρεοντος ενι τραπιδεσσι φυλασσω
Παρφασιην, ὁτι δει φροντιδα μη κατεχειν.

For still I hold Anacreon's rule the best,
To banish care for ever from my breast.

Ver. 19, 20. Anacreon is not singular in enforcing the necessity of enjoying life, from the brevity and uncertainty of it. Rufinus has an epigram in the seventh book of the Anthologia, Epig. 143, to this purpose:

Let us, my friend, in joy refine,
Bathe, crown our brows, and quaff the wine:
Short is the space for human joys;
What age prevents not, death destroys.

And Martial,

Non est, crede mihi, sapienti dicere, 'Vivam;'
Sera nimis vita est crastina, vive hodie.

'I'll live to-morrow,' 'tis not wise to say:—
'Twill be too late to-morrow—live to-day.

ODE XLII.

Ver. 13, 14. Thus our poet, in his seventh Epigram, says,

I ne'er can think his conversation good,
Who o'er the bottle talks of wars and blood;
But his, whose wit the pleasing talk refines,
And lovely Venus with the Graces joins.

Ver. 19. The Greek is, Βιον ησυχον φερωμεν. Anacreon esteemed tranquillity the happiest ingredient of life: thus, Ode 39th, he praises the γαλην βιοτυ.

—— Life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

ODE XLIII.

Ver. 4, 5. Dew is the nourishment of grasshoppers. Thus Virgil, Eclogue 5. ver. 77.

Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicudæ.

Bees feed on thyme, and grasshoppers on dew.

The Greek poets also describe the grasshopper as a musical insect. Thus Theocritus, Idyll. 1.

—Τεττιγος επει τυγε φερτερον αδεις.

Thy song is sweeter than the grasshopper's.

Antipater, in an epigram of the Anthologia, Book 1. says,

Αρκει Τεττιγας μεθυσαι δροσος, αλλα πιονΐες
Αειδειν κυκνων ειστι γεγωνοτεροι.

Inspir'd by dew the grasshoppers rejoice,
Nor boasts the swan so musical a voice.

Ver. 15. Ælian, writing against those who eat grasshoppers, says, 'They are ignorant how much they offend the muses, the daughters of Jupiter.' Whence it appears, that these animals were esteemed sacred to the muses, and the eating of them accounted an impiety. The following is a translation of an epigram from the first book of the Anthologia, Chap. 33. containing a beautiful complaint of a grasshopper against that practice.

Τιπτε με τον, κ. τ. λ.

Why do ye, swains, a grasshopper pursue,
Content with solitude, and rosy dew?
Me, whose sweet song can o'er the nymphs prevail;
I charm them in the forest, hill, or dale,
And me they call their summer-nightingale.

See, on your fruits the thrush and blackbird prey!
See, the bold starlings steal your grain away!
Destroy your foes—why should you me pursue,
Content with verdant leaves, and rosy dew?

Ver. 23. The Athenians called themselves Τεττιγες, 'grasshoppers,' and some of them wore little grasshoppers of gold in their hair, as badges of honour, to distinguish them from others of later duration; and likewise as a memorial that they were born of the earth, like those insects.

Ver. 25, 26. Homer represents the gods as free from blood. Speaking of Venus wounded, Book 5, he says,

From the clear vein a stream immortal flow'd,
Such stream as issues from a wounded god;
Pure emanation! uncorrupted flood!
Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial blood:
(For not the bread of man their life sustains,
Nor wine's inflaming juice supplies their veins.)

Pope.

ODE XLIV.

Nothing can be more politely imagined than this Ode, nor more courtly than the turn of it. 'Behold (says Madame Dacier) one of the finest and most gallant Odes of antiquity; and if she, for whom it was composed, was as beautiful, all Greece could produce nothing more charming.'

ODE XLV.

Mons. Le Fevre was so transported with this Ode, that he could not forbear crying out,

Felix, ah! nimium felix, cui carmine tali
Fluxit ab Aoniis vena beata jugis.
Quid melius dictaret amor, risusque jocique,
Et cum germanis gratia juncta suis?

Thrice happy he! to whose enraptur'd soul
Such numbers from the' Aonian mountains roll;
More finish'd what could love or laughter write,
Or what the Graces dictate more polite?

John Addison.

Ver. 2. Lemnos was an island of the Ægean Sea sacred to Vulcan, who, in the first book of the Iliad, gives an account of Jupiter's throwing him down from heaven, and his fall upon that island:

Once in your cause I felt his matchless might,
Hurl'd headlong downward from the' ethereal height;
Toss'd all the day in rapid circles round;
Nor, till the sun descended, touch'd the ground:
Breathless I fell, in giddy motion lost;
The Sinthians rais'd me on the Lemnian coast.

Pope.

Ver. 6. Horace calls it the nectar of Venus:

—— *oscula quæ Venus*
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.

Lips, which Venus bath'd for joy
In her celestial dew. *Jeffreys.*

Ver. 23, 24. This sentiment is extremely delicate; intimating, that one cannot even touch the darts of Cupid with safety. Moschus concludes his first Idyllium with a similar thought:

Perhaps he'll say, 'Alas! no harm I know,
Here take my darts, my arrows, and my bow.'
Ah! touch them not, fallacious is his aim,
His darts, his arrows all are tipp'd with flame.

ODE XLVI.

Ver. 6.

Nil tibi nobilitas poterit conducere amanti.

Propertius.

Your noble birth pleads not the cause of love.

Ver. 8. Ovid says the same :

Aurea sunt verè nunc secula : plurimus auro
Venit honos : auro conciliatur amor.

This is the golden age; all worship gold :
Honours are purchas'd, love and beauty sold.
Our iron age is grown an age of gold,
'Tis who bids most; for all men would be sold.

Dryden.

Ver. 13. Phocylides, in his Admonitory Poem, ver. 38, &c. seems to have imitated this passage :

Ἡ φιλοχρημοσυνη, κ. τ. λ.

On sordid avarice various evils wait,
And gold, false, glittering, is the tempting bait.
O cursed gold ! in whom our woes combine,
Why dost thou thus with pleasing ruin shine ?
Cause of the parent's curse, of brethren's strife,
Wars, murders, and all miseries of life.

ODE XLVII.

Ver. 8. Longepierre quotes a passage from Guarini, where the same sentiment is expressed, though in a different manner; and which is translated by John Addison.

—— *O Corisca mia cara,*
D'anima Linco e non di forze sono ;
E'n questo vecchio tronco
E piu che fosse mai verde il desio.

Yes, my Corisca, Lincus is the same,
Though not in youthful force, in youthful flame :
Though age and wrinkles on my front appear,
My heart is green, and love still blossoms there.

ODE XLVIII.

Ver. 8. It was customary with the ancients, at their entertainments, to choose a king or master of the revels, who both regulated the size of the

cups, and the quantity each person was to drink. He was generally chosen by the cast of a die.

Nec regna vini fortiere talis. Hor.

No longer by the die's successful cast
Shalt thou controul the gay repast. *Duncombe.*

—— *Quem Venus arbitrum*
Dicet bibendi— Lib. 2. Ode 7.

Who, nam'd by Venus, at the jovial board
The laws of drinking shall prescribe? *Duncombe.*

ODE XLIX.

Ver. 5. It is probable, that in this Ode Anacreon had in view the image of peace, which Vulcan represented upon the shield of Achilles. Iliad, Book 18.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
The image one of peace, and one of war;
Here sacred pomp and genial feast delight,
And solemn dance, and hymeneal rite;
Along the streets the new-made brides are led,
With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed:
The youthful dancers in a circle bound
To the soft flute and cittern's silver sound;
Through the fair streets the matrons in a row
Stand in the porches, and enjoy the show. *Pope.*

ODE L.

Ver. 4. Homer introduces Helen mixing such a bowl. Odyssey, Book 4.

Meantime with genial joy to warm the soul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inspiring bowl;
Temper'd with drugs of sovereign use, to' assuage
The boiling bosom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the tearful sluices of despair.

Charm'd with that virtuous draught, the' exalted mind
All sense of woe delivers to the wind.
Though on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling son, oppress'd by ruffian force,
Fell breathless at his feet, a mangled corse,
From morn to eve, impassive and serene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful scene.

Fenton.

ODE LI.

Ver. 6. There are several epigrams in the fourth Book of the Anthologia, on Venus rising from the sea. I shall give a translation of one of them, beginning,

Ταν εκφυγεσαν, κ. τ. λ.

Apelles, rapt in sweet surprise,
Saw Venus from the ocean rise;
What art before could never give,
He made the breathing picture live.
Her radiant locks luxuriant flow'd;
Her lovely eyes serenely glow'd;
Like two round apples ripe, her breast
Rose, gently suing to be press'd.

Ver. 23.

So when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd;
The Tritons gaze, and tune the vocal shell,
And every grace unsung the waves conceal.

Garth's Disp. Book 6.

As when sweet Venus, so the fable sings,
Awak'd by Nereids, from the ocean springs;
With smiles she sees the threatening billows rise,
Spreads smooth the surge, and clears the louring skies;

Light o'er the deep, with fluttering Cupids crown'd.
The pearly * conch and silver turtles bound ;
Her tresses shed ambrosial odours round.
Tickell, Prosp. of Peace.

ODE LII.

Ver. 3. Homer, in his beautiful description of the Vintage, Book 18, introduces young men and maids employed in the same office.

To this one pathway gently winding leads
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,
(Fair maids and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of the' autumnal year. *Pope.*

ODE LIII.

This Ode will be understood by supposing, that Anacreon celebrates a rose, and requests a lyrist to play to his voice.

Ver. 13, 14. The rose was consecrated to the muses. See Sappho.

For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose
That on the mountain of Pieria blows.

Ver. 21. The rose is celebrated in the fifth Ode of Anacreon in a fragment of Sappho; and in the fourteenth Idyllium of Ausonius; in which are the following beautiful lines:

Quàm longa una dies, ætas tam longa rosarum,
Quas pubescentes longa senecta premit :
Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eoïs,
Hanc veniens sero vespere vidit anum.

* In Dodsley's Miscellanies it is by mistake printed 'the pearly *couch*.' Venus, speaking of a beautiful woman, says,

Hæc et cœruleis mecum consurgere digna
Fluctibus ; et nostrâ potuit considere conchâ.
Statius.

See! in the morning blooms the rose!
But soon her transient glories close:
She opens with the rising day,
And with the setting fades away. *Duncombe.*

Ver. 30. Ῥοδοδακτυλος, 'rosy-finger'd,' is an epithet frequently used by Homer, and applied to the morning. Dryden also uses it:

The rosy-finger'd morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes her tears.

Milton's description of the morning is also very beautiful:

—— The Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarr'd the gates of light——

Book 6. ver. 2.

Ver. 35. It is well known, that the rose is used as an ingredient in the composition of several medicines.

Ver. 37. The ancients used roses in embalming their dead. Venus anoints the body of Hector with unguent of roses, to prevent it from corruption; Iliad, Book 23.

Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his head,
And roseate unguents, heavenly fragrance! shed.
Pope.

They also crowned the tombs of their friends with roses and other flowers.

Ver. 41. Nothing preserves its fragrance, when dried, longer than the rose.

——και ῥ ῥοδον αυον ολειται.

Blown roses hold their sweetness to the last.
Dryden.

Ver. 46. Bion tells us, that the blood of Adonis gave birth to the rose. Αἷμα ῥοδον τικτει.

Both tears and drops of blood were turn'd to flowers;
From these in crimson beauty sprung the rose,
Cærulean-bright anemonies from those.

ODE LIV.

Ver. 5. Cybeba, or Cybele, seems to be the name of a female atténdant, taken from Cybele, the mother of the gods.

ODE LV.

Ver. 3, 4. The Greek is τιάρα, *tiara*, an ornament for the head, like the modern turban. Addison quotes a passage from Dionysius, containing a description of the situation and manners of the Parthians, which he has thus translated:

Beyond the Caspian straits those realms extend,
Where circling bows the martial Parthians bend.
Vers'd only in the rougher arts of war,
No fields they wound, nor urge the shining share.
No ships they boast to stem the rolling tide,
Nor lowing herds o'er flowery meadows guide:
But infants wing the feather'd shaft for flight,
And rein the fiery steed with fond delight.
On every plain the whistling spear alarms,
The neighing courser, and the clang of arms;
For there no food the little heroes taste,
Till warlike sweat has earn'd the short repast.

ODE LVI.

We are indebted for this Ode to Henry Stephens. It is also extant in Stobæus, who acknowledges it to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 1, 2. Theocritus finally touches upon the progress which old age makes on the human body.

——απο κροταφων πελομεσθα
Πανΐες γηραλεοι, και επισαχερω ες γενυν ερπει
Λευκαινων ὁ χρονος.——

First from our temples age begins her race,
Thence whitening time creeps softly o'er the face.
Creech.

Ver. 3.

——*fugit retro*
Levis juventas, et decor, aridâ
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie, facilemque somnum.
Hor. Book 2. Ode 14.

Behold our years! how fast they fly;
Youth vanishes, and beauty fades;
Age drops her snow upon our heads,
And drives sweet slumbers from our eye!
Duncombe.

Ver. 14. Catullus, speaking of Lesbia's sparrow, says,

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.

Death has summon'd it to go
Pensive to the shades below:
Dismal regions! from whose bourne,
Alas! no travellers return.

See also Moschus on the death of Bion:

But we, the great, the brave, the learn'd, the wise,
Soon as the hand of death has clos'd our eyes,
In tombs forgotten lie, no suns restore,
We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake no more.

ODE LVII.

Ver. 3. The ancients usually drank their wine mixed with water. Madame Dacier observes, that Hesiod prescribes three measures of water to one of wine, in summer.

Ver. 10. The Scythians were remarkable for their intemperance in drinking, and quarrelling over their cups.

ODE LVIII.

This little Ode is extant in the seventh book of the Anthologia, and ascribed to Julian, απο των ὑπαρχον Αιγυπτου, a king of Egypt, who wrote several other things with elegance. As its beauty has hitherto procured it a place in most of the editions of Anacreon, it was thought worthy to be retained in this translation.

ODE LIX.

Ver. 9, 10. Horace has imitated this Ode at the beginning of the 23d Ode of the first Book, and the 5th of the second; but particularly in the 11th of the third.

Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
Nuptiarum expers, et adhuc proterva
Cruda marito.

She sports along the verdant plain
Like a fleet filly, shuns the rein,
Fears to be touch'd: nor yet will prove,
Wild and untried, the pleasing pains of love.

Duncombe.

ODE LX.

Theodorus Prodromus, who wrote the amours of Dosicles and Rodanthe, has preserved this Epithalamium; which, as Madame Dacier observes, is a sort of poem that used to be sung to a new-married couple on the morning after the ceremony.

Ver. 4. Dionysius of Halicarnassus calls marriage, Σωτηριον τȣ γειȣς, 'the preserver of mankind.'

Ver. 12. The Greek is, Μη σε φȣγη περδικος αγοα, 'Lest the partridge should escape you;' alluding to the coyness of a young bride.

Ver. 15. These four lines are taken from a translation of this poem, which appeared in 'the Student.'

Ver. 25. The Greek is, Κυπαςιττος πεφυκοι σευ ενι κηπω, 'May a cypress grow in your garden!' that is, 'May a child, as beautiful and as long lived as a cypress, crown your happiness.' Madame Dacier observes, this was a proverbial way of speaking.

ODE LXI.

The Vatican manuscript acknowledges this Ode to be Anacreon's.

Ver. 9, 10. Horace has imitated this passage, Book 1. Ode 26, which is an argument for the authenticity of this Ode. See Ode 39th.

> Let the winds that murmur, sweep
> All my sorrows to the deep.

Ver. 23. The poets calls the Phrygians, *faithless*, from their king Laomedon's deceiving Apollo and Neptune, of the reward he had promised them for building the walls of Troy; and from his defrauding Hercules of his recompense; who had delivered his daughter Hesione from being devoured by a sea-monster. *Madame Dacier.*

ODE LXII.

This Ode has also the authority of the Vatican manuscript to claim Anacreon for its author.

Ver. 7, 8. Madame Dacier remarks, that the vines in Greece were so high as to form a commodious shade.

ODE LXIII.

We owe the preservation of this fragment to Dion Chrysostom.

ODE LXIV.

This fragment is cited by Athenæus. Barnes supposes it to have been written on the poetess Sappho; and, to confirm his opinion, produces the testimonies of Chamæleon and Hermesianax the Colophonian; the last of which, in his third elegy, says,

> Και γαρ τον ὁ μελιχρος, κ. τ. λ.
>
> For sweet Anacreon lov'd the Lesbian dame;
> The muse-rapt maid inspir'd the brightest flame:
> And oft his native isle he would resign
> For wit more brilliant, and for better wine.

Ver. 10. The following lines are supposed to be part of the answer which Sappho returned to Anacreon:

> Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μυς', ενισπες
> Ὑμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
> Ταῖος χωρας ὃν αειδε τερπνως
> Πρεσβυς αγαυος.

Ye Muses, ever fair and young,
High seated on the golden throne,
Anacreon sent to me a song
In sweetest numbers, not his own;
For, by your sacred raptures fir'd,
The poet warbled what the Muse inspir'd.

ODE LXV.

This and the five following Odes are not translated by Addison.

Some have imagined that this Ode was not written by Anacreon, because he himself is the subject of it: but Barnes endeavours to prove it genuine, from the ninth Ode and the sixty-sixth, in both which Anacreon makes mention of himself; and from the frequent liberties which the best poets have taken of mentioning themselves in their own compositions.

ODE LXVI.

It is certain, that Anacreon wrote hymns in honour of the gods: this is undoubtedly one of them, and perhaps the most entire of any that remain. See the note on the 16th verse of the ninth Ode.

ODE LXVIII.

This is, as Madame Dacier remarks, an entire hymn, or part of one, composed in honour of Diana, in favour of some town situated on the river Lethe, which she supposes to be Magnesia, near Ephesus.

It was probably made on occasion of some battle in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

The poet entreats Diana to assist a people in distress, who depended only upon her protection.

ODE LXIX.

The fourth epode of Horace has a great similitude to this Ode :

Licèt superbus ambules pecuniâ, &c.

Though store of wealth you now possess,
Condition changes not with dress.
'Shall he who tir'd the lictor's hand,
Scourg'd by the magistrate's command,
With corn a thousand acres load,
With chariots wear the Appian road,
And, in contempt of Otho, sit
With the knight's order in the pit?' *Duncombe.*

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

Ver. 2. Priam, speaking of the most valiant of his sons, says,

> Τȣς μεν απωλεσ' Αρης—— *Iliad B. 2. ver.* 260.
>
> All those relentless Mars untimely slew,
> And left me these, a soft and servile crew.
>
> *Pope.*

EPIGRAM II.

Ver. 2. The Teians, after their expulsion from Ionia by Harpagus the general of Cyrus, sailed into Thrace, and settled in the city of Abdera; where they had not been long, before the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them disturbance. It seems to be in these conflicts that Anacreon lost those friends whom he celebrates in his Epigrams. See the first, second, and thirteenth.

EPIGRAM III.

This Cleënorides (as Barnes observes) seems to have been cast away, in attempting a voyage from Abdera to his native country Teios, in the winter.

EPIGRAM V.

Myron was the most celebrated artist of his time for casting statues in brass. Petronius, speaking of him, says, *Pene hominum animas ferarumque*

ære comprehenderat: 'He had almost found the art to enclose the souls of men and beasts in brass.'

Among the many epigrams, which have been composed on Myron's cow, the following from Ausonius deserves commendation:

Bucula sum, cælo genitoris facta Myronis
Ærea; nec factam me puto, sed genitam.
Sic me taurus init; sic proxima bucula mugit;
Sic vitulus sitiens ubera nostra petit.
Miraris quòd fallo gregem? gregis ipse magister
Inter pascentes me numerare solet.

By Myron's chisel I was form'd of brass;
Not art, but nature, my great mother was.
Bulls court my love; the heifers lowing stand;
And thirsty calves my swelling teat demand.
Nor deem this strange—the herdsman oft has err'd,
And number'd me among the grazing herd.

EPIGRAM VI.

I found this Epigram, thus excellently translated, in a paltry edition of Anacreon in English, printed by Curl.

The following Epigram, on an excellent modern work, has expressed the same thought with the same simplicity.

ON CLARISSA.

This work is Nature's, every tittle in't
She wrote, and gave it Richardson to print.

EPIGRAM VIII.

Ver. 2. Pausanias, Eliac, l. 2, c. 13, mentions this mare of Phidola's, and tells us she was named *Aura*, or 'Air;' and that she won the race herself, after her rider was thrown.

EPIGRAM X.

Ver. 4. Anaxagoras, a native of Ægina, was a celebrated statuary. He flourished both before and after the expedition of Xerxes.

Barnes.

EPIGRAM XI.

When the ancients escaped any imminent danger, it was usual for them to consecrate some memorial of it in the temples of their gods. Thus Horace, l. 1. Ode 5.

Me tabula sacer, &c.

For me, the sacred tablet shows,
That I have hung my dripping clothes
At Neptune's shrine——— *Duncombe.*

EPIGRAM XII.

Ver. 3. The Athenian academy was not far distant from the Areopagus, in a grove without the city.

EPIGRAM XIII.

Nothing among the ancient Greeks and Romans was esteemed a greater act of piety, than to fight for the good of the community; and they, who have greatly fallen in so righteous a cause, are embalmed with immortal honours. Tyrtæus wrote some noble poems on martial virtue. The following lines are translated from a fragment of his. Speaking of the hero that dares to die for his country, he says,

His fair renown shall never fade away,
Nor shall the mention of his name decay,

Who glorious falls beneath the conqueror's hand,
For his dear children, and his native land;
Though to the dust his mortal part we give,
His fame in triumph o'er the grave shall live.

Anon.

EPIGRAM XIV.

Addison quotes a passage from Shakspeare similar to this Epigram:

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition,
Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

Ver. 1. The ancients esteemed Mercury the general protector of learning; and therefore usually placed his statue in their libraries, and in the porticoes before their public schools and academies.

Addison.

EPIGRAM XIX.

This Epigram (notwithstanding what Barnes says to the contrary) is thought not to be Anacreon's; the mention of Sophocles being too repugnant to chronology, to admit it for genuine.

THE

WORKS

OF

SAPPHO.

Mark, muse! the conscious shade and vocal grove,
Where Sappho tun'd her melting voice to love,
While echo each harmonious strain return'd,
And with the soft complaining Lesbian mourn'd.

Progress of Poetry.

THE

LIFE OF SAPPHO.

SAPPHO was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos. Who was her father is uncertain, there being no less than eight persons who have contended for that honour; but it is universally acknowledged that Cleis was her mother. She flourished, according to Suidas, in the 42d Olympiad: according to Eusebius, in the 44th Olympiad, about 600 years before our Saviour Christ. She was contemporary with Pittacus, the famous tyrant of Mitylene, and the two celebrated poets, Stesichorus and Alcæus. Barnes has endeavoured to prove, from the testimonies of Chamæleon and Hermesianax, that Anacreon was one of her lovers; but this amour has been generally esteemed too repugnant to chronology, to be admitted for any thing but a poetical fiction.

She married one Cercolas, a man of great wealth and power, in the island of Andros, by whom she had a daughter named Cleis. He leaving her a widow very young, she renounced all

thoughts of a second marriage, but not the pleasures of love; not enduring to confine that passion to one person, which, as the ancients tell us, was too violent in her to be restrained even to one sex.

But no one seems to have been the object of her admiration so much as the accomplished Phaon, a young man of Lesbos; who is said to have been a kind of ferryman, and thence fabled to have carried Venus over the stream in his boat, and to have received from her, as a reward, the favour of becoming the most beautiful man in the world. She fell desperately in love with him, and took a voyage into Sicily, in pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that island, and on this occasion, that she composed her 'Hymn to Venus.'

Her poem was ineffectual for the procuring that happiness which she prayed for in it. Phaon was still obdurate; and Sappho was so transported with the violence of her passion, that she resolved to get rid of it at any rate.

There was a promontory in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a little temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea: for it was an established opinion, that all those who were taken up alive, would immediately be cured of their former passion. Sappho tried the remedy; but perished in the experiment. The original of this unac-

countable humour is not known. Ovid represents Sappho as advised to undertake this strange project by the vision of a sea-nymph, of which she sent the following account to the cruel Phaon:

Hic ego cum lassos, &c.

Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a wat'ry virgin stood;
She stood and cried, 'O you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main:
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!'
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
I go, ye nymphs, those rocks and seas to prove:
How much I fear, but, ah! how much I love!
I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane.

Pope.

The Romans erected a most noble statue of porphyry to her memory: and the Mitylenians, to express their sense of her worth, and the glory they received from her being born amongst them, paid her sovereign honours after her death, and coined money with her head for the impress.

The best idea we can have of her person, is from her own description of it in Ovid:

Si mihi difficilis formam, &c.

To me what nature has in charms denied,
Is well by wit's more lasting charms supplied.
Though short my stature, yet my name extends
To heaven itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a generous flame;
Turtles and doves of differing hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd. *Pope.*

To give the English reader a true notion what opinion the ancients entertained of her works, would be to collect a volume in her praise. She was honoured with the glorious title of 'the tenth Muse.' Horace says,

Spirat adhuc amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.

Lib. iv. Ode 9.

Enchanting Sappho's lyric muse
In every breast must love infuse;
Love breathes on every tender string,
And still in melting notes we hear her sing.
Duncombe.

On the revival of learning, men of the most refined taste accounted the loss of her writings inestimable, and collected the sacred relics with the utmost assiduity: though Mr. Addison (in the Spectator, No. 223) judiciously observes: 'I do

not know, by the character that is given of her works, whether it is not for the benefit of mankind that they are lost. They were filled with such bewitching tenderness and rapture, that it might have been dangerous to have given them a reading.'

Vossius, in the third book of his *Institutiones Poeticæ*, says, that none of the Greek poets excelled Sappho in sweetness of verse; and that she made Archilochus the model of her style, but at the same time took great care to soften and temper the severity of his expression.

Hoffman, in his Lexicon, says, 'Some authors are of opinion, that the elegy which Ovid made under the name of Sappho, and which is infinitely superior to his other Elegies, was all, or at least the most beautiful part of it, stolen from the poems of the elegant Sappho.'

She was the inventress of that kind of verse, which (from her name) is called the Sapphic. She wrote nine books of Odes, besides Elegies, Epigrams, Iambics, Monodies, and other pieces; of which we have nothing remaining entire, but an Hymn to Venus, an Ode preserved by Longinus (which, however, the learned acknowledge to be imperfect), two Epigrams, and some other little Fragments. I shall conclude my account of this celebrated lady in the words of Mr. Addison, taken from the above-mentioned Spectator. 'Among the mutilated poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are so beautiful as those of Sappho. They give us a taste of her way of writing, which is perfectly conformable with that

extraordinary character we find of her in the remarks of those great critics who were conversant with her works when they were entire. One may see, by what is left of them, that she followed nature in all her thoughts, without descending to those little points, conceits, and turns of wit, with which many of our modern lyrics are so miserably infected. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry: she felt the passion in all its warmth, and described it in all its symptoms. She is called by ancient authors the tenth muse; and by Plutarch is compared to Cacus, the son of Vulcan, who breathed out nothing but flame.'

ODES.

ODE I.

AN HYMN TO VENUS.

VENUS, bright goddess of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise,
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts
Delude fond lovers of their hearts;
O! listen gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.

If e'er you heard my ardent vow,
Propitious goddess, hear me now!
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,
By Cupid's kindly aid prefer'd, 10
Oft left the golden courts of Jove,
To listen to my tales of love.

The radiant car your sparrows drew;
You gave the word, and swift they flew;
Through liquid air they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play;
To my plain roof they bore their queen,
Of aspect mild, and look serene.

Soon as you came, by your command,
Back flew the wanton feather'd band; 20
Then, with a sweet, enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke:
'Why didst thou call me to thy cell?
Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.

'What healing medicine shall I find,
To cure thy love-distemper'd mind?
Say, shall I lend thee all my charms,
To win young Phaon to thy arms?
Or does some other swain subdue
Thy heart? my Sappho, tell me who? 30

'Though now, averse, thy charms he slight,
He soon shall view thee with delight;
Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
He soon to thee shall offerings make;
Though now thy beauties fail to move,
He soon shall melt with equal love.'

Once more, O Venus! hear my prayer,
And ease my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
And calm this tempest in my breast! 40
To thee, bright queen, my vows aspire;
O grant me all my heart's desire!

ODE II.

Whatever might have been the occasion of this Ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting by his mistress.

Addison, (Spectator, No. 229.)

More happy than the gods is he
Who, soft-reclining, sits by thee;
His ears thy pleasing talk beguiles,
His eyes thy sweetly-dimpled smiles.

This, this, alas! alarm'd my breast,
And robb'd me of my golden rest:
While gazing on thy charms I hung,
My voice died faltering on my tongue.

With subtle flames my bosom glows,
Quick through each vein the poison flows: 10
Dark, dimming mists my eyes surround;
My ears with hollow murmurs sound.

My limbs with dewy chillness freeze,
On my whole frame pale tremblings seize,
And, losing colour, sense, and breath,
I seem quite languishing in death.

NOTES ON THE ODES.

ODE I.

We are indebted for this Hymn to Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who quotes it as a pattern of perfection. Madame Dacier supposes it to be entirely historical; and that it was written after Phaon, her inconstant lover, had withdrawn himself from the island of Lesbos to Sicily, in order to avoid the importunities of an amorous mistress. It was in Sicily, therefore, and on the above-mentioned occasion, that she is supposed to have made this Hymn.

Ver. 13. Sappho says, the chariot of Venus was drawn by sparrows, because they are of all birds the most amorous.

Ver. 20. There is something very pretty in this circumstance, wherein Venus is described as sending away her chariot, upon her arrival at Sappho's lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient visit which she intended to make her.

Madame Dacier.

ODE II.

This beautiful Ode is preserved by Longinus, in his treatise of the Sublime.

Ver. 1. There is an epigram in the Anthologia, which seems to be an imitation of this stanza.

Ἐυδαιμων ὁ βλεπον σε, τρισοβλιος ὁςις ακουει,
Ἡμιθεος δ' ὁΦι λων, αθανατος δ' ὁ συνων.

The youth who sees thee may rejoice,
But bless'd is he who hears thy voice,
A demigod who shall thee kiss,
Who gains thee is a god in bliss.

Longinus has observed, that 'this description of love in Sappho, is an exact copy of nature; and that all the circumstances, which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the frenzies of love. He further says, 'Sappho, having observed the anxieties and tortures inseparable to jealous love, has collected and displayed them all with the most lively exactness.' And Dr. Pierce judiciously observes, that 'in this Ode she endeavours to express that wrath, jealousy, and anguish, which distracted her with such a variety of torture. And, therefore, in the following verses of Boileau's translation, the true sense is mistaken:

——*dans les doux transports, où s'egare mon ame.*

And,

——*je tombe en des douces langueurs.*

'As the word *doux* will by no means express the rage and distraction of Sappho's mind; it being

always used in a contrary sense.' There are two lines in Philips's translation of this Ode, which are liable to the same objection:

> For while I gaz'd in transport toss'd.

And,

> My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd.

Mr. Addison, in his Spectator, on this Ode, relates the following remarkable circumstance from Plutarch: 'That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erastratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learned from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician; and it is probable, that they were not very different from those which Sappho here describes in a lover sitting by his mistress.'

Madame Dacier says, that this Ode of Sappho is preserved entire in Longinus; whereas, whoever looks into that author's quotation of it, will find, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENT I.

The Pleiads now no more are seen,
Nor shines the silver moon serene,
In dark and dismal clouds o'ercast;
The love-appointed hour is past:
Midnight usurps her sable throne,
And yet, alas! I lie alone.

FRAGMENT II.

THIS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ADDRESSED TO AN ARROGANT UNLETTERED LADY, VAIN OF HER BEAUTY AND RICHES.

Whene'er the Fates resume thy breath,
    No bright reversion shalt thou gain;
Unnotic'd shalt thou sink in death,
    Nor ev'n thy memory remain:
For thy rude hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely rose,
Which on the mountain of Pieria blows.

To Pluto's mansions shalt thou go,
The stern, inexorable king,
Among the' ignoble shades below
A vain, ignoble thing;
While honour'd Sappho's muse-embellish'd name
Shall flourish in eternity of fame.

FRAGMENT III.

TO VENUS.

Venus, queen of smiles and love,
Quit, O! quit the skies above;
To my lowly roof descend,
At the mirthful feast attend;
Hand the golden goblet round,
With delicious nectar crown'd:
None but joyous friends you'll see,
Friends of Venus, and of me.

FRAGMENT IV.

Cease, gentle mother, cease your sharp reproof,
My hands no more can ply the curious woof,
While on my mind the flames of Cupid prey,
And lovely Phaon steals my soul away.

FRAGMENT V.

ON THE ROSE.

WOULD Jove appoint some flower to reign
In matchless beauty on the plain,
The rose, (mankind will all agree)
The rose the queen of flowers should be,
The pride of plants, the grace of bowers,
The blush of meads, the eye of flowers:
Its beauties charm the gods above;
Its fragrance is the breath of love;
Its foliage wantons in the air
Luxuriant, like the flowing hair:
It shines in blooming splendour gay,
While zephyrs on its bosom play.

The following is Part of an Ode which Sappho is supposed to have written to Anacreon—See the Notes on the 64th Ode of Anacreon.

YE muses, ever fair and young,
High-seated on the golden throne,
Anacreon sent to me a song
In sweetest numbers, not his own;
For, by your sacred raptures fir'd,
The poet warbled what the muse inspir'd.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

Meniscus, mourning for his hapless son,
The toil-experienc'd fisher, Pelagon,
Has plac'd upon his tomb a net and oar,
The badges of a painful life and poor.

EPIGRAM II.

The much-lov'd Timar lodges in this tomb,
By death insatiate ravish'd in her bloom;
Ere yet a bride, the beauteous maid was led
To dreary coasts, and Pluto's mournful bed.
Her lov'd companions pay the rites of woe,
All, all, alas! the living can bestow:
From their fair heads the graceful curls they shear,
Place on her tomb, and drop the tender tear.

NOTES ON THE FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENT I.

Ver. 6. A shepherd in the Idyllium intituled ΟΑΡΙΣΤΥΣ (which is generally ascribed to Theocritus, but by Daniel Heinsius is attributed to Moschus) wishes a city-girl, who had slighted him, the punishment of living and dying an old maid.

——may you ne'er find one
Worthy your love in country or in town,
But, to a virgin bed condemn'd, for ever lie alone!

Bowles.

FRAGMENT II.

Sappho is not the only good writer, who, from a due sense of the excellence of their works, have promised themselves immortality. Virgil has expressed himself in the same manner at the beginning of the third Georgic:—Horace, in several places, particularly in the ode *Exegi Monumentum*:—But Ovid, in the strongest terms,

Jamque opus exegi, &c.

I've now compil'd a work, which nor the rage
Of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor eating age,
Is able to destroy——

Ver. 5. Pieria was a mountain in Macedonia,

dedicated to the Muses. By this expression, Sappho seems to hint, that the lady who furnished the occasion of this satire, was not conversant in the politer studies, nor acquainted with the Muses.

FRAGMENT III.

This fragment should be joined with the fourth Ode of Anacreon; for as Sappho desires Venus to be her cup-bearer, so Anacreon appoints Cupid the same office:

> In decent robe, behind him bound,
> Cupid shall serve the goblet round.

FRAGMENT IV.

Hephæstion produces this Fragment from the seventh book of Sappho's Odes. Horace seems to have had it in view, Book 3. Ode 12.

> *Tibi qualum Cytheræ puer ales,*
> *Tibi telas, operosaque Minervæ*
> *Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparæi nitor Hebri.*

> The winged boy, in wanton play,
> Thy work and basket steals away:
> Thy web and Pallas' curious toils
> Are now become fair Hebrus' spoils.
>
> *Duncombe.*

FRAGMENT V.

We are indebted to Achilles Tatius for this Fragment, which is generally ascribed to Sappho. In the beginning of the second book of that romancer, Clitophon tells us, his mistress sung this eulogy on the rose at an entertainment. If the reader turns back to the fifth and fifty-third Odes of Anacreon, he will find other encomiums on this beautiful flower.

NOTES ON THE EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM I.

Longepierre observes, that it was usual among the ancients to place on the tombs of their friends the instruments peculiar to the art or mystery which they exercised when alive. Of this we have examples in Homer and Virgil. In the eleventh book of the Odyssey, ver. 75, Elpenor makes this request to Ulysses in hell:

Σημα τε μοι χευαι, &c.

A tomb along the wat'ry margin raise,
The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace,
To show posterity Elpenor was:
There high in air, memorial of my name,
Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.
Broome.

In the beginning of the twelfth book we find the suit was granted:

A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the roarings of the main we place;
The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar. *Pope.*

In the sixth book of the Æneid, ver. 232, Æneas places on the tomb of Misenus,

——*suaque arma viro, remumque, tubamque.*

This done; to solemnize the warrior's doom,
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb!
The towering top his well-known ensigns bore,
His arms, his once-lov'd trump, and tapering oar.

Pitt.

These sorts of epitaphs were more general, concise, and instructive, than those which afterwards prevailed. *Longepierre.*

Madame Dacier also observes, that emblems of the humours of the deceased were sometimes placed on their monuments, as in this epigram on a woman named Myro:

O'er Myro see the emblems of her soul,
A whip, a bow, a goose, a dog, an owl.

The whip denoted, that she used to chastise her servants; the bow, that her mind was always bent on the care of her family; the goose, that she loved to stay at home; the dog, that she was fond of her children; and the owl, that she was assiduous in spinning and tapestry; which were the works of Pallas, to whom the owl was consecrated.

Dacier.

At the Earl of Holderness's, at Aske in Yorkshire, is an old picture, with a device which seems to be borrowed from this. It is supposed to be drawn by Hans Holbein, and represents a woman (said to be Queen Elizabeth's housekeeper) standing on a tortoise, with a bunch of keys by her side, her finger on her lips, and a dove on her head. Under it is this inscription;

Uxor amet, sileat, servet, nec ubique vagetur;
Hoc testudo docet, claves, labra, junctaque turtur.

Which has been thus translated:

Be frugal, ye wives, live in silence and love,
Nor abroad ever gossip and roam:
This learn from the keys, the lips, and the dove,
And tortoise, still dwelling at home!

EPIGRAM II.

Ver. 7. The ceremony of cutting off the hair among the ancients, in honour of the dead, was a token of a violent affection. Thus Achilles, in the twenty-third book of the Iliad, offers his to Patroclus: and the little Cupids tear their hair for grief at the death of Adonis. See *Bion*. Herodotus tells us, that Mardonius cut off his, after his defeat. Many more instances of this extraordinary custom might be produced; but these will, probably, be thought sufficient. I shall finish my observations on this excellent poetess, with an ingenious surmise in regard to the above-mentioned ceremony: it was practised, perhaps, not only in token of sorrow, but might also have a concealed meaning, that as the hair was cut from the head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

THE

WORKS

OF

MUSÆUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS celebrated poem on the Loves of Hero and Leander has been admired by the politest scholars for many ages: and though Mr. Waller, and several other writers of the finest taste, have conjectured it to be one of the stories

Which old Musæus so divinely sung,

yet many convincing arguments might be brought to prove it to have been the work of a later author, a grammarian of that name, who lived in the fifth century.

Nor let the English reader look upon the title of grammarian as a term of reproach, though now frequently used as such. The profession styled by the ancients Γραμματικη, was the same with the *belles lettres* among the moderns: and the appellation of grammarian was particularly applied to those who excelled in every kind of polite writing.

The first English translation of the following poem appeared in the year 1647, by Sir Robert Stapylton. It has since that time been frequently attempted; but with what success, is left to the judgment of others.

THE

LOVES

OF

HERO AND LEANDER.

Oft, by the covert of night's shade,
Leander woo'd the Thracian maid;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thundering roar.
The conscious virgin, from the sea-girt tower,
Hung out the faithful torch, to guide him to her bower.

Dodsley's Miscell.

SING, muse! the conscious torch, whose nightly ray
Led the bold lover through the watry way,
To share those joys which mutual faith hath seal'd,
Joys to divine Aurora unreveal'd,
Abydos, Sestos, ancient towns, proclaim
Where gentlest bosoms glow'd with purest flame.
I hear Leander dash the foaming tide!
Fix'd high in air, I see the glimmering guide!
The genial flame, the love-enkindling light,
Signal of joy that burn'd serenely bright: 10
Whose beams, in fair effulgency display'd,
Adorn'd the nuptials of the Sestian maid:
Which Jove, its friendly office to repay,
Should plant, all-glorious, in the realms of day,
To blaze for ever, 'midst the stars above,
And style it—gentle harbinger of love:
For sure on earth it shone supremely kind,
To soothe the anguish of the love-sick mind,

Till cloth'd in terrors rose the wintry blast,
Impetuous howling o'er the watry waste: 20
And, O! inspire me, goddess, to resound
The torch extinguish'd, and the lover drown'd.
  Against Abydos sea-beat Sestos stood,
Two neighbouring towns, divided by the flood:
Here Cupid prov'd his bow's unerring art,
And gain'd two conquests with a single dart:
On two fond hearts the sweet infection prey'd,
A youth engaging, and a beauteous maid:
Of Sestos she, fair Hero was her name;
The youth, Leander, from Abydos came: 30
Their forms divine a bright resemblance bore,
Each was the radiant star of either shore.
  Thou, whom the Fates commission here to stray,
Awhile the turret's eminence survey;
Thence Hero held the blazing torch, to guide
Her lover rolling on the boisterous tide;
The roaring Hellespont, whose wave-worn straight
Still in loud murmurs mourns Leander's fate.
Say, heavenly muse, had Hero charms to move,
And melt the Abydinian into love? 40
Say, with what wiles the amorous youth inspir'd,
Obtain'd the virgin whom his soul admir'd?
  Fair Hero, priestess to the' Idalian queen,
Of birth illustrious, as of graceful mien,
Dwelt on a high sequester'd tower, that stood
Firm on the ramparts, and o'erlook'd the flood:
Chaste, and unconscious of love's pleasing pain,
She seem'd a new-born Venus of the main;
But, nice of conduct, prudently withdrew
Far from the follies of the female crew: 50
Bless'd in retreat, she shunn'd the vain delight
Of daily visits, and the dance at night;

Content in sweet tranquillity to screen
Her blooming beauty from malignant spleen:
For where superior beauty shines confess'd,
It kindles envy in each female breast.
To soften Venus oft with prayer she strove,
Oft pour'd libations to the god of love;
Taught by the' example of the heavenly dame,
To dread those arrows that were tipp'd with flame.
Vain all her caution, fruitless prov'd her prayer;
Love gains an easy conquest o'er the fair. 62

For now the sacred festival appear'd,
By pious Sestians annually rever'd,
At Venus' fane to pay the rites divine,
And offer incense at Adonis' shrine.
Vast crowds from all the sea-girt isles repair,
The day to reverence, and the feast to share.
From flowery Cyprus, circled by the main,
And high Hæmonia, hastes the youthful train; 70
Not one remain'd of all the female race,
Thy towns, Cythera, and thy groves to grace;
Afar from spicy Libanus advance
The throngs unnumber'd, skill'd to lead the dance;
From Phrygian plains they haste in shoals away,
And all Abydos celebrates the day.
To Sestos all the mirthful youths repair,
All that admire the gay, the young, the fair;
For amorous swains, when rumour'd feasts invite,
Joy at the news, and follow with delight; 80
Not to the gods to pay the rites divine,
Or offer incense at some sacred shrine;
Few are their offerings, and concise their prayer,
Who give their whole devotion to the fair.

As through the temple pass'd the Sestian maid,
Her face a soften'd dignity display'd;

Thus silver Cynthia's milder glories rise,
To glad the pale dominion of the skies.
Her lovely cheeks a pure vermilion shed,
Like roses beautifully streak'd with red: 90
A flowery mead her well-turn'd limbs disclose,
Fraught with the blushing beauties of the rose:
But when she mov'd, in radiant mantle dress'd,
Flowers half unveil'd adorn'd her flowing vest,
And numerous graces wanton'd on her breast.
The ancient sages made a false decree,
Who said, the Graces were no more than three;
When Hero smiles, a thousand graces rise,
Sport on her cheek, and revel in her eyes.
Such various beauties sure conspir'd to prove 100
The priestess worthy of the queen of love.
Thus as she shone superior to the rest,
In the sweet bloom of youth and beauty dress'd,
Such softness temper'd with majestic mien,
The earthly priestess match'd the heavenly queen.
The wondering crowds the radiant nymph admire,
And every bosom kindles with desire;
Eager each longs, transported with her charms,
To clasp the lovely virgin in his arms;
Where'er she turns, their eyes, their thoughts pursue,
They sigh, and send their souls at every view. 111
Then thus some ardent youth bespoke the rest,
Cast a fond look, and open'd all his breast:
'I oft at Sparta wondering have beheld
Young maids contending in the listed field;
Sparta, that boasts the emulated prize
Of fairest virgins, and of brightest eyes;
Yet ne'er till now beheld a nymph so fair,
Such beauty blended with such graceful air:
Perhaps (for sure immortal is her race) 120
Beneath the priestess Venus hides a grace.

My dazzled eyes with constant gazing tire,
But my fond fancy ever could admire.
O! make me, Venus, partner of her bed,
Though fate that instant strike the lover dead:
Let but my love the heavenly Hero crown,
I on the gods will look superior down.
Should you this boon deny, O queen! decree,
To bless my days, a nymph as fair as she!'
Thus spoke the general voice; the train apart
Conceal the wound deep rankling in the heart.
But when Leander saw the blooming fair, 135
Love seiz'd his soul instead of dumb despair;
Resolv'd the lucky moments to improve,
He sought occasion to reveal his love;
The glorious prize determin'd to obtain,
Or perish for those joys he could not gain.
Her sparkling eyes instilling fond desire,
Entranc'd his soul, and kindled amorous fire.
Such radiant beauty, like the pointed dart, 140
With piercing anguish stings the' unguarded heart:
For on the eye the wound is first impress'd,
Till by degrees it rankles in the breast.
Now hope and confidence invade his soul;
Then fear and shame alternately controul:
Fear through his bosom thrill'd; a conscious shame
Confess'd the passion which it seem'd to blame:
Her beauties fix'd him in a wild amaze;
Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze.
With step ambiguous, and affected air, 150
The youth advancing fac'd the charming fair:
Each amorous glance he cast, though form'd by art,
Yet sometimes spoke the language of his heart;
With nods and becks he kept the nymph in play,
And tried all wiles to steal her soul away.

Soon as she saw the fraudful youth beguil'd,
Fair Hero, conscious of her beauty, smil'd;
Oft in her veil conceal'd her glowing face,
Sweetly vermilion'd with the rosy grace;
Yet all in vain to hide her passion tries, 160
She owns it with her love-consenting eyes.
Joy touch'd the bosom of the gentle swain,
To find his love was not indulg'd in vain.
Then, while he chid the tedious lingering day,
Down to the west declin'd the solar ray:
And dewy Hesper shone serenely bright,
In shadowy silence leading on the night.
Soon as he saw the dark involving shade,
The' embolden'd youth approach'd the blooming maid,
Her lily hand he seiz'd, and gently press'd, 170
And softly sigh'd the passion of his breast.
Joy touch'd the damsel, though she seem'd displeas'd,
And soon withdrew the lily hand he seiz'd:
The youth perceiv'd, through well-dissembled wiles,
A heart just yielding by consenting smiles;
Then to the temple's last recess convey'd
The unreluctant, unresisting maid:
Her lovely feet, that seem'd to lag behind,
But ill conceal'd her voluntary mind.
She feign'd resentment with an angry look, 180
And, sweetly chiding, thus indignant spoke:
'Stranger, what madness has possess'd thy brain,
To drag me thus along the sacred fane?
Go—to your native habitation go——
'Tis quite unkind to pull my garments so.
Rich are my parents—urge not here your fate,
Lest their just vengeance you repent too late:
If not of me, of Venus stand afraid,
In her own fane soliciting a maid:

Hence speed your flight; and Venus' anger dread;
'Tis bold aspiring to a virgin's bed.' 191
Thus chid the maid, as maids are wont to do,
And show'd her anger, and her fondness too.
The wily youth, as thus the fair complain'd,
Too well perceiv'd the victory was gain'd:
For nymphs enrag'd the more complying prove,
And chidings are the harbingers of love.
He kiss'd her snowy neck, her fragrant breast:
And thus the transport of his soul express'd: 199
'O lovely fair, in whom combin'd are seen
The charms of Venus, and Minerva's mien!
For sure no virgin of terrestrial race
Can vie with Hero in the blooms of face:
I deem your lineage from the gods above,
And style you daughter of Saturnian Jove.
Bless'd is the father from whose loins you sprung,
Bless'd is the mother at whose breast you hung,
Bless'd, doubly bless'd, the fruitful womb that bore
This heavenly form for mortals to adore.
'Yet, beauteous Hero, grant a lover's prayer,
And to my wishes prove as kind as fair: 211
As Venus' priestess, just to Venus prove,
Nor shun the gentle offices of love.
O let us, while the happy hour invites,
Propitious, celebrate the nuptial rites.
No maid can serve in Cytherea's fane;
Her eyes delight not in the virgin-train.
But would fair Hero secret rites explore,
The laws of Venus, and her pleasing lore,
Those rites are practis'd in the bridal bed, 220
And there must Hero, yet a maid, be led:
Then as you fear the goddess to offend,
In me behold your husband and your friend,

Ordain'd by Cupid, greatest god above,
To teach you all the mysteries of love:
As winged Mercury, with golden wand,
Made Hercules, with distaff in his hand,
To every task of Omphale submit;
Thus love, more powerful than the god of wit,
Sent me to you. 'Tis needless to relate 230
The chaste Arcadian Atalanta's fate;
Who from the' embraces of Milanion fled,
Her faithful lover, and the nuptial bed:
But vengeful Venus caus'd the nymph to burn
With equal flame, and languish in her turn.
O let example warn you to revere
The wrathful goddess, and your lover hear!'
Thus spoke the youth—his magic words controul
Her wavering breast, and soften all her soul.
Silent she stood, and, rapt in thought profound,
Her modest eyes were fix'd upon the ground:
Her cheeks she hid, in rosy blushes dress'd, 242
And veil'd her lily shoulders with her vest:
On the rich floor, with Parian marble laid,
Her nimble foot involuntary play'd.
By secret signs a yielding mind is meant;
And silence speaks the willing maid's consent.
Now had the wily god's envenom'd dart
Diffus'd the pleasing poison to her heart;
Leander's form, instilling soft desire, 250
Woo'd her pleas'd eyes, and set her soul on fire,
While on the ground fair Hero fix'd her sight,
Leander view'd, with exquisite delight,
Her swelling breast, and neck as ivory white.
At length her face with lovely blushes spread
She rais'd, and thus in sweet confusion said:
'Stranger, thy words such magic sounds convey,
With soft compassion rocks would melt away.

Who form'd thy tongue with such persuasive art
To pour delightful ruin on the heart? 260
Ah! tell me, who thus taught thee to explore
My lone retirement on the Thracian shore?
Thy speech, though pleasing, flow'd to me in vain:
How can a stranger Hero's love obtain?
Should I in public give to thee my hand,
My parents would forbid the nuptial band;
And should'st thou here in close concealment stay,
Our secret passion would itself betray:
For soon the voice of scandal-spreading fame
The deed of silence would aloud proclaim. 270
But, gentle youth, thy name, thy country tell;
For mine, alas! by thee are known too well.
In yon high tower, which close to Sestos stands,
And all the roaring Hellespont commands,
With one attending damsel I remain;
For so my parents and the fates ordain!
No nymphs coeval to sweet music's sound
Lead the smooth dance, or lightly beat the ground;
But stormy winds eternal discord keep,
And blustering bellow through the boundless deep.' 280

Thus spoke the priestess; and with modest grace,
Conceal'd the new-born beauties of her face:
For on her cheeks the roseate blush that hung,
Seem'd to condemn the language of her tongue.

Meanwhile Leander feeds the hidden fire,
Glows in each vein, and burns with fierce desire:
But anxious doubt his musing breast alarms;
How shall he gain admittance to her charms?
Nor long he paus'd, for love in wiles abounds,
Well pleas'd to heal the bosoms which he wounds;
'Twas he, whose arrows men and gods control,
That heal'd Leander's love-afflicted soul:

Who thus, while sighs upheav'd his anxious breast,
The nymph with artful eloquence address'd:
'For thee, dear object of my fond desire,
I'll cross the ocean though it flame with fire:
Nor would I fear the billows' loud alarms,
While every billow bore me to thy arms;
Uncheck'd, undaunted by the boisterous main,
Tempestuous winds should round me roar in vain: 300
But oft as night her sable pinions spread,
I through the storm would swim to Hero's bed:
For rich Abydos is the home I boast,
Not far divided from the Thracian coast.
Let but my fair a kindly torch display,
From the high turret to direct my way;
Then shall thy daring swain securely glide
The bark of Cupid o'er the yielding tide,
Thyself my haven, and thy torch my guide:
And while I view the genial blaze afar, 310
I'll swim regardless of Boötes' car,
Of fell Orion, and the Northern Wain
That never bathes his brightness in the main:
Thy star, more eminently bright than they,
Shall lead the lover to his blissful bay.
But let the torch, O nymph divinely fair!
My only safety, be thy only care;
Guard well its light when wintry tempests roar,
And hoarse waves break tumultuous on the shore,
Lest the dire storms that blacken all the sky, 320
The flame extinguish, and the lover die.
More would'st thou know? Leander is my name,
The happiest husband of the fairest dame.'
Thus mutual vow'd the lovers to employ
The nights in raptures of mysterious joy;

Her task, secure the' extended torch to keep,
And his, to cross the' unfathomable deep:
On promis'd bliss their fruitful fancies fed,
Ecstatic pleasures of the nuptial bed;
Till the fond nymph, when decency requir'd, 330
Back to her tower unwillingly retir'd.
Leander, ere he left his lovely bride,
Mark'd well the station of the blazing guide,
Then sought Abydos cross the sounding tide.
What now but amorous scenes their thoughts employ,
Confus'd ideas of the genial joy?
Slow rose on leaden wings the morning light;
Slow noon came on—the lovers wish'd it night.
At length dark gloom a dusky mantle spread;
Sleep o'er the world his balmy influence shed. 340
All but Leander lay dissolv'd in rest,
Love kept a ceaseless vigil in his breast.
Silent he wander'd on the winding shore,
The deep resounded with tremendous roar:
Wide o'er the foaming waves his anxious sight
Explor'd the torch's love-proclaiming light:
He little deem'd, alas! its flame would prove
The blaze of death, though meant the torch of love.
Soon as fair Hero from her tower survey'd
The' horizon darken'd in the sable shade, 350
The torch on high she fix'd: its flames inspire
Leander's bosom with the kindred fire:
Quick through his frame the bright contagion ran,
And with the glowing signal glow'd the' enamour'd man.
But when he heard the hoarse-resounding roar
Of thundering billows breaking on the shore,
Aghast he stood, he shrunk, and thus address'd
These words of courage to his trembling breast:

'Ah cruel love! whose woe the waves conspire!
The waves are water, but I burn with fire:
Be bold my heart, the foaming billows brave,
Nor fear the threatenings of the wintry wave.
Fair Venus rose propitious from the main;
She calms the ocean's rage, and soothes the lover's pain.'
He spoke, and straight his lovely limbs undress'd,
And folded round his head the various vest;
Then, dauntless, plunging in the foaming tide,
Dash'd with his arms the' intruding waves aside:
Full in his view he kept the shining mark,
Himself the pilot, passenger, and bark. 370
While faithful Hero, to her promise true,
Watch'd on the turret every wind that blew;
Oft with her robe she screen'd the torch's blaze
From dangerous blasts that blew a thousand ways;
Till the tir'd youth, on rolling surges toss'd,
Securely landed on the Sestian coast.
Soon as she saw her lover safe on shore,
Eager she ran, and led him to her tower;
Welcom'd with open arms her panting guest,
And, sweetly smiling, to her bosom press'd: 380
Then dumb with joy the shivering youth she led,
Still wet and weary to the genial bed,
Wip'd his fair limbs, and fragrant oils applied,
To cleanse his body from the oozy tide;
Then clasp'd him close, still panting, to her breast,
And thus with fond endearing words address'd:
'My life, my lover, thou hast suffer'd more
Than fondest bridegroom e'er endur'd before:
Destin'd, alas! dread trouble to sustain
On the rough bosom of the briny main; 390
Now let sweet joy succeed in sorrow's place,
And lull thy labours in my warm embrace.'

She spoke: He loos'd her virgin zone to prove
The sacred rites and mysteries of love.
No youths with measur'd dance the nuptials crown'd,
Nor tuneful hymn's congratulating sound:
No bard invok'd the heavenly queen with prayer,
To smile propitious on the wedded pair:
No nuptial torch its golden lustre shed,
Bright torch of love to grace the bridal bed! 400
No Iö Pæans musically rung;
No greeting parents Hymeneals sung:
But all was gloom, and silence all around,
Instead of music's love-inspiring sound.
Beneath the covert of the night conceal'd,
They tasted pleasures mutual faith had seal'd;
In close embraces all entranc'd they lay,
In raptures never usher'd to the day:
Till the fond youth reluctant left his bride,
Still breathing love, and cross'd the foaming tide.
Thus Hero liv'd unnoted, unbetray'd, 411
Each night a woman, and each day a maid.
Both wish'd the hours on swiftest wings would fly,
And hail'd the evening, not the morning sky.
Thus rapt in hidden joys, each blissful night
They pass'd in ecstacies of full delight:
But soon, alas! those dear-bought pleasures fled,
And short the transports of that bridal bed!
For now relentless winter, that deforms
With frost the forest, and the sea with storms, 400
Bade the wild winds o'er all the ocean reign,
And raise the rapid whirlpools of the main;
The hoarse wild winds obey, and, with harsh sound,
Roar o'er the surface of the vast profound,
Rouse from their beds the scatter'd storms that sleep
In the dark caverns of the dreary deep:

The trembling sailor hears the dreadful roar,
Nor dares the wintry turbulence explore,
But drags his vessel to the safer shore.

But thee, bold youth, no wintry storms restrain,
Nor all the deathful dangers of the main. 431
For when thou saw'st the torch's blaze from far,
(Of nuptial bliss the bright prophetic star)
Thee not the furious tempest could control,
Nor calm the glowing raptures of the soul.
Yet sure fair Hero, when the gloomy sky
With gathering clouds proclaim'd rough winter nigh,
Without her lover should have pass'd the night,
Nor from the tower, ill-omen'd, shown the light;
But she, ah hapless! burns with fond desire, 440
'Tis love inflames her while the fates conspire:
The torch of death now glimmer'd from above,
No more the gentle harbinger of love.

'Twas night, and angry Æolus had hurl'd
The winds tempestuous o'er the wat'ry world;
The bellowing winds with rage impetuous roar,
And dash the foaming billows on the shore:
Ev'n then the youth, with pleasing visions fed,
Glows with remembrance of the bridal bed;
And while fierce tempests howl on every side,
Float on the bosom of the briny tide, 450
Waves roll'd on waves, in hideous heaps are driven,
Swell'd into mountains, and upheav'd to heaven:
Bleak blasts, loud roaring, the vex'd ocean sweep,
Foam the dash'd billows, and resounds the deep;
From every part the blustering terrors fly,
Rage o'er the main, and battle in the sky;
The growling thunder of the vast profound
The rocks rebellow, and the shores rebound.

Amidst the wat'ry war, with toils oppress'd, 460
O'erwhelm'd with billows, and in gulfs distress'd,
Leander oft with suppliant prayer implor'd
The sea-sprung goddess, and old ocean's lord:
Thee, Boreas, too, he summon'd to his aid,
Nor was unmindful of the' Athenian maid;
But prayers are fruitless, and petitions vain;
Love must submit to what the fates ordain.
From wave to wave the hapless youth is toss'd,
Now heav'd on high, and now in whirlpools lost;
His wearied feet no more his will obey, 470
His arms hang useless, and forget to play.
Borne on the surge supine, and void of breath,
He drinks the briny wave, and draws in death.
Thus while in fatal rage each wind conspires,
Extinct at once the flame, and lover's fires,
Fainting he sinks, and with the torch expires.

While on the turret Hero mourn'd his stay,
And, fondly sighing, chid his long delay,
Perplexing anguish in her bosom rose,
Nor knew her eyes the blessings of repose. 480

Now rose the morn, in russet vest array'd,
Still from the' impatient fair the lover stay'd:
Watchful she stood, and cast her eyes around
O'er the wide beach, and o'er the depths profound,
Haply to spy her lover should he stray,
The light extinguish'd midst the wat'ry way:
But when she saw him breathless on the sand,
Stretch'd, ghastly pale, by death's relentless hand,
She shriek'd aloud; and from her throbbing breast
Rent the gay honours of her flowery vest; 490
Then from the tower her beauteous body cast,
And on her lover's bosom breath'd her last:
Nor could the fates this faithful pair divide,
They liv'd united, and united died.

NOTES

ON

HERO AND LEANDER.

Ver. 23. Abydos was a city of Asia situated on the Hellespont, over-against Sestos, a city in the Thracian Chersonnesus. Geographers are of opinion, that the castles of the Dardanelles were built on the ruins of these two places: but they are manifestly mistaken; for there are no remains of antiquity to be seen near those castles, but very remarkable ones three miles further, where the channel is considerably narrower. Le Brun assures us, that the strait at these ruins is only half a mile over, and that one of them is still called Sestos, and the other Abydos or Avido. Pliny and Herodotus say, the narrowest part of the channel is about seven stadia, or furlongs.

Ver. 60. In the first Idyllium of Moschus, Venus complains of Cupid, that

His darts and arrows are all tipp'd with flame.

Ver. 144. Virgil finely describes the conflict of various passions in the breast of Turnus, Æneid, book xii. ver. 666.

——*æstuat ingens*
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furiis agitatus amor, et conscia virtus.

A thousand various thoughts confound the chief,
He stood, he gaz'd, his bosom swell'd with grief;
Pride, conscious valour, fury, love, and shame,
At once set all the hero in a flame. *Pitt.*

Ver. 383. Thus in the third book of the Odyssey, Polycaste, the daughter of Nestor, bathes and anoints Telemachus:

Sweet Polycaste took the pleasing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.

On which Dr. Broome remarks, that the practice of women bathing and anointing men, frequently occurs in the Odyssey: neither is this done by women of inferior quality; but we have here a young princess bathing, anointing, and clothing the naked Telemachus.

Ver. 494. 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.'

2 Sam. chap. i. *ver.* 23.

FINIS.

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